June 9, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's superior work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably supported by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, Alan Webb, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—A pizza parlor in modern Rome encounters some strenuous opposition from a restaurant chain, newly established next door. Unless you are really starving, this nonsense, which stars Cesare Siepi, will hardly prove palatable. The cooks involved include A. J. Russell, who did the book; Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer, who did the lyrics and music; and Stanley Prager, who directed the thing. Shame on them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, and Paul Reed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly animated, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.). . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MY FAIR LADY:** My fair grandmother. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly,

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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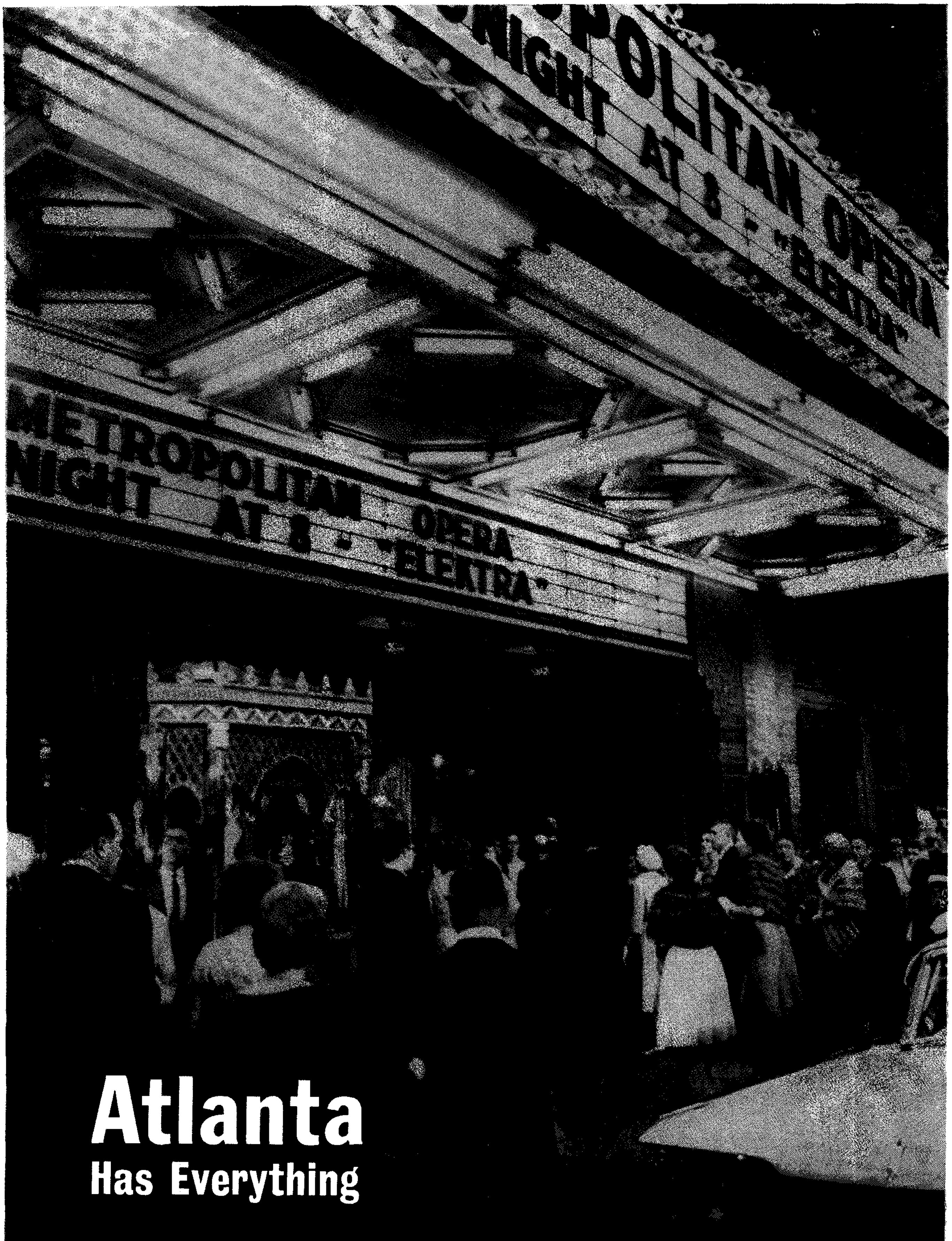
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Brigadoon," with Sally Ann Howes, Farley Granger, and Peter Palmer, will play through Sunday, June 10. . . . ¶ "Fiorello!," with Sorrell Booke, Art Lund, and Dody Goodman, will be the last in a series of three shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, June 12, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 13, and will run through Sunday, June 24. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cats' Pajamas—A revue put on by two fellows, Richard Libertini and MacIntyre Dixon, who for some reason call themselves the Stewed Prunes. Sylvia Lord sings in it. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 9.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

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Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as a most plausible Stephen Dedalus. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—David Ross's distinguished production of Ibsen's poetic and surprisingly lively tragedy. Nancy Wickwire is very good as Rebecca West, the lady from the North who isn't quite so emancipated as she makes out. Donald Woods, Patrick Waddington, and Bramwell Fletcher play Rosmer, Kroll, and Brendel, respectively, and play them well. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Frdiays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An archeological museum wherein visitors from other nations can study the artifacts left behind by a vanished civilization. Shards of dance music are dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Twice a night during the week, at dinner on Sunday, and never on Monday, Patricia Bright looks in on the Cotillion Room to settle, frequently in merry song, some old scores we'd all like to see settled. Harrison and Fisher come along, too, to parody a number of ballroom-dancing clichés. Phil Wayne's pulsing trio and Stanley Melba's band make it possible for others to dance, too. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. On Mondays, another band fills in.

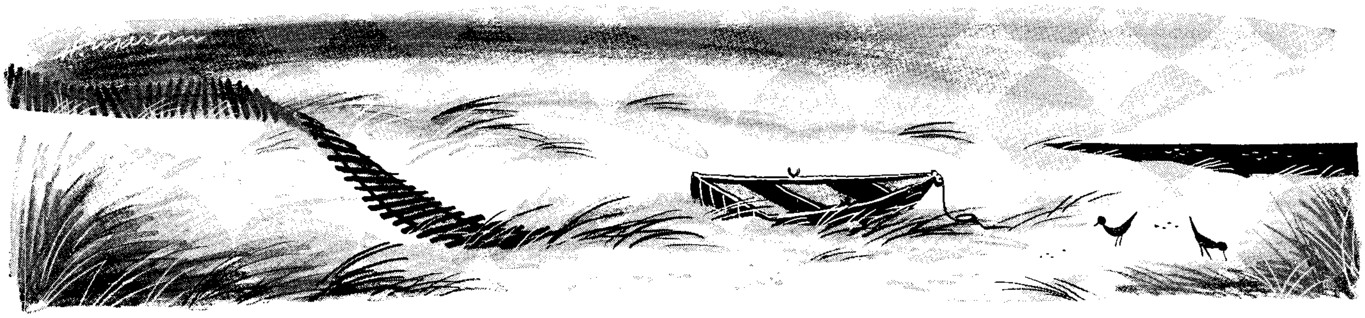
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there are songs by Eartha Kitt, a worthy representative of Venus ascendant and Vesuvius eruptant. Worthy, too, are the orchestrations bestowed upon her by her pianist, Pete Dodd. All evening, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte unwind a wide carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré's and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

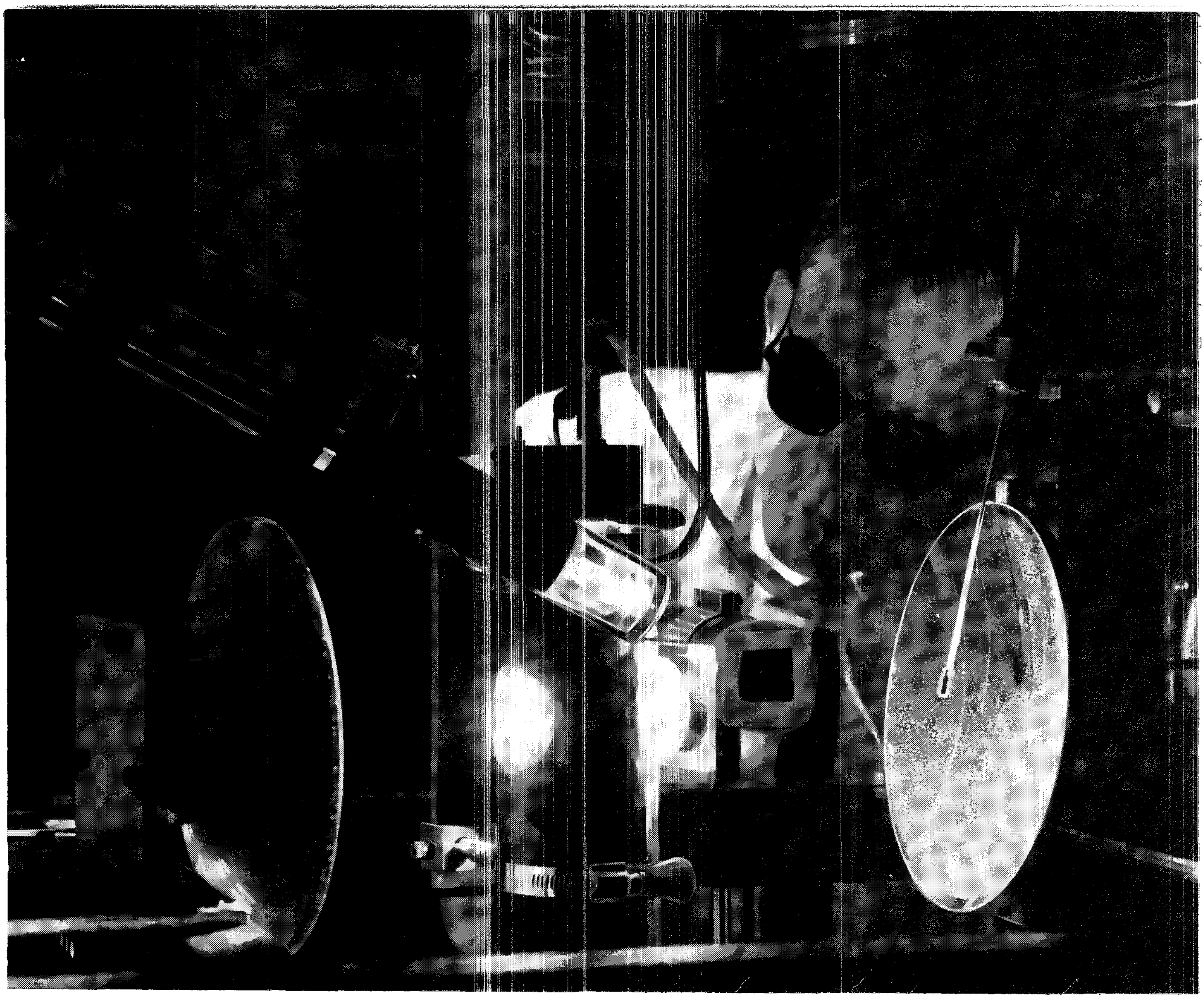
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's dance band is giving the giant Grill its first hearing, in many years, of Manhattan, not Midwestern, dance tempos. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sixth or even seventh heaven, with a guaranteed balmy climate. The small orchestras of Chauncey Gray and Jean Berleaza play impartially for diners, spectators, trotters, and waltzers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns can almost persuade its customers that they're dining under a Mediterranean moon on the lawn of a handsome villa. A trio whiles away the dinner hours, which are six to nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The comforting air of *toujours la même chose* hovers over two immutable por-





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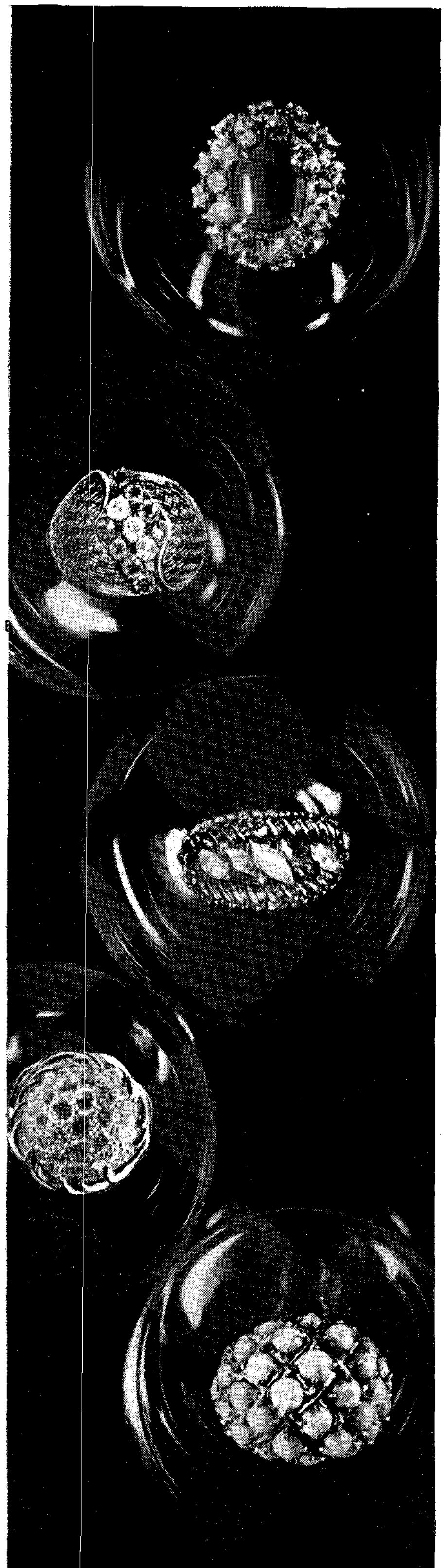

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions of Park Avenue—the suitably widespread Embassy Club (light fantastics to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays mannerly piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Melting pot, market place, crossroads, and usually occupied, too, by someone who lives right *around the corner from you. The chitchat* is accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Budd Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms who abet this state of mind perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roll-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by a crew of mobile violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nichelle Nichols is currently making the soprano noise here—and very prettily, too. Also around is Tom O'Horgan, a troubadour whose harp and speech patterns are tightly laced with merriment. The background is, as always, the rapscallion music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, garnishes with sprigs of zither all the schnitzel between six and ten. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social whirl here bears no relation to any other dance forms, such as the Twist. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Cloisters with reasonably worldly points of view, such as bar and refectory. Conrad Monjoy's piano murmurs respectfully from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa, and the voices (one of which, beginning on Tuesday, June 12, will belong to Lili France) that recite chapter and verse. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music *festival full of local color and local thunder*storms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Dancing on Sundays from two to seven, and on Thursdays and Fridays after eight. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): This spic-and-span efficiency apartment (bar and kitchen) presents idle strummings of piano and guitar through the evening and an occasional burst of song, done family-circle style, by Rita Dimitri, who used to live in musical comedy. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A tiny museum of modern art, dominated by Miró rather than by the casual piano that is audible from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Glee is the principal ingredient of Cal Bostic's prescription for voice and piano. He and Andy Hamon, whose songs are mostly plaintive, arrive at ten. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There's a ground force, too—a nimble set of acrobats, the Tonelys, and Arlene Dahl, who is springing on New York a words-and-music act that cut its teeth in Las Vegas. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Anything can happen in this big, bouncy Tower of Babel. Right now, Mort Sahl is acting as faculty adviser to what he may correctly be regarding as a strictly undergraduate world. George Shearing's quintet is offering up music from his private dreamland; Nancy Wilson is doing the singing. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Peter, Paul, and Mary, two young bearded prophets and a fey girl, are leading a perfectly wonderful double life—half-realistic, half-Surrealistic folk music. Otis Clements rarely strays from his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The lounge is a playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York once again a twenty-four-hour

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town. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, the heads of this reform administration, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. Carl Norman and Sam Pottle are the two-piano orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Belowstairs, too, the sly words suit the sly actions of a Julius Monk revue (a smaller and an earlier one), which is staffed by two will-o'-the-wisp girls, Freddie Weber and Carol Morley, and their nimble young men, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano not only for this quartet's antics but all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): In the bar, Pat Belmont plays piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time every night but Monday. The rest of the establishment is on holiday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): From the flight deck in the back room, Angel Mancheno rises not only to the occasion but to the ceiling. His Spanish footwork is the major event in an otherwise Argentine and altogether worthy festival of words, music, and dance. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, whose domain is folk music with a dash of Irish, depart on Sunday, June 10, and so do the often sentimental Stan Getz and his quartet. On Tuesday, June 12, we'll start hearing from the trio of Oscar Peterson, a technician rather than an innovator on the keyboard; Carol Sloane, a volatile voice with superb self-control; and Bill Rubenstein's expressive threesome. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet can breach any obstacle, even without its supporting cast of old-time blasting caps (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey). Saturday, June 9, is their last session. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): An open-face-sandwich presentation of the music of our forefathers. In the middle of it, Sol Yaged's quintet and the Dukes of Dixieland are locking horns. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tubby Hayes' quartet is again using this hero-sandwich counter as a New York outlet. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): John Coltrane, whose solos come close to perpetual motion, removes his quintet on Wednesday, June 13, and Kai Winding's septet follows suit. Next evening's arrivals are Olatunji and his collection of Nigerian dancers, and the fivesome of Cannonball Adderley, who, too, can be an ad-infinitum soloist. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. The reminders on Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, should include Red Allen, Edmond Hall, Eddie Barefield, Panama Francis, Red Richards, and Zutty Singleton. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The girlish voice in the triad run by Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks is new, but the tricks are still the good old ones; i.e., vocal stunts that remind us of the once-upon-a-time open-all-night Harlem music rooms. Ornette Coleman's group, on the other hand, has bypassed both past and present and is now outstripping the future. There are extra sessions Sundays from four to seven; there are extra hands on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The special rites of *l'art moderne* are solemnized by a mystery guest (Dave Pike's trio) and by Randy Weston's quartet. They close out on Sunday, June 10; next evening, Roland Kirk's quartet arrives. The Kirks will lay off Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor's voice is rewriting the nation's songs to suit its own free fancy, and Herbie Mann's Wild West Indian raiding party is engrossed in any number of tom-toms. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Harold Quinn, Long Island's white-haired boy, and the quartet of Peter Appleyard, which is the tinkle of cut glass, make music for the conventioneers. On Monday, June 11, Jonah Jones' lusty quartet takes over from the Appleyards. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is again seated (between eight and the early morning) at a very small piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): Searchers for the penny-plain Village coffee shop might rest their caravan here, where the rank amateurs of the folk world rarely get a foothold onstage. The guitar and country songs of the newcoming Mike Settle deserve the attention they get. He's absent on Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARGIT BECK—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Friday, June 8. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through June 29. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JULIO DE DIEGO—Paintings on the theme of "The Armada;" through June 29. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, June 9. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St.)

FRANK ELISCU—Bronze sculptures; through Friday, June 15. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings and collages; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE—Water colors and drawings; through June 23. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Friday, June 8. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Expressionist drawings, temperas, and collages; through Saturday, June 16. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Drawings; through Friday, June 8. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

RUDOLF RAY—Abstractions; through Friday, June 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Saturdays.)

LOUIS SCHANKER—Abstract paintings; through

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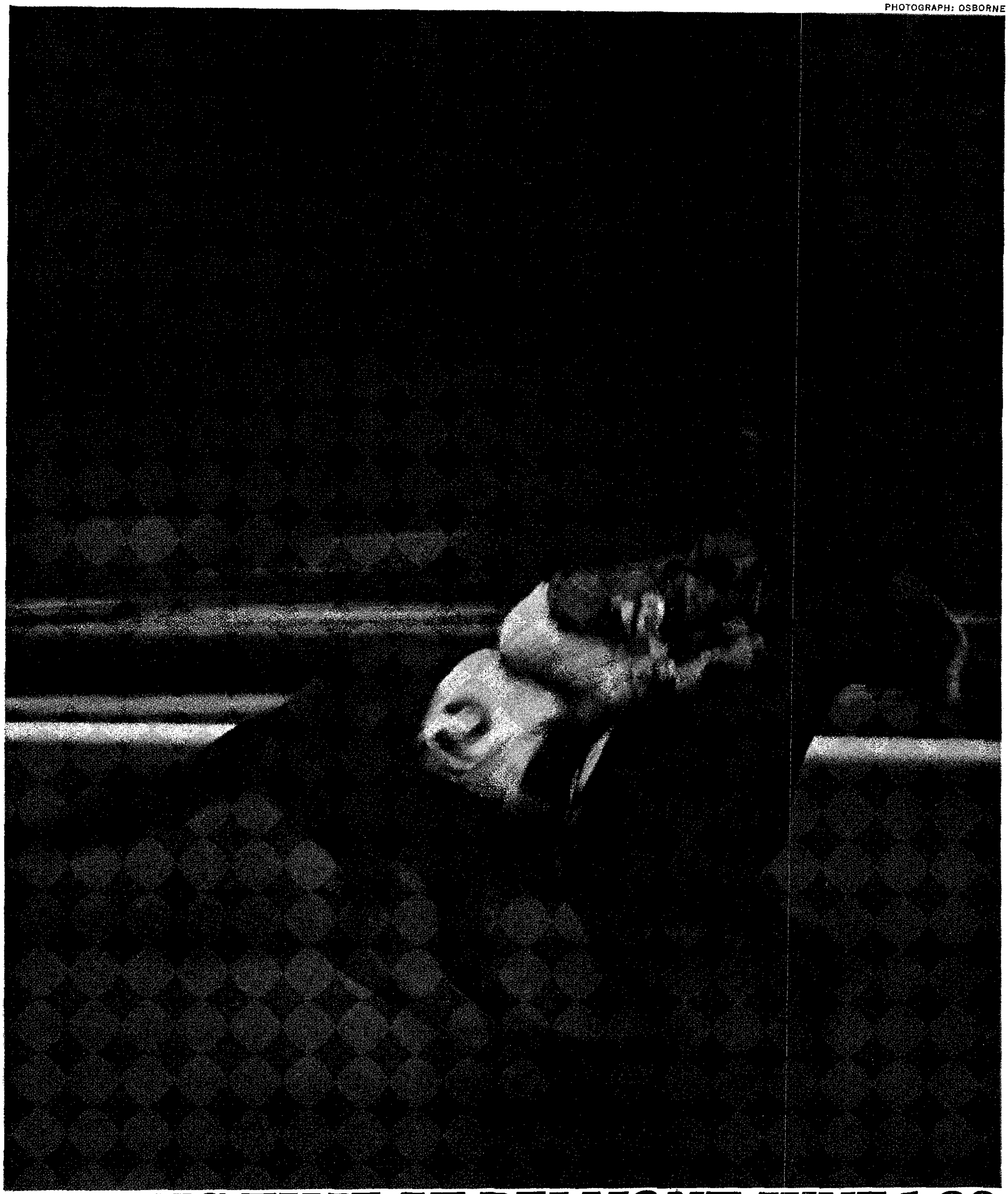

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 23. (Dewey, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHARLES SCHUCKER—Non-objective paintings; through June 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

EVERETT SHINN (1876-1953)—Theatres and other metropolitan scenes, mostly in Paris and New York (pastels, water colors, and drawings), 1900-40; through Saturday, June 9. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

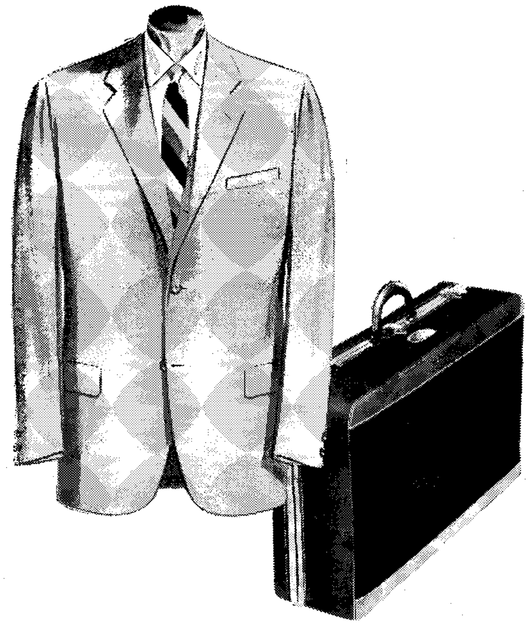
RUFINO TAMAYO—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through Friday, June 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURES—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DRAWINGS AND PRINTS—At the BAYER, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Cranach, and others; through Saturday, June 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Lee Bontecou, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Moscowitz, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Jack Tworkov; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: "American Prints, 1775-1962," made up of works by about a hundred and fifty artists, including Winslow Homer, John Sloan, and Reginald Marsh; through Saturday, June 16.... THE DRAWING SHOP, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through June 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 10.) ... ESTE, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through June 30.... KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Tom Hardy, John Koch, and Andrée Ruellan are three of the participants in a display of contemporary drawings; through June 22. (Closed Saturdays.)... SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through June 30.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the DE NAGY, 149 E. 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and reliefs by such gallery artists as Jane Wilson, Peter Forakis, and Ilse Getz; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.)... DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The figure is the theme of the spring group show, and the painters and sculptures include Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Friday, June 15. (Closed Saturdays.)... FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Three painters—Joseph Hirsch, Sarai Sherman, and Joyce Treiman; through Saturday, June 9.... KORNBLEE, 8 E. 79th St.: Figures by Charles Cajori, Robert Goodnough, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Friday, June 15. (Closed mornings.)... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors, by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Jason Berger, Carmen Cicero, and Morris Brose; through Saturday, June 16.... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for example) Julio Girona and Charles Shaw, plus sculptures by Wolfgang Behl; through Friday, June 8.... SMOLIN, 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)... TANAGER, 90 E. 10th St.: Nell Blaine, Angelo Ippolito, and Louise Nevelson are three of the more than a hundred and fifty painters and sculptors represented in the final show of this gallery, which opened in 1952; through Thursday,



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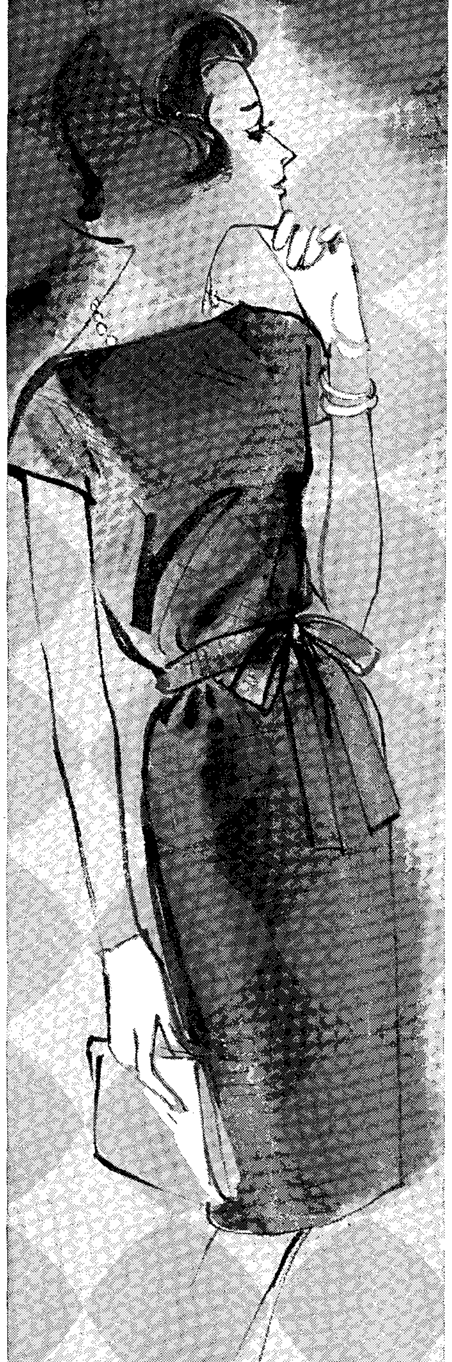

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with predominantly American works by gallery artists and guests, including Kurt Seligmann, Charles E. Martin, and Edward Renouf; through June 29. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Portraits (paintings and sculptures) by Leland Bell, Gandy Brodie, Mary Frank, and others; through June 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures, drawings, water colors, and prints of three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), by William Blake, Antoine-Louis Barye, Jack Levine, and so forth; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern masters (painters and sculptors), including Calder, Rouault, and Utrillo; through Friday, June 15. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Henry Henghes, and other painters and sculptors; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and others, most of whom live in Paris; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such Paris artists as Dufour, Lanskoy, and da Silva; through Friday, June 15. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through June 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

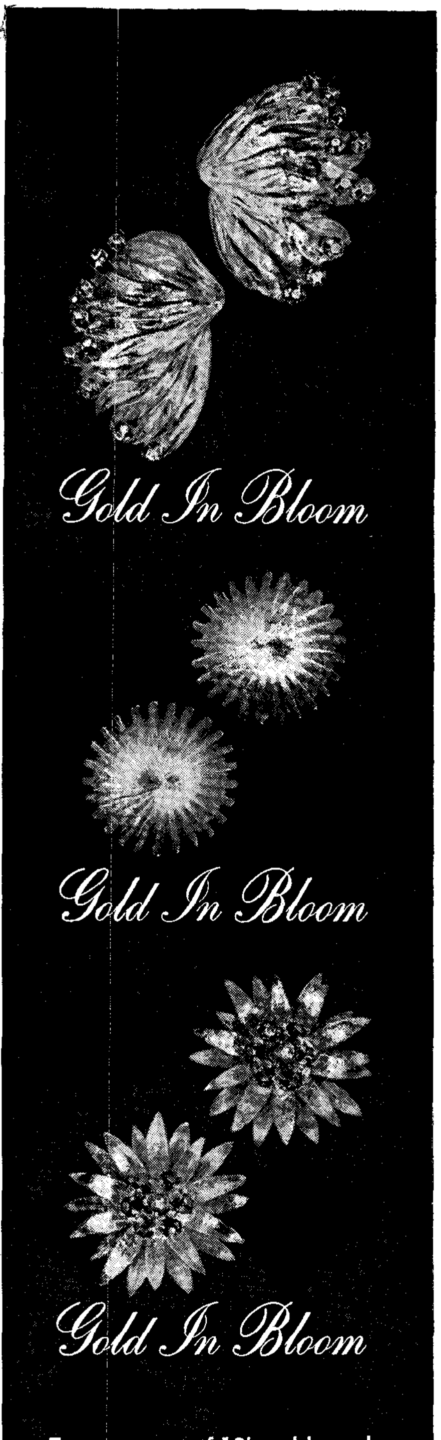
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The House of Worth," an exhibition of gowns, sketches, photographs, and other documentary material of Charles Frederick Worth, dating from the mid-nineteenth to the early twentieth century; through June 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.: Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, scores, and books by, among others, Lukas Foss, William Faulkner, and Frank O'Connor. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Isamu Noguchi, Charles Sheeler, Nicolai Cikovsky, Walter Gropius, and others. Through June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from



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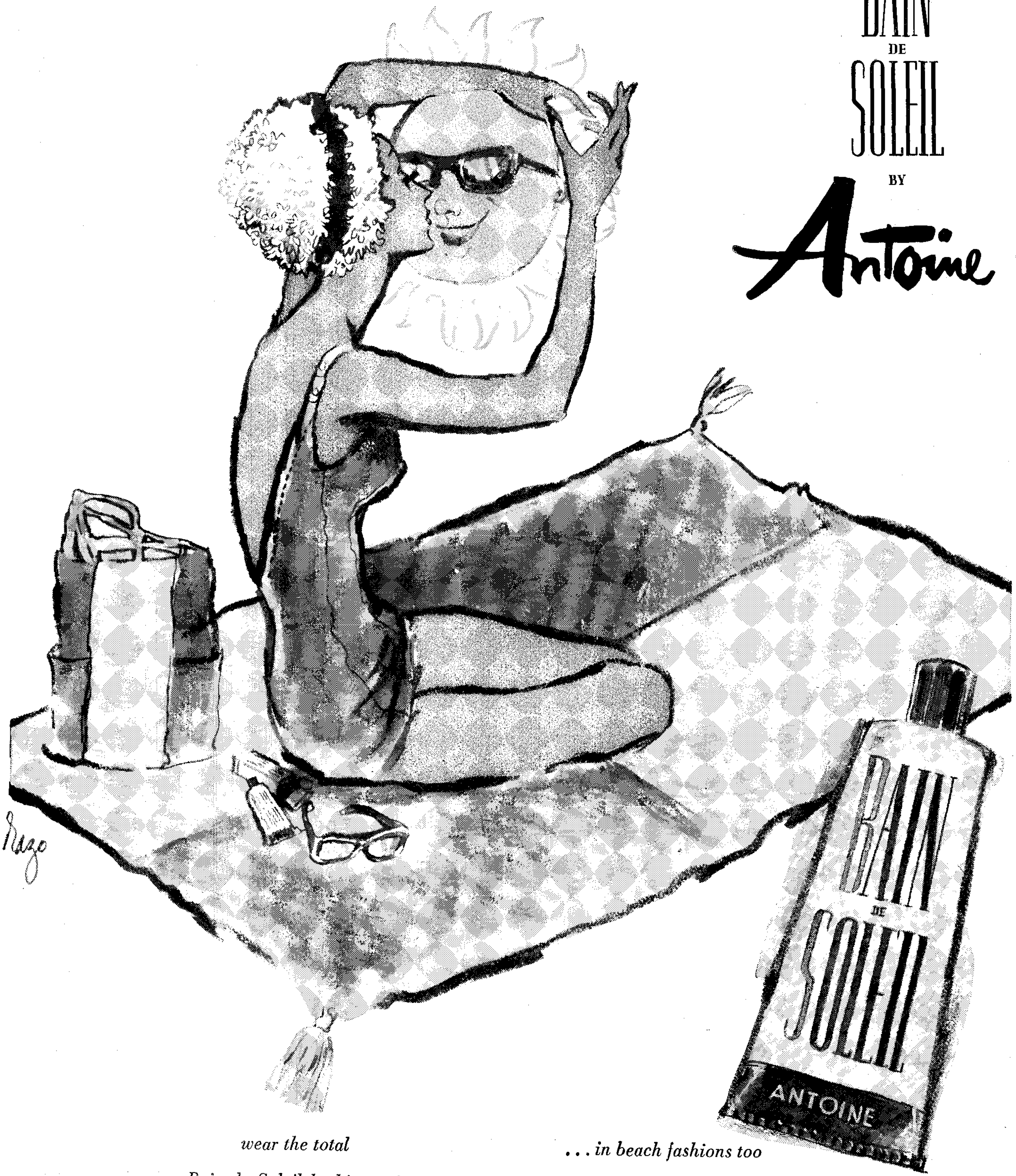

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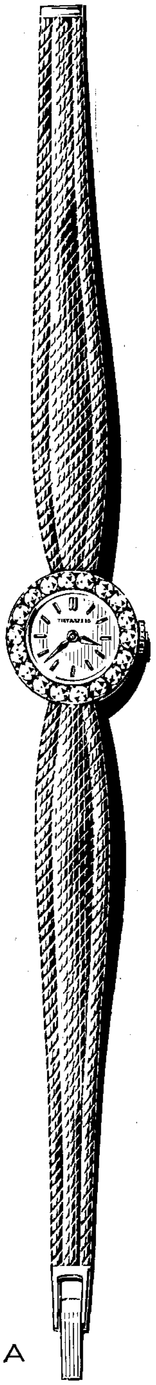

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," a loan show of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Théodore Géricault to Picasso and Braque; through Saturday, June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings, by Goya, Constable, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Punch's Progress—Heroes of the Puppet Stage," a showing of more than a hundred and fifty marionettes and puppets of every description, from an eighteenth-century Punchinello to the puppet stars of the current musical "Carnival." (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by John Marin, Alexander Calder, Balcomb Greene, and others are being shown in a dual offering—"The First Five Years of Gifts by the Friends of the Whitney Museum" and "Recent Acquisitions by the Museum;" through June 17. . . . ¶ A one-quarter-scale model for a children's sculpture playground called "Sculpture Continuum: Playground Group," made up of abstract forms in wood designed by Oliver O'Connor Barrett; through June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

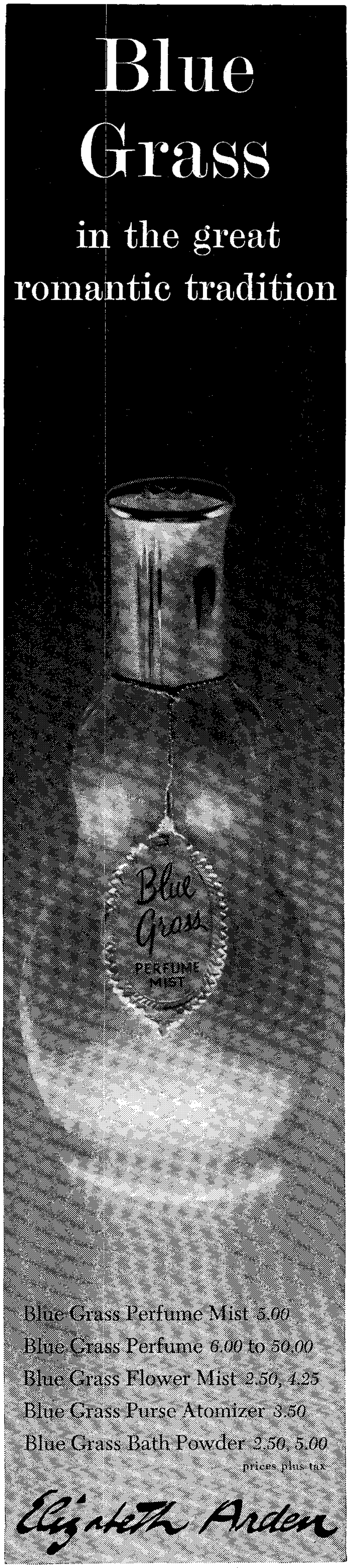
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, June 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, June 8, at 8; Saturday, June 9, at 2; Sunday, June 10, at 2 (doubleheader); and Monday, June 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, June 12, at 8, and Wednesday, June 13, at 2. . . . **Polo Grounds**: Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, June 15, at 8, and Saturday, June 16, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 9: Cleveland Williams vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16: Paolo Rosi vs. Carlos Hernandez, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 16; varsity race at 7:15.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regat-



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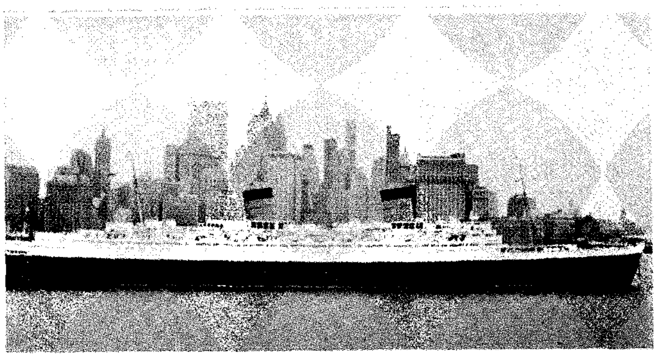

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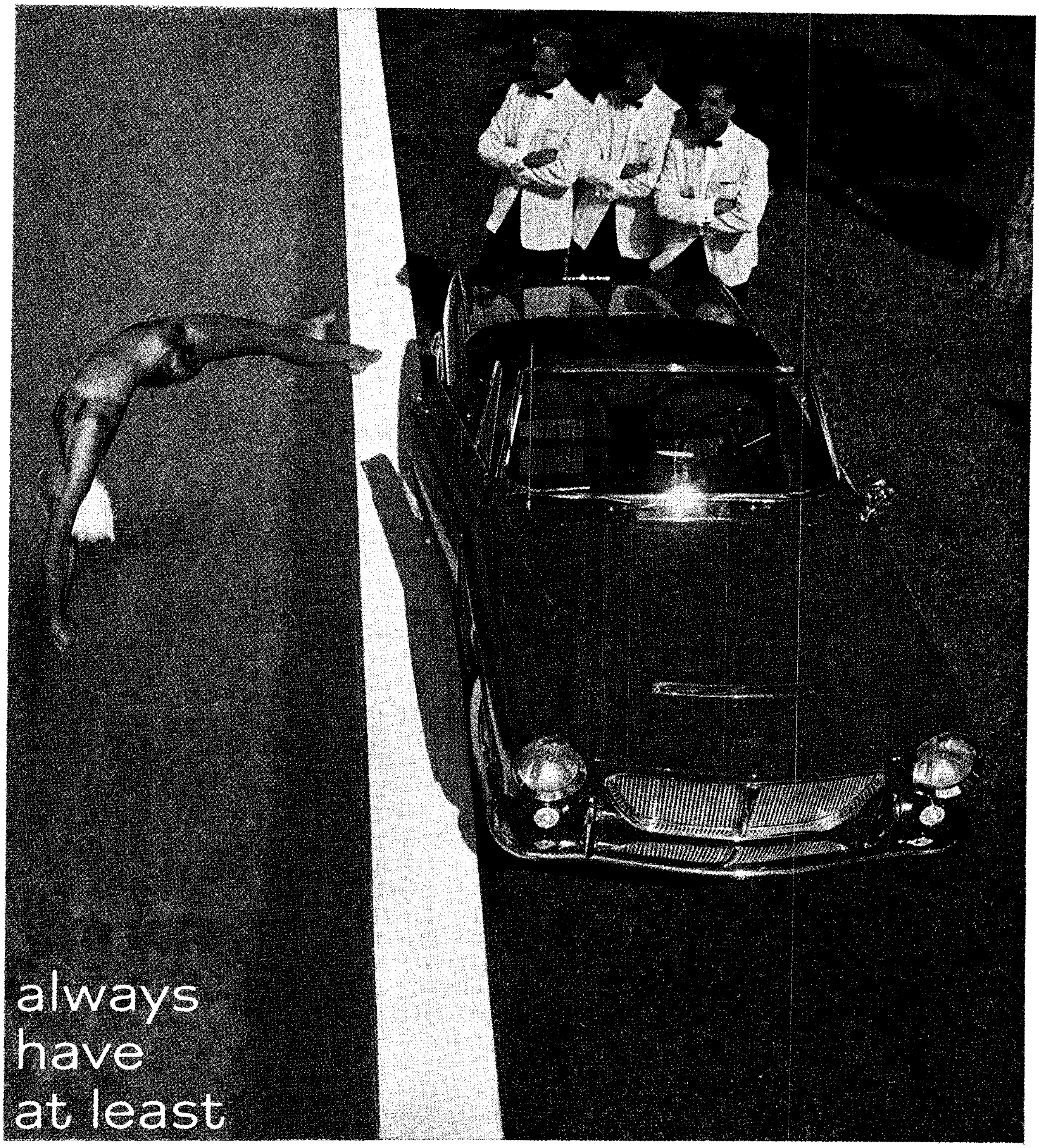

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 16.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 9.)

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.). . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 8-10.). . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 9.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. Sunday, June 10.). . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17.)

Polo—A match for the benefit of the Connecticut College Club of Westchester Scholarship Fund. (Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase. Sunday, June 10, at 3:30.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 30. The Belmont, Saturday, June 9, and the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48.). . . **new woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 16.

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 10: Reutlingen vs. America and Dundee vs. Palermo. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16: Palermo vs. Reutlingen and Dundee vs. America. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Games begin at 2.)

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 16.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 7, through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 16.

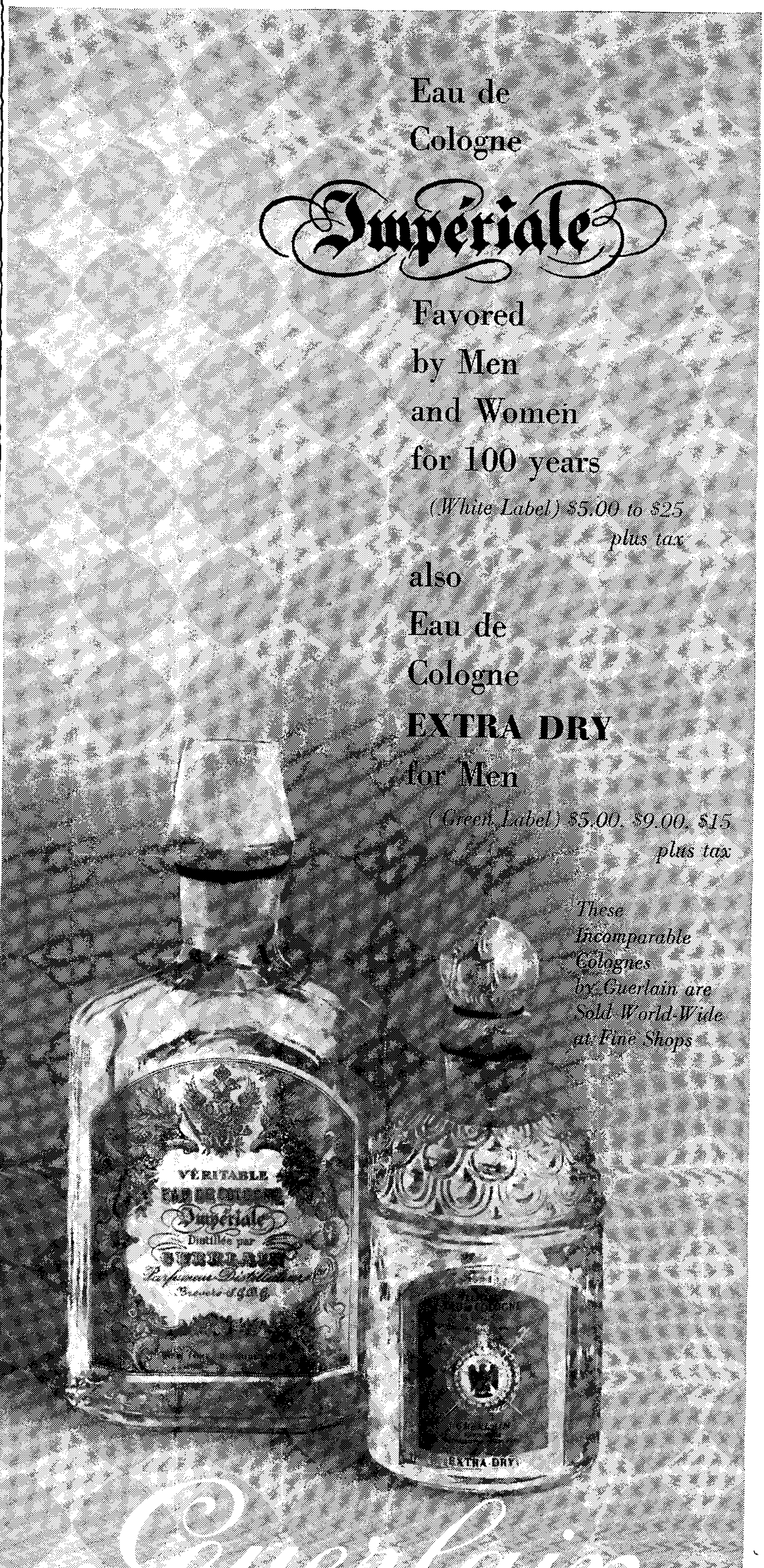
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—A display of roses and peonies presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 13, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Saturday, June 9, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 7, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Matta, Gris, and Archipenko; from various sources, among them the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8, at 1:45: French garden and terrace furniture, decorative objects, and sculptures, assembled by Mme. Renée Guibal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 12, at 8: Paintings, sculptures, furniture, jewelry, and objets d'art, donated by artists, collectors, and art dealers. For the benefit of the United Jewish Appeal. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8.

Commencement Dates—Dartmouth, Sunday, June 10; Yale, Monday, June 11; Princeton, Tuesday, June 12; and Harvard, Thursday, June 14.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—A not very powerful melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, distinguished by the superb acting of a very large cast, including Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, and Gene Tierney. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 7.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—If you like pictures laid in the future, in which the world either comes to an end or doesn't, you might try this one. Your flesh will either creep or it won't, and the English settings are attractive, up to the point where the Thames runs dry. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 13, tentative.)

The Devil's Eye—After being obliged to seduce the same woman over and over for a couple of centuries in Hell, Don Juan is dispatched to earth to practice his wiles on a fresh victim. Though Ingmar Bergman devises any number of paradoxes to adorn this theme, the result isn't quite as witty as it should be. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 13.)

The Five Day Lover—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Or so this racy comedy would have us believe, with the help of the acrobatic Jean-Pierre Cassel and the doting Micheline Presle and Jean Seberg. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 12, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A vivid debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—A French comedy, so odd and fresh and affecting that it often seems as if the director, François Truffaut, had invented a new sort of camera. Acted with great zest by Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—A compendium of early movie comic technique, as practiced by one of its greatest masters. Thrilling, childlike, and always extremely funny. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lover Come Back—Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Tony Randall have a wonderful time on their way through this preposterous picture, and so will you. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 13, tentative.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Superlative acting by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 13, tentative.)

The Miracle Worker—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke playing to perfection the roles they created on Broadway, in a sometimes almost unbearably painful account of the war between teacher and child by means of which the blind and deaf Helen Keller learned the meaning of words and so entered the world. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

NOW PLAYING

Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 12, tentative.)

No Love for Johnnie—A lower-middle-class politician comes up out of the Midlands to make good in London, and along the way wins and loses the love of three women. A stunning performance by Peter Finch. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 12, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a truly comic picture about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 12, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through June 12.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Through a Glass Darkly—The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the dazzling Bergman repertory group. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Viridiana—A strong and sometimes shocking Spanish picture, written and directed by Luis Buñuel and featuring Silvia Pinal as a young girl who wishes to become a nun and is destroyed by the totality of her innocence. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through June 12. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 13, tentative.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 8-11.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 9.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufmann play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 12.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 12.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 12.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through June 11, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 7.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 9.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 12.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 8-11.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 8.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 13, tentative.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 12, tentative.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 13, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through June 9: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928), with Victor McLaglen and Robert Armstrong. . . . ¶ June 10-13: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through June 12: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.
From June 13: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through June 12: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss.
From June 13, at 8:30: "Lolita," Sue Lyon, James Mason. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
June 7: "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.
From June 8: "The Horse Soldiers," revival, John Wayne, William Holden; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (June 7 at 8:15. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting June 8, continuous showings.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 12 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID.**
From June 13 (tentative): **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish.)

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 11: **GUNGA DIN,** revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From June 12: "We're No Angels," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray; and "The Body Snatcher," revival, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 12 (tentative): "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.
From June 13 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty .

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 12 (tentative): **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE;** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French).
From June 13 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through June 12: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).
From June 13, at 8:30: "Lolita," Sue Lyon, James Mason.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 9: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.
June 10-12: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.
From June 13: "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through June 12: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**
From June 13: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"I Like Money," Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray.

Beekman, 2nd Ave., at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
LOVER COME BACK.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 12: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.
From June 13: "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 10: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.
June 11-12: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From June 13: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 7: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
June 8-11: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
From June 12: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 9: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST,** revival; and **THE JOKER** (in French), revival.
June 10-12: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Naked Edge," revival, Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.
From June 13: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish); and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 12 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE;** and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival.
From June 13 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK;** and **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 10: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.
June 11-12: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
From June 13: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 12 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**
From June 13: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
JULES AND JIM (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 13 (tentative): **THE MARK;** and **TWO WOMEN,** revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Summerskin" (in Spanish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Shadows Grow Longer," Barbara Rutting, Luis Ullrich.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 12: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.
From June 13: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 7: "The Doorway to Hell," revival, Lew Ayres, James Cagney; and "50 Million Frenchmen," revival, Olsen and Johnson.
June 8: **THE OLD MAID,** revival; and "Picture Snatcher," revival, James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy.
June 9: "Dangerous," revival, Bette Davis, Franchot Tone; and "Blonde Crazy," revival, James Cagney, Joan Blondell.
June 10: "Fashions of 1934," revival, William Powell, Bette Davis; and "Broadway Gondolier," revival, Dick Powell.
June 11: "The Hatchet Man," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young; and "Living on Velvet," revival, George Brent, Kay Francis.
From June 12: **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 12: **ONE, TWO, THREE;** and "The Facts of Life," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From June 13: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 7: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S;** and "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
June 8-11: **NINOTCHKA,** revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From June 12: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 12 (tentative): "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.
From June 13 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 12 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**
From June 13: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 12: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell; and "13 West Street," Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger.
From June 13: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 12 (tentative): "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Head of a Tyrant," Massimo Girotti.
From June 13 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

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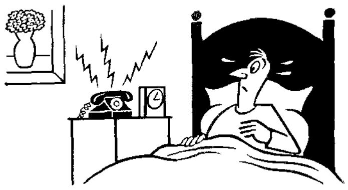
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

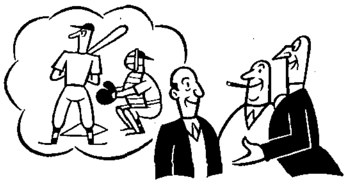
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours who dabbles in the stock market got a margin call last week—his first, he says, since 1937. "Here's how a margin call works," he explained to us over a drink at Sweets on Thursday. (He was wearing a buoyant grin and a new cord suit with knifelike creases in the trousers.) "In order to increase your chances of getting some action out of a given amount of money, you have bought some stocks on margin—that is, you have borrowed part of the purchase price from your broker, pledging the stocks themselves as collateral. If the stocks go down precipitously, as they did Monday, when the market made its sharpest one-day drop since 1929, the collateral may no longer be sufficient to cover your indebtedness to the broker, in which case he must ask you to put up more cash. If you refuse, he is required by law to sell your stocks immediately, and he's entitled to pay himself off out of the proceeds. What it amounts to, in a way, is the croupier asking you whether you want to go for double-your-loss or all-even after you have lost at roulette. Of course, Wall Street doesn't like the roulette analogy—lacks dignity, and so on—but I can't get it out of my head."

Our friend went on to tell us that his margin call had come in somewhat melodramatic fashion. "The first I knew of it," he said, "was when the telephone beside my bed rang at five minutes after three on Tuesday morning. The damn thing jangled me out of a deep sleep, and for about five rings I just lay there, with my heart pounding and God knows what juices starting to flow like spring freshets inside me as I ran through the usual catalogue of possible disasters that might occasion a call at that hour. Then I picked up the phone, and a very tired Western Union girl read me a telegram from my broker saying that he had to have a certain sum of money by eleven o'clock that morning or I'd be sold out. In other words, it was only a matter of whether or not I was willing to shore up a little bet I'd made in a manic moment, and not a question of mangled relatives or a summer house burned to ashes. It seems that the brokerage house had had so many margin calls to send out that it had decided to use telegrams instead of phone calls, even for customers living in the city, and that there had been so many telegrams to send that it took all night to send them. I spent most of the hour or so it took me to get back to sleep thinking about how, less than a week earlier, when the market decline was still in its early stages, the same broker had given me a patriotic pep talk about never using the word 'panic.' 'You're too sophisticated for that,' he had assured me. My last thought, as I finally fell into a tormented doze, was that maybe Wall Street really should begin thinking of itself as being like a roulette wheel, which, on the one hand, has no high-minded patriotic impulses but, on the other hand, never panics."



EARLIER in the week, we attended the United Nations Correspondents Association luncheon for Ambassador Adlai Stevenson at which he made his announcement that the United States would support a full five-year term for Acting Secretary-General U Thant. Discounting his own "notoriously inaccurate" record in "predicting elections," the Ambassador observed that "U Thant has already proved the aphorism 'Impartiality is not neutrality; it is partiality for justice,' " and went on to predict that U Thant would get elected. This was our first in-the-flesh glimpse of the Ambassador since he assumed his post, eighteen months ago, and he now informed the luncheon guests that during that time he had discovered that his job was "the best in the world for free luncheons." He had made some other discoveries about it, too. "When I took the job, I was told I would have a few busy months until the autumn, and then I would be free to go to ball games," he said, and proceeded to describe his work as, among other things, "tough, demanding, exhausting, and interesting." The Ambassador continued, "I have to go to Washington at least once a week, and friends invariably ask me if I don't miss Washington. When I tell them how absorbing I find the United Nations, they nod their heads and evidently don't believe me. For politicians, any place out of Washington is exile, but I don't find it so." The United States, the Ambassador pointed out, has "consistently carried the day on all major issues, and we have never had to resort to the veto," and he went on to say that he had learned some lessons he wanted to share with us correspondents. "There is no one way of conducting foreign policy that is superior to all other ways," he said. "We should be flexible. The more so the better. I have been particularly impressed by how much quiet diplomacy accomplishes. After the death of Hammarskjöld, it took weeks to defeat the Troika proposal and thus preserve the office of the Secretary-General. That kind of diplomacy doesn't make for snappy headlines . . . but it's the less dramatic and sometimes dreary process of quiet discussion that led, for example, to the present negotiations in Geneva on disarmament. Sometimes you have to be silent in order to

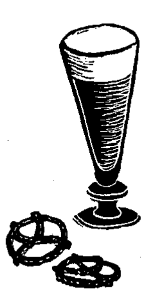


be heard. I think this is true of the U.N."

The luncheon was held in a restaurant called Danny's Hide-a-way.

Collection

YOU might think that an outfit called the American Type Culture Collection would be a sanctuary for indigenous cultural creations of unusual merit, like the manuscript of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Allen Ginsberg's "Howl." But not a bit of it. The place, which is in Washington, D.C., preserves cultures, rather than Culture, and boasts the largest single collection of bacteria, fungi, viruses, and other microorganisms anywhere this side of the Iron Curtain. (It is playing, in fact, the major role in a germ-exchange program initiated between the Communist and capitalist nations.) During a recent visit to Washington, we dropped in on the Culture Collection, which is currently housed in a renovated brownstone on M Street. The place had the smell of an old country house, and its director, Dr. William A. Clark, a short, congenial fellow, told us that the Collection—a non-profit organization founded by the National Academy of Sciences, with assistance from the Rockefeller Foundation, and run by a board of trustees from various seats of learning—was originally dedicated simply to the cataloguing and preservation of major germ strains. (These undergo subtle mutations out in the world, and some, like *Pasteurella pestis*, the bubonic plague, are in danger of becoming extinct in this country.) Recently, however, a burgeoning demand for germs, especially on the industrial front, has made the brownstone into more of a microbiological factory than a library. During 1961 alone, Dr. Clark said, the Collection, which employs a staff of thirty-five and obtains its germs both by purchase and as contributions from various laboratories that have isolated new strains, handled a mail-order business in germs amounting to over twelve thousand specimens. Its permanent stock consists of four thousand strains of bacteria, twenty-eight hundred fungi, and two hundred and sixty-eight viruses and Rickettsiae (parasitic microbes of uncertain biological status), to say nothing of peripheral plant fungi and anaerobic sporeformers. A specimen sells for anything from five to twelve dollars.



According to Dr. Clark, the unfortunate connotations of the word "germ" have obscured the fact that bacteria, when viewed in the full biological context, do far more good than harm. He cited a sample census of domestic bacteria, taken some years back, in which ten trillion trillion harmless specimens were counted, as opposed to a mere three hundred and eight thousand trillion harmful ones. This means, in a nutshell, that only one out of every thirty thousand bacteria was found to be harmful, giving germs a distinct moral superiority over people, of whom one out of every seventeen thousand eventually proves detrimental to the public welfare.

Although bacteria have long been employed industrially in agriculture, waste disposal, and the manufacture of certain foods and fibres, Dr. Clark said, it is only now that their true powers and versatility are attaining full recognition. Because bacteria eat anywhere from twice to a thousand times their own weight in a single hour, some strains can be trained to devour and "mine out" the undesirable portions of metal and petroleum ores. Others, having proved incredibly impervious to nuclear bombardment, are being studied as possible radiation shields for people. Bacteria not only eat prodigiously but reproduce prodigiously (though they possess certain sexual characteristics, they multiply simply by dividing), and in the process they emit intense energy; as a consequence, their most revolutionary promise lies in the field of power generation—in batteries composed of bacterial cells. Many bacteria are good to eat, too, and Dr. Clark assured us that they could constitute the major food supply of future generations, if our planet's livestock and vegetation should be outrun by the increase in population.

Dr. Clark went on to tell us that with so many plans on foot for bacteria—including their use in literally hundreds of defense projects—the Culture Collection has outgrown the brownstone on M Street and will move next year to larger, more professional facilities out in Rockville, Maryland. He showed us around the old place, and we watched bacteria being frozen and dried out, and then sealed in airtight vials, which are stored in small, square boxes. To preserve most bacteria in this suspended state, the coolness of a pleasantly air-conditioned room is sufficient. (Siberian bacteria have recently been revitalized after lying dormant in salt deposits for six hundred and fifty million years.) Viruses, though, require more frigid extremes for their preservation. They are immured in special deep-freeze vaults, which are now kept in a garage out back of the brownstone. It's a makeshift, though safe, arrangement, and Dr. Clark says he will feel more comfortable when the germs are all together under one roof.

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OVERHEARD in the coffee lounge of the Murray Hill Theatre the other Sunday afternoon, one pale, mascaraed Kim Novak to another: "Of course he's happy. Why shouldn't he be? She spoils him absolutely unmercifully."

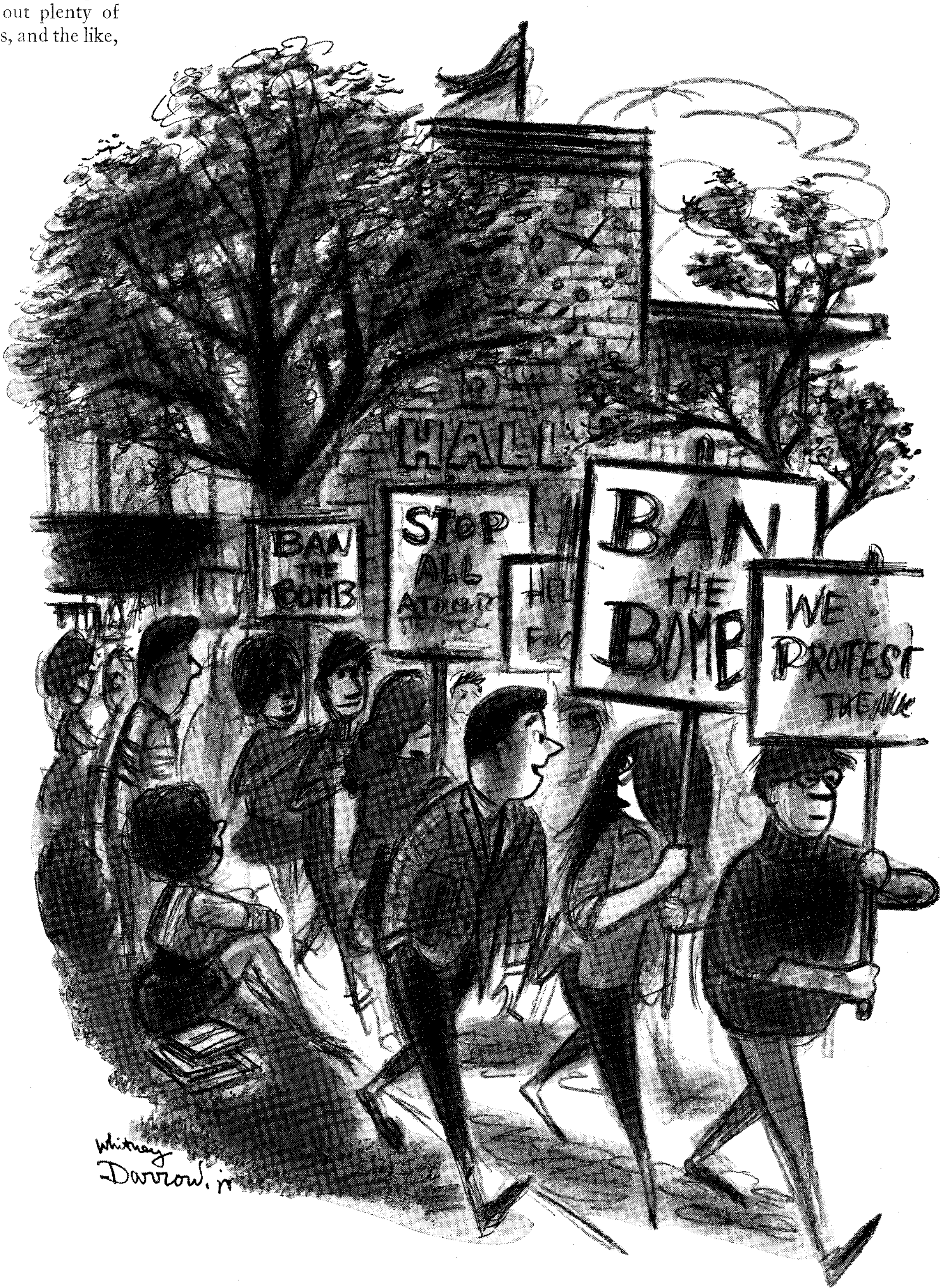
La République du Congo (Léopoldville)

HAVING dealt, in our running survey of newly created African countries, with La République du Congo (Brazzaville), as the former French Congo is now called, we turn this week to the considerably more complicated subject of La République du Congo (Léopoldville), which belonged to Belgium until 1960. (So complicated is it that we will merely start on it now and will conclude it in a later issue.)

In area second only to Sudan among the independent nations of Africa, the Léopoldville Congo covers well over nine hundred thousand square miles, or as much land as all of the United States east of the Mississippi; in this enormous space dwell a mere fourteen million people, which is fewer than the number dwelling within a fifty-mile radius of Manhattan. The population of the Congo is thought to have been much larger originally, but over the centuries it was ruthlessly decimated by both slave traders and white conquerors. One estimate is that fifteen million Congolese were carried to the Americas in slave ships between 1500 and 1863, and in the period during which Leopold II of the Belgians exercised personal and oppressive rule over the Congo (1885-1908) its population is said to have been reduced by half. Léopoldville is by far the largest and most advanced city in the Congo. It has a population of three hundred and sixty thousand, three hundred bars and night clubs, an airport with one of the longest landing strips in the world (15,420 feet), an average temperature of seventy-eight degrees, fearful humidity, a daily newspaper, and two radio stations, which broadcast in French and in the more important Congolese dialects.

A few miles outside Léopoldville is the seven-year-old University of Lovanium, sponsored by the University of Louvain. Built with Belgian-government funds but administered privately by Jesuits, Lovanium is one of the most elaborate institutions of higher learning in Africa, having more than eight hundred students, a faculty of a hundred and thirty, a teaching hospital on campus, an Olympics-size swimming pool, and a nuclear reactor. Under Belgian rule, the Congo turned out plenty of carpenters, crane operators, and the like, but not a single doctor, dentist, engineer, lawyer, or architect (the university had not been in business long enough to graduate one), and the tiny middle class that is currently running the country consists of fewer than a thousand people, of whom perhaps a hundred are university graduates. Last July, Lovanium graduated, for the first time, some doctors and civil engineers, so things are looking up.

Geographically, the supreme fact of the Congo is the Congo River and the great basin it drains. A shallow amphitheatre set right in the middle of the African plateau, the basin was once an inland sea, of which Lake Leopold II is the last remnant; within the basin are four hundred thousand square miles of dense tropical rain forest, surrounded by an almost unbroken rim of higher land, which rises, in two well-defined steps, to heights of three thousand feet in the west, five thousand feet in the south, almost ten thousand feet in the east, and over sixteen thousand feet in the northeast. The amphitheatre has a single narrow exit on its western side, where the Congo, reinforced by its major tributaries, plunges into a deep channel that takes it through the Crystal Mountains to the sea. The basin is rich in rubber, palm oil, jungle animals, and tsetse flies, while the surrounding highlands boast many minerals, dairy herds, gorillas, most of the European population of the Congo, and nearly all of its industry. The wealthy secessionist province of Katanga, in the southern highlands, has had to import labor for its mines and industries, but otherwise the native population has always remained close to the outer edges of the country. The rivers of the central basin are broad, sluggish, and navigable, while those on the rim are narrow, swift, and full of rapids. Similar contrasts are provided by the local tribes; in the lowlands they tend to be apathetic, and in the highlands they are active and warlike. Health plays an important part in these differences—sleeping sickness,



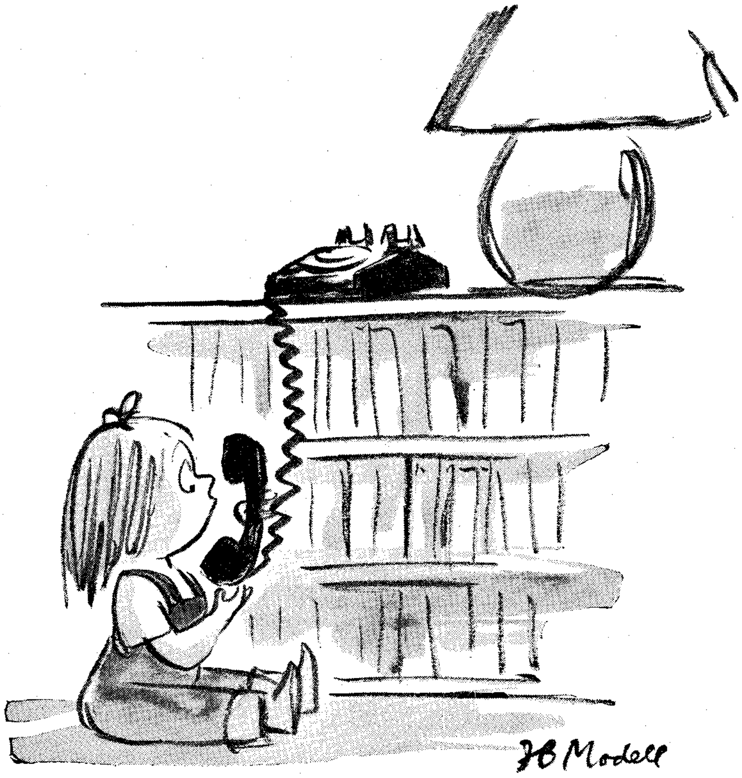
"I guess this means I won't be seeing you at the Young Conservatives' rally tonight?"

yaws, and hookworm are endemic in the lowlands—and so does climate. If Léopoldville is continuously hot and damp, Katanga's weather is rather like that of southern California, with plenty of sun, little rain, and even a touch of frost on winter nights. Elisabethville, the capital of Katanga, is four thousand feet above sea level and has a mean annual temperature of sixty-eight degrees. Kivu Province, on the eastern border, has beautiful lakes, snow-covered mountains, and bracing air; it is already the favorite hunting and resort area of Africa, and may someday be one of the great resort areas of the world.

At last count, some three hundred and fifty giant mountain gorillas dwelt on the slopes of certain extinct volcanoes in Kivu. These gorillas are the largest anthropoids on earth—a full-grown male will stand six and a half feet high, weigh seven hundred pounds, and have an arm span of nine feet. African elephants are bigger, blacker, and wilder than their Indian counterparts, and occasionally have four tusks instead of two. They have been trained to work in lumber camps and on oil-palm plantations, and are still giving tractors and bulldozers a run for their money, thanks to the high cost of motor fuel in the Congo. Among the rarest animals in the Congo is the okapi, a brownish-purple beast with white stripes on its rump and legs; it resembles a long-necked horse but is actually a close relative of the giraffe. Okapis are so retiring that although they had often been rumored to exist, they weren't discovered by white men until this century. The Congo also glories in a golden wildcat; an aquatic genet, which lives by catching fish in rivers; dormice with tufted tails; pottos, which have backbones partly outside their bodies; and galagos, or bush babies, which are reputed to cry just like babies in bushes, though who tested the theory by placing babies in bushes Congo history doesn't say. Among the Congo fish of distinction are a predatory perch that weighs up to two hundred and sixty pounds and a flat-headed electric catfish, which produces a shock that can be felt through a thick leather sole. Nests of so-called white ants, which are really termites, are common throughout the Congo. In Katanga, they tower twenty feet high and serve as convenient landmarks; an address in the town of Jadotville is "Third Ant Heap to the Right As You Go In." We fear that our favorite Congo creature doesn't exist; it is a blue sparrow that was seen for the first and last time in the seventeenth century by a Spanish missionary named Merolla, who reported that it "articulately pronounces the name of Jesus Christ."

The Congo takes its name from the fifteenth-century Kingdom of Kongo, a native fief that the Portuguese ruled from nearby Angola. The river didn't get to be called the Congo until about 1600; earlier, it had been known variously as the Rio Poderoso, or mighty river, and the Zaïre, a Portuguese approximation of the traditional Congolese "Nzadi," or "Great Body of Water." And a very great body it is—second only to the Amazon in flow (fifty-one thousand cubic yards of water hit the astonished Atlantic every second), and the fifth-longest river on earth. Conrad, who once skippered a boat on the Congo, and whose "Heart of Darkness" gives a precise account of his voyage upstream, described it as "an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country, and its tail lost in the depths of the land."

The Congo starts out as the Lualaba River, in the Katanga hills; flows north to Stanleyville, where it becomes the Upper Congo; and then swings in a broad arc to the west, gathering innumerable tributaries as it goes. These waters are navigable, but all navigation ceases beyond Stanley Pool, a placid, doughnut-shaped sheet of water, on the opposite banks of which are located Brazzaville and Léopoldville. Disappearing over the western edge of the Pool with a crash that can be heard for miles, the Congo starts its wild, two-hundred-mile-long dash to the sea. It is the only major water system in the world that, flowing through the two hemispheres, takes advantage of long rainy seasons on both sides of the equator. In 1816, when geographers were still wondering if there was any link between the Nile and the Congo, the British Admiralty issued a remarkably sensible set of instructions to a naval commander setting out to explore the Congo estuary. Noting that the Congo delivered an unusually even flow of water into the sea, the Admiralty concluded that "a river which . . . has this peculiar quality of being almost at all seasons of the year in a flooded state must not only traverse a vast extent of country but must also be supplied by large branches flowing from different and probably opposite directions, so that some one or more of them must at all times of the year pass through a tract of country where the rains prevail." Nearly seventy years later, the discovery of the Congo's two main tributaries—the Ubangi, in the Northern Hemisphere, and the Kasai, in the Southern—confirmed this bold hypothesis.



"Congratulations! You have just won a free dance lesson."

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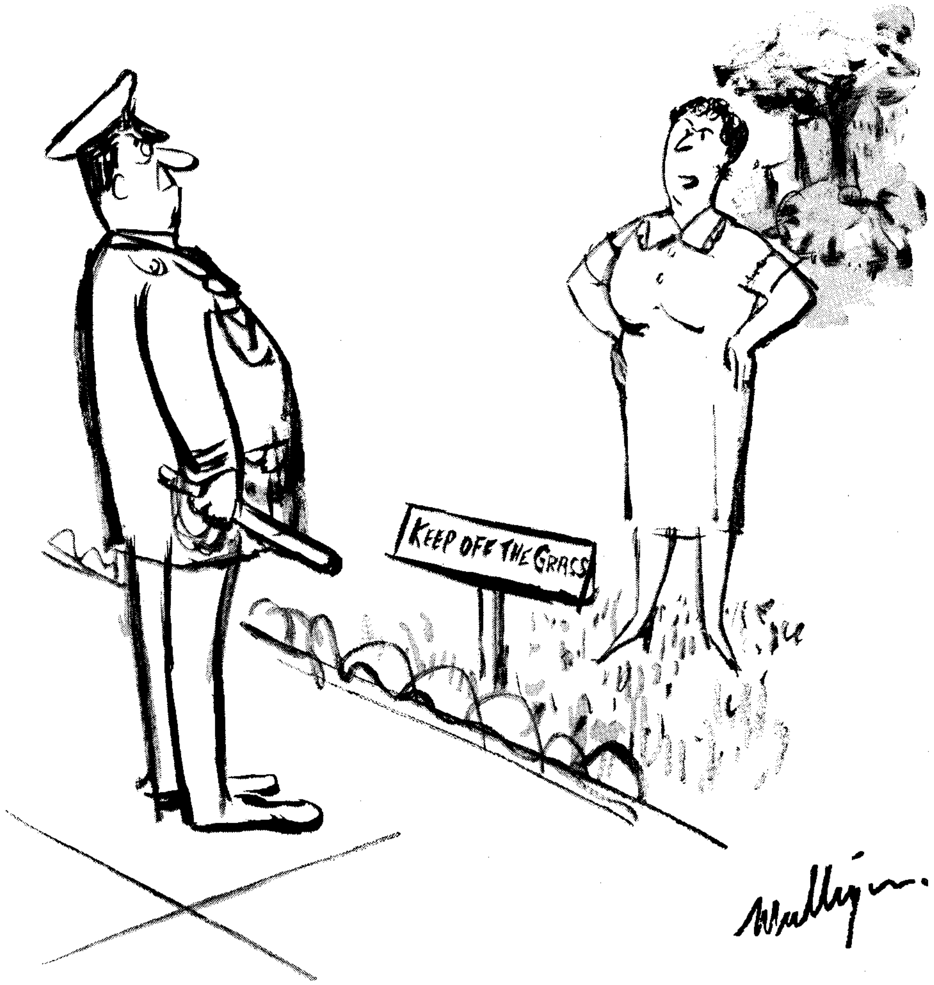
SIGN in Jefferson's Discount Store, in Fort Lauderdale: "Our Pharmacy Is Located in the Drug Department."

Poet

ONE of the busiest writers we know of is that lively Irishman Padraic Colum, who at eighty keeps issuing books as regularly as a hen lays eggs, and who spends a lot of his time darting about this country and the old one giving lectures and readings from his poems and keeping an eye on the



"Come and get me!"

• •

multifarious cult that has grown up around his friend James Joyce. Mr. Colum, who is small and well-made and has a beautiful voice and gray hair that flies up and away in all directions, and who wears a porkpie hat as if it were the crown of the Kings of Tara, got off to such an early start that he'd made a secure place for himself in Irish literary history by his early twenties. He and Synge were among the discoveries of the Abbey Theatre, and his play "The Land" was the third the Abbey ever put on and the first to be a success. "In those days, sixty years ago," he told us the other afternoon, over a cup of tea and a plate of cinnamon toast, "it was the fashion to be writing stories and plays in the country speech. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, and all were doing it, but the truth of the matter is that I was the only one of the lot that knew what the real country speech sounded like. I wouldn't want to say a word against Synge's language, which is exquisite, very fine, but has no more to do with how people actually spoke than Oscar Wilde's dialogue in his comedies has to do with how people spoke in London drawing rooms in the eighteen-nineties. You might say I had the advantage of the disadvantages that Yeats and others didn't have—I was born in a workhouse and knew common speech from my birth. I always say I was born in a workhouse to make a romantic story; the fact is, my father was the master of a workhouse, which isn't *quite* so good, not being quite so bad."

In the past couple of years, at least five books written or edited by Mr. Colum have been published here; the latest is a paperback edition of selected poems of Jonathan Swift. "Everyone knows Swift's prose, but only academics pay much attention to his verse," Mr. Colum said. "Swift deserves better than that of us. An extr-r-raordinary mind! So strong and delicate and coarse! You know what Yeats says about getting a manful energy into one's verse? That's precisely what Swift does." Mr. Colum quoted a few lines by Swift, which prompted him to quote a few by Yeats, which brought him by a commodious detour back to the Dublin of his youth and to his first encounters with Joyce. "He was two or three months younger than I," Mr. Colum said. "We became good friends not in our student days but after. He used to give fine parties in Paris, when he had the money—the best was good enough for James Joyce! Whenever Nora's back was turned, there'd be another bottle of his favorite white wine. Joyce was convinced that the proper sacramental wine was white—I don't know why. He had a theory for everything, and would willingly have set Rome straight on sacramental wine, had Rome but asked. We Dubliners are like the Florentines who were so fiercely proud of their mention in the 'Inferno.' To be a contemporary of Joyce and not be mentioned in 'Ulysses' is a disgrace. I come off easy in it—in the National Library scene somebody says of me, 'He has that queer thing called genius.' Joyce later made a sneering remark about me in a satire on poets, but it often slips my mind—I remember the praise and forget the sneer!"

Mr. Colum is particularly excited at the moment by an event that is taking place next week, on Bloomsday (known to the barbarian world as June 16th). An architect named Michael Scott, the present owner of the Martello Tower, in Sandycove, where the opening chapter of "Ulysses" is laid, is presenting it to the Joyce Tower Association. A party is to be held on the lawn of the tower, with liquid refreshments contributed by the brewers and distillers of Dublin, and with sausages—Mr. Bloom was very fond of sausages—from the well-known Dublin sausage house of Hafner. "A great day for Joyceans and a great day for Joyce!" Mr. Colum exclaimed, and then asked if we'd like to hear a line or so from an elegy by him entitled "In Memory of James Joyce." We said we would, and, teacup in hand, in his beautiful voice he recited:

"I looked back to the days of our young manhood,
And saw you with the commons of the town,
Crossing the bridge, and you
In odds of wearables, wittily worn,
A yachtsman's cap to veer you to the sea gulls,
Our commons also, but your traffic
Sombre: to sell your books upon the quay."

Point for Parkinson

RECENTLY, an Ohioan we know had occasion to send some documents to the Social Security field office in his district. He requested that the papers be returned when they had been examined. They came back promptly and in good order, accompanied by a slip that read, "Examined by Passer P I. Kindly return this slip with garment if any complaint regarding this package."

THE BOHEMIANS

Mr. Briscoe was an actor by profession. Mrs. Briscoe, who dyed her hair to keep it as near as possible to the rich dark red it used to be, taught music for a living. She was forty when she met him. He was forty-seven. They were a fine battered pair, marked for life by their ravenous hopes. They both had the glittering, exploring eyes of people who have never learned to control their dreams.

They met late one Saturday night, at an artistic sort of a party. Mr. Briscoe, a Londoner, had come from England the day before on the promise of a part with an English company playing a season at the Gaiety. The part had fallen through, and he was now stranded in Dublin, broke but unafraid. He came along to the party with an acquaintance he had run into in a pub. Mrs. Briscoe, then Miss Jane Rooney, had also come with an acquaintance, a Miss Finch, who played in the three-piece orchestra at the Dublin Art Theatre.

Jane was wearing a dress of dark-purple tweed, cut rather in the fashion of the Rossettis, and she had her thick, coarse red hair coiled low on her neck. She wore handmade silver jewelry of Irish design, set with amethysts. She was a tall, extremely thin woman, with a long slender nose and a very small mouth. Her tiny, dry lips, overcome as they were by her long nose, seemed to deny all the desirous demands of her eyes. She was very brave. When left alone at a party—as she often was, because she was extravagantly artistic, and often, after a glass of something, provoked foolish, heartfelt arguments—she would rear back her large head of hair, reveal her minute, contemptuous smile, and dart her heated glance in all directions, in search of a more receptive audience. She was unattractive to men, and usually had to find her way home alone. This did not drive her, as it drove less exalted souls, to the weak expedient of slipping away quietly in the middle of the evening. On the contrary, she always stayed to the end, and walked away from the pairs and groups without a sign of discomfort. *This* had been happening to her all her life.

Mr. Briscoe saw her standing alone, from his own solitary point of vantage next to the table with the glasses on it. He started moodily in her direction, holding a full glass in his right hand.

"Why are you so proud?" he asked masterfully.

She retrieved her gaze from a distant part of the room and fell in love with him, as she had often fallen in love before.

Greatly pleased with the impression he had made, he conducted her to a sofa. "I am a London actor, out of work and penniless. My name is George Briscoe. I was impelled to speak to you because you are the only beautiful woman in the room. I am not married," he said to her, drinking and staring at her.

He was a wide man, with a face and hands of dazzling whiteness, and a low forehead, from which he combed his hair straight back to conceal as well as possible the baldness of his crown. He wore a yellow checked waistcoat.

"I am a magnificent actor, but I cannot find work. They no longer want real actors on the stage. They want robots, automatons, expressionless vacuum heads. Above all, they want thin young men. An older man can only get a job if he has been rewarded with a title, or if he has made a name in films. Unless he wants to found his own company."

He gave her a bland smile in which there was no resentment. "Tell me anything you would like to tell me," he added.

"I am Jane Rooney, teacher of music," said Jane with a harsh laugh of delight and embarrassment. "I dabble in all the arts. I am devoted to the theatre in all its forms."

"My dear girl," he began, leaning toward her, "the theatre has only one form." Jane began to listen.

"I would like to escort you home," he said much later. "If you do not live too far away."

When they arrived at her flat he suggested that he come in with her. "Otherwise," he said sensibly, "I shall spend the night on the streets."

Since there was only one bed in the flat, he settled himself on a chair in her little parlor, but after an hour he arose, sighing, and found his way into the bed alongside her. Jane lay rigid, staring at the ceiling with bulging eyes. She had never lain next to a man before.

"I hope you aren't a restless sleeper, my dear," he said, settling himself comfortably, and fell asleep.

Jane lay awake all night, and when the first breath of day came into the room she slipped out of bed and away to the kitchen, where she said her prayers and cried nervously. "God forgive me," she said, "but I couldn't very well send him out in the cold."

When eight o'clock came, she got off her knees and set a tray for his breakfast. She had to give a piano lesson at half past nine.

"Good girl," he said when he opened his eyes and saw the tray. "Oh, I can't sit up," he said roguishly, holding the blankets up under his chin, "till you give me something to cover my nakedness. A big towel will do," he said, brushing aside her embarrassment.

She brought a large shawl, and turned aside while he arranged himself.

"You're all dressed and ready to go out," he said admiringly. "What a clever girl you are."

After the first lesson she had a second, but as soon as she was free she hurried home. He was sitting in the parlor, with a fine red glow in the grate and one of her collections of plays in his hands. He closed the book and held out his hand to her. "I hope I didn't disturb your sleep, Jane," he said.

She fell on her knees beside him and pressed her plain face against his hand. "I was so afraid I would never see you again," she said.

He stroked her thick springy hair. "What a wonderful color your hair is," he said. "Is it really this color?"

"Oh, yes. I wouldn't dye it," Jane said quickly.

George found the little flat very comfortable. He was not lazy. He did some housework while Jane was out, and even helped in the kitchen. They went for a stroll every night, and once to the pictures, walking very casually past Jane's landlady's door.

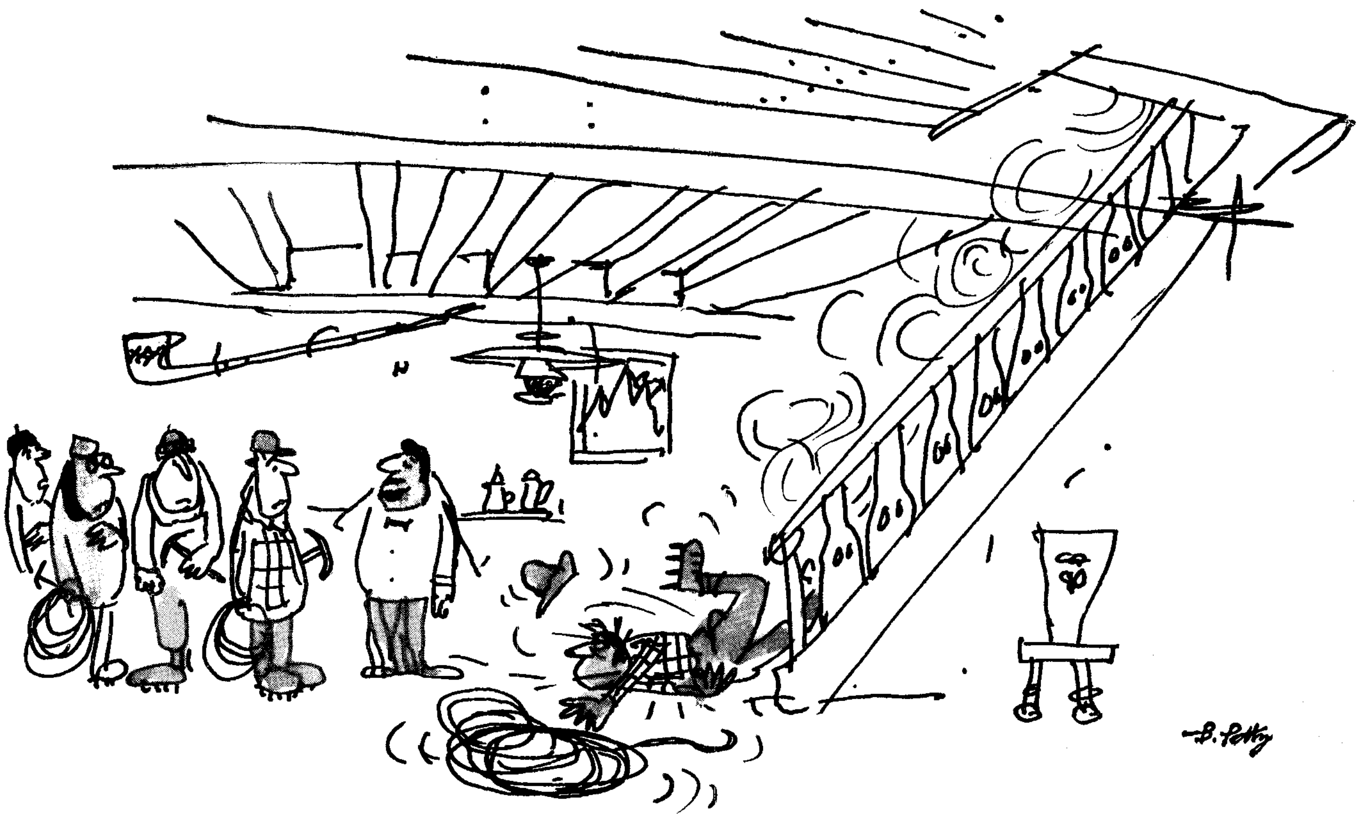
At the end of a week, Jane's landlady stormed up the stairs and demanded to see Jane alone, and asked her what did she think she was up to. "I'm surprised at you," she said curiously. "I'd never have thought you were that sort."

"I'm as much that sort as anybody else," Jane said. "Anyway," she added, "it isn't the way it looks. He's been very gentlemanly, if you know what I mean."

Mrs. Dolan drew back with an imploring smile. "Have a heart, girl," she said. "I'm a married woman. You're not expecting me to believe a thing like that?"

"Believe it or not as you like, Mrs. Dolan. What can I do? Put him out on the street?"

"Well, you can't let him impose on you like this," said Mrs. Dolan. She



"Ah, here's your guide now!"

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thought of the glimpse she had had of him as she came in. "He looks a helpless sort of poor fellow, the way he's settled down beside the fire. It seems a heartless thing to do, to tell him to get up and go."

"I know," Jane said. She was wearing the green tweed skirt and beige jersey, with a necklace of large amber beads, that she usually wore in the daytime.

"Why wouldn't you marry him?" Mrs. Dolan asked coaxingly.

"He hasn't asked me," Jane said in surprise, and began to dab at her eyes.

Mrs. Dolan gazed in indecision at the kitchen door. She opened it and looked in at George, where he sat with his book.

"Would you come out here a minute, sir?" she cried.

"Certainly, Mrs. Dolan," he said. "We'll leave the door open, if you don't mind," he said. "This is such a very small kitchen."

"Mr. Briscoe, if you don't mind my saying so, you've got this girl into terrible trouble," Mrs. Dolan said.

"Mrs. Dolan is afraid for my good name," Jane said, with an attempt at a smile.

"Why wouldn't you marry her, sir?" Mrs. Dolan said. "No hurry, of course, sir," she added, not wanting to spoil Jane's chances. "But later on, when you've made up your mind."

"I'm a poor man," George said. "An out-of-work actor. How can I ask any woman to marry me?"

GEORGE was not one to fight fate. After Jane discovered this about him, she marvelled that no woman had run off with him before she found him.

In the second year of their marriage she became pregnant, and they had to move, because children were not allowed in the flats. Using Jane's savings, they bought a small red brick house on a terrace in the suburbs. Their house was covered with a Virginia creeper, the same rich red brown as Jane's hair. The big pointed leaves clustered thickly around the front door and around the windows, and made their house seem older and more opulent than its neighbors. They had a small front garden and a larger back garden, and Jane grew very enthusiastic about her flowers. There was a laburnum tree at the back, and little John's first recollection was of the laburnum in full bloom, brighter, yellower, gayer, and more splendid than anything he ever saw in his life again.

" 'John Briscoe' is a good-sounding name, no matter what he decides to do," George said.

George could hardly ever get a part, and it depressed him to be turned down. He learned Robert Emmet's "Speech from the Dock," and began to go around to all the schools declaiming it, with a sash over his right shoulder and a sword in his hand. Jane had many friends among the schoolteachers. That is how the thing got started. He was reciting the speech for them all at home one Sunday night, and one of the teachers asked him to give it for her students. Afterward he learned the "Lament for Owen Roe" (did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill), which he recited in a ragged jacket, sitting down with his hands clasped on a walking stick, and his eyes half shut, because he was convinced that the man who wrote it was blind.

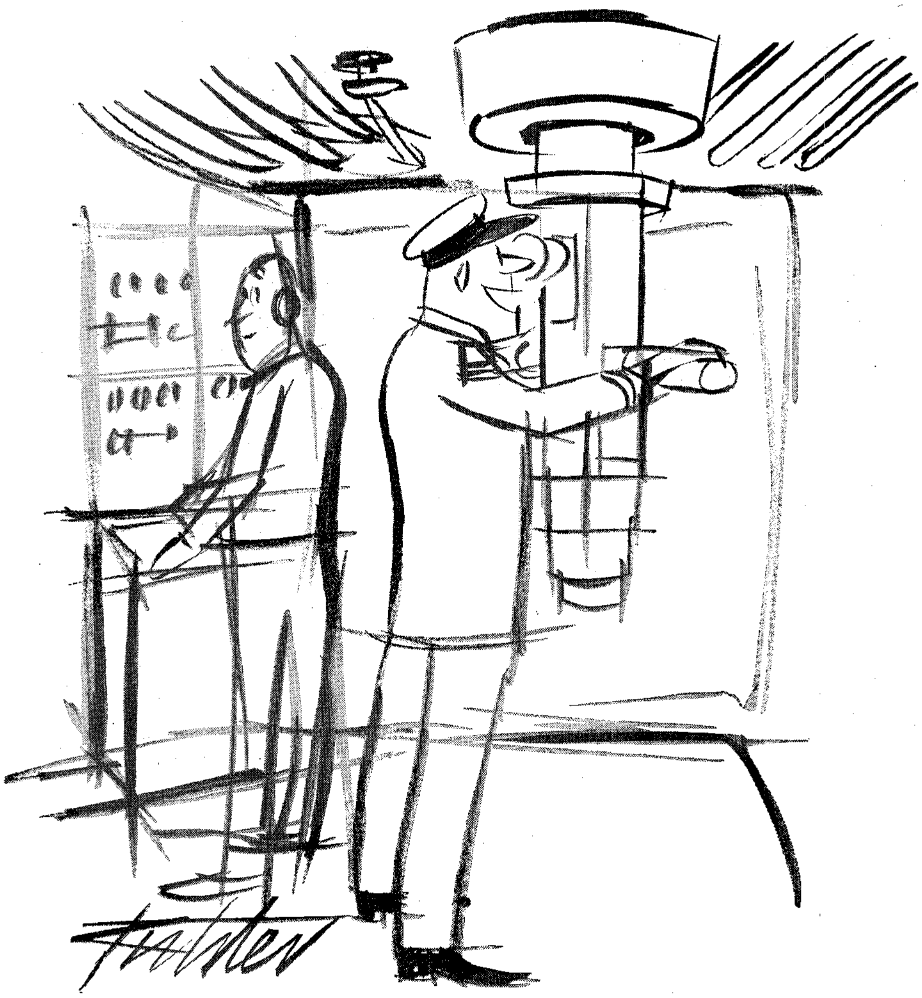
He was paid a little money for these performances. When John passed his seventh birthday he went with his father one day to help with the properties, and after that he always went, and always accepted the fee from a minor teacher while his father was talking and charming the head of the school. Once they got outside, he would slip the money into his father's pocket, not saying anything.

The Briscoes used to have very successful Sunday evenings. Other music teachers came, and amateur concert singers, and once in a while even an actor would come, and bring a friend—perhaps a fellow who wrote poetry. They used to sing and have long, delightful discussions. George was always the center of attention, and Jane guarded the hospitality of the house and rested herself, and sometimes led into the discussion with some foolish theory of hers, as she had in her single days.

George never grew impatient with her. He never grew impatient with anyone. She knew herself to be less intelligent and less well informed than he, and when she spoke up he would give her a jesting look and shake his head to prevent her getting too excited. He talked a great deal about his years on the fringes of the London theatre, and though the guests by no means believed all he told them, they enjoyed listening to him, because he was different from themselves. In years gone by, Jane had always been a hanger-on at the parties she attended. She found it pleasant to be at the center of things. She hardly changed, except that her hair began to fade, and then she dyed it, so that really she didn't change at all. She still had her hopes, and they were still the same, and her dreams were still alive and complete, but she was so comfortable with them that they no longer glittered recklessly in her eyes, nor did she ever now smile contemptuously about her as she said in her own mind, "Look at me, what I am, what I shall be."

Her husband, however, while taking life calmly, watched the future with confidence in his own prophecy. "The old rich days are coming back," he would say. "They'll want my sort of acting again. All this dead man's walk is just a passing fad. We'll go to New York, when John is old enough, and I'll get a character part, perhaps go to Hollywood. Nowadays what they want in Hollywood is really good English character actors, with a solid training behind them." He took to wearing a black cape.

John was proud of his father, and of his mother, because they were different from the other parents on the terrace. His father went to work when he pleased, when there was a performance at one of the schools. Even his mother kept irregular hours. They were bohemians. They let John stay up as late as he liked, and every Sunday night he sat on the little piano stool and listened to the conversation. Often a teacher from his own school would come, and he could boast of her visit in class the next day. Sometimes his mother would give him permission to invite a teacher on his own. One of the teachers told him that his mother's house was a veritable salon, and that John should appreciate the privileges of his upbringing.



"*Why, they* do *rub noses!*"

Another good thing—John used to be let off from school a half hour early on performance days. Those days, he would meet his father near the strange school, and they would walk into the strange classroom or, if there was a hall, onto the stage, and all the strange children would stare up at him and be envious. His father would be wearing the black cloak, and he would take it off and John would hand him the sword and sash or whatever he wanted. John felt very important.

When he was nine, John began to write poetry. One Sunday night, he stood up during a lull in the conversation and asked his mother for permission to speak. She smiled beamingly at him and nodded, and glanced around at the others, and his father turned away from his discussion with the girl who taught French to smile and clap his hands noiselessly, for encouragement.

"I would like to read a poem I have written," John said in a rather artificial voice that was modelled after his father's reciting voice. "It is called 'To My Mother.'

"I love my mother, darling Jane,
Who brought me to this world of pain,
She is my dear, my hope, my joy,
I'll always be her loving boy.

"She works that I may dine on cake,
I'd walk through fire for her sake,
If she should die I could not live,
To be with her my life I'd give.

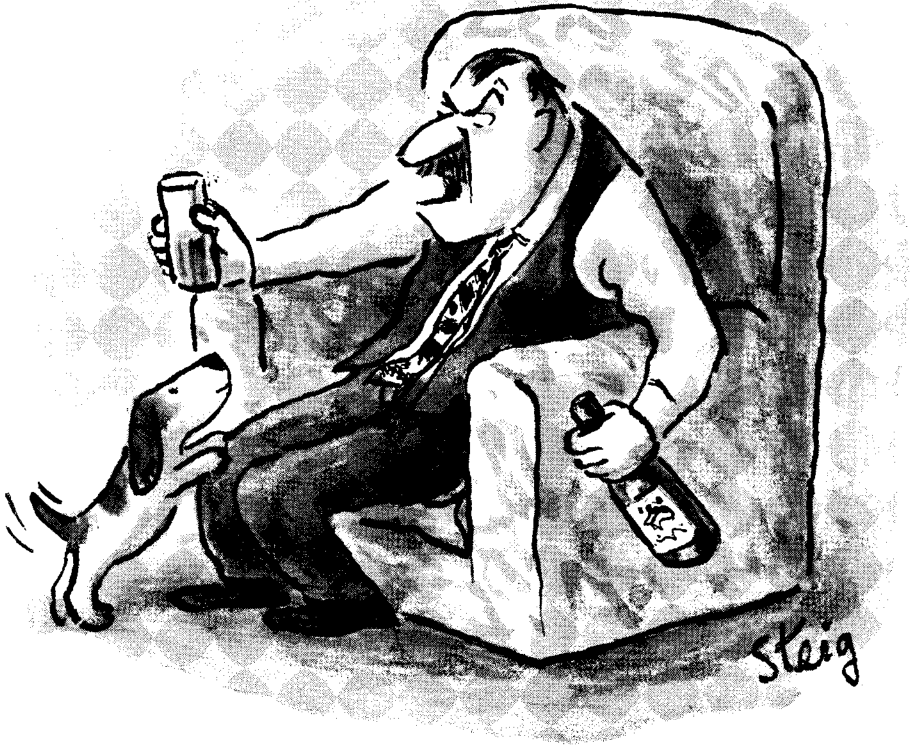
"At night upon my knees I pray,
That she'll be safe an extra day,
I love her more than all the rest,
I love my mother Jane the best."

When he had finished, John sat down on the piano stool and stared at the floor. His face was flushed. His mother rushed forward and took him in her arms. She pressed her face against his cheek. She was weeping. The rest of the audience murmured appreciatively. George came over to pat his son's head. "I am greatly moved," he said. "We must see that you have your chance."

"That young man will be heard of," said one of the men present, a government worker who acted in his spare time. He had a long gaunt face and he took his pipe from his mouth and nodded at John. "Mark my words," he said, "a new young poet for Ireland."

"Will you read that for the class tomorrow, John?" his English teacher asked deferentially.

After that, John read a poem every Sunday, and on Mondays read it again before his composition class. The other children tried to make a joke of him,



"Who needs your love?"

but he took comfort in the words of his elders, and realized that all people of talent suffered from the sneers of the ignorant. He tried to tell the other children this, and they laughed more than ever.

When John was fourteen, he had enough poems for several volumes, but it was hard to find a publisher. However, on two occasions his poems appeared in the Sunday newspaper.

About this time, his father began to write a book about theories of acting. "Those things sell well in the United States," he said.

He and John used the same typewriter—John to type his poems, George to type pages of manuscript. Jane was very happy with all this activity. She was very proud of them both. She still wore her tweed Rossetti dresses, her hand-wrought jewelry, and her amber beads. At Christmastime she painted little cards and sent them to her friends.

Their house had French windows, upstairs and downstairs. On summer evenings they used to sit near the open windows, and the people walking by would glance in at them and know who they were. John never went out to play with the other children. He enjoyed sitting between his distinguished parents—the musician, the young poet, and the actor. On winter evenings they lighted the fire and drew the blinds. Sometimes John played chess with his father. George often read out parts of his book, and explained them at length to his wife and son. Sometimes John retired upstairs to write a poem. It was understood between them that John needed solitude for his poems. He had a little room of his own at the back of the house, overlooking the pretty garden. Beyond the red wall of the garden was a tennis club, and the green lawns stretched away to a large grove of tall trees. He was able to lie on his back in bed and watch the clouds pass across the sky.

Every poet has to wait for recognition, and while waiting John decided to take a government examination. He passed without trouble and got an appointment. They were all very happy. Now all three were adults, John thought, working.

At last his father's manuscript was completed, and they put him on the boat for England and a publisher. He had considered an Irish publisher and rejected the idea, because he believed, he said, that English bookmen have a wider circulation, and more money. "When I come back with all the money," he said, "we'll move to the country somewhere, wherever Jane likes, and lead a proper life." He stood against the rail, waving to them.

"How fine he looks," Jane said.

"He's an actor to his fingertips," John said proudly. "Look at the way his scarf is slung over his shoulders."

George came back before they expected him, with no warning. He let himself in quietly with his key one night and sat down in front of the fire as though he had only been out for a stroll. "They wanted me to leave the manuscript," he said. "I wouldn't hear of it. Thieves they are, every last one of them. As soon as we can scrape together the fare, we'll go to America, and I'll find a better publisher there. But I won't send it out. Whoever reads it, I'll be there in the room to see he takes no notes."

"You're right, Father," John said. He was a slim, nice-looking boy, with clear skin and a long slender nose like his mother's. "Better wait and have it done properly. Isn't that right, Mother?"

"Of course it is," she said. "And we'll all go together. I won't let you go off alone like that again, George. Do you hear me?"

A fortnight afterward, she caught pneumonia and died inside of a few hours. She came home one afternoon at her usual time, and instead of going down to the kitchen to start the tea, she stood in the parlor door and told George she thought she'd go up and lie down. By the time they thought of calling a doctor she was too far gone to be saved. After she was buried, John took the amber beads out of her drawer and put them with his own things.

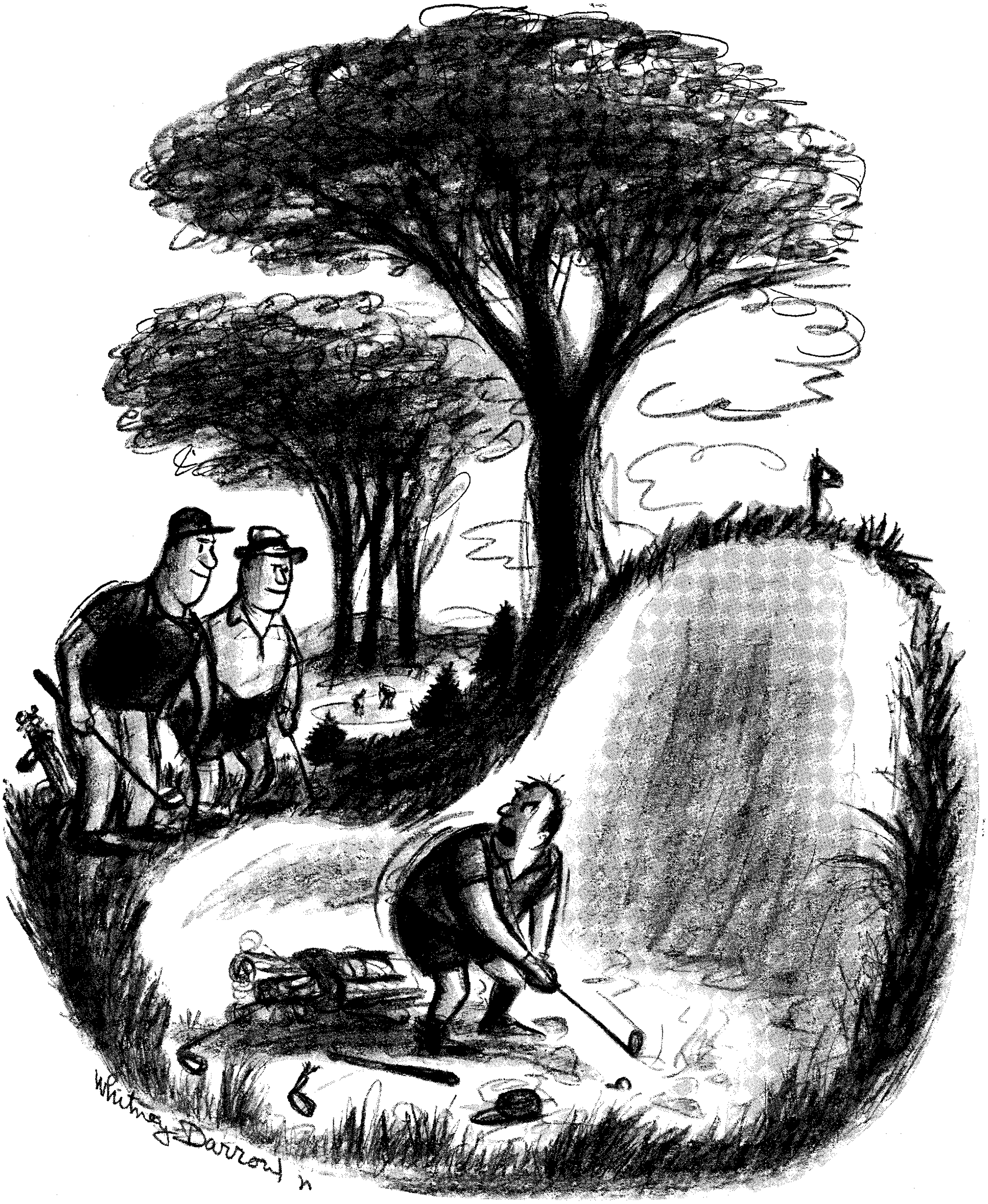
"I hope you're not letting up on your writing, John," his father said one night. "Your mother put all her hopes in you."

"I'm going to dedicate my first volume to her, Father—to her memory," John said.

He wrote a great many poems about his mother's death. When spring came, he and George went out and trimmed the grass in the back garden, but left her flowers untended.

One morning in May, John went in to rouse George, who never awakened of his own accord, and found him dead in bed.

There was nothing to do but sell the house and move into a flat in the middle of town. He did quite well for a while, between the money he got for the house and his salary. However, after two years the money was all gone—not a penny left. He had only his salary and he had to move into lodgings. Now that he needed it so badly, the work grew enormously distasteful to him. It deadened his spirit. He found it hard to write in



"I suppose you guys are going to ask if you can play through. Well, the answer is no!"

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the evenings. Still, he occasionally put down a poem.

One day, strolling idly along the quays, reluctant to go back to his room at the boarding house, he passed a row of used-furniture shops. An old piano stool standing outside the door of one of them caught his eye, and he stopped for a closer look. It was the one they had had at home, the very same. Indeed it was. He stood staring at it, and thought his heart would break, remembering the pleasant evenings, and the loving eyes, and all the words of praise so freely given.

He wrote a poem about this encounter. In his poem, which was a sonnet, he said that it was winter, not only in the city of Dublin but in his heart; that he felt once again that art is long and life is fleeting; that things had not turned out as he expected; and that it is a hard thing for a person to be left in the world after his mother and father are gone. —MAEVE BRENNAN

A GIFT TOO LATE

MICHAEL saw them for the first time when he was coming home from school one day. One moment the street had been empty, glittering in the light that came from the sun directly behind Michael's back, with no traffic on the roadway and apparently no pedestrians on the broad pavement. The next moment these two were before him, their faces raised to his. They seemed to emerge immediately in front of him, as if the light and shade of the glaring street had suddenly condensed into two little piccanins with large eyes set in their round, black faces.

"*Stukkie brood?*" the elder, a boy, said in a plaintive voice. A piece of bread. At Michael's school the slang term for any African child was just that, *stukkie brood*, since bread was what African children were always begging for.

"*Stukkie brood?*" the little girl said. She was wearing a soiled white dress that was so short it barely covered her loins; there seemed to be nothing at all beneath the dress. She wore no shoes, no socks, no cardigan, no cap or hat, although, despite the daytime warmth, it was midwinter. She must have been about ten years old. The boy, who wore a torn khaki shirt and a pair of gray shorts much too large for him, was about Michael's age—that is, twelve—though he was a little smaller than the white boy. Like the girl, the African boy had no shoes or socks. His and the girl's limbs were painfully thin. Their wrists and ankles stood out in knobs, and the skin over these protruding bones was rougher than elsewhere. The dirt on their skin showed up as a faint grayness against the black.

"I've got no bread," the white boy said. He had halted in surprise at the suddenness of their appearance before him. They must have been hiding behind one of the trees that were planted at intervals along the pavement. "I don't bring bread from school."

They did not move. Michael shifted his school case from one hand to the other and took a pace forward. Silently, the African children stood aside. As he passed them, Michael was conscious of the movement of their eyes. When he turned to look back, he saw that they were standing still to watch him go, and that one of the boy's hands was now interlinked with one of the girl's.

It was this that made the white child pause. He was touched by their dependence on one another, and disturbed by it, too, as he had been by the way they had suddenly come before him, and by their watchfulness and silence after they had uttered the customary begging request. Michael saw again how ragged and dirty they were, and thought of how hungry they must be. Surely he could give them a piece of bread. He was only three blocks from home.

Michael said, "I haven't got any bread here. But if you come home with me, I'll see that you get some bread. Do you understand?"

They made no reply, but they obviously understood what he had said. The three children moved down the pavement, the two piccanins as silent as the shadows that slid along in front of them. The Africans walked a little behind the white child, and to one side of him. Once, Michael asked them if they went to school, and the boy shook his head. When Michael asked them if they were brother and sister, the boy nodded.

Michael turned off the main road and down a sandy lane that led past the gate of the yard behind his house. When he went inside the house, he told Dora, the African cook girl, that there were two piccanins outside, and that he wanted her to cut some bread and jam for them. Dora grumbled that she was not supposed to look after every little beggar in town, and Michael answered her angrily, "We've got lots of bread. Why shouldn't we give them some?" He was particularly indignant because he felt that Dora, being of the same race as the two outside, should have been even readier than he was to help them. When Dora was about to take a plate of bread out to the back gate, where the piccanins waited, Michael stopped her. "It's all right, Dora," he said in a tone of reproof, "I'll take it," and he went out into the sunlight, carrying the plate in his hand.

"*Stukkie brood*," he called to them. "Here's your *stukkie brood*."

The two children stretched their hands out eagerly, and Michael let them take the inch-thick slices from the plate. He was pleased to see that Dora had put a scraping of apricot jam on the bread. Each of the piccanins held the bread in both hands, as if afraid of dropping it. The girl's mouth worked a little, but she kept her eyes fixed on the white boy.

"What do you say?" Michael asked.

They replied in high, clear voices, "Thank you, *baas*."

"That's better. Now you can eat."

He wanted to see them eat it; he wanted to share their pleasure in satisfying their strained appetites. But without saying a word to him, they began to back away, side by side. They took a few paces, and then they turned and ran back along the lane toward the main road. The little girl's dress fluttered behind her, white against the brown sand and her own black body. At the corner, they halted, looked back once, and then ran on, out of sight.

A FEW days later, at the same time and in the same place, Michael saw them again, on his way home from school. They were standing in the middle of the pavement, and he saw them from a long way off. They were obviously waiting for him to come. Michael was the first to speak, as he approached them.

"What? Another piece of bread?" he called out from a few yards away.

"Yes, *baas*," they answered together. They turned immediately to join him as he walked by. Yet they kept a respectful pace or two behind.

"How did you know I was coming?"

"We know the *baas* is coming from school," the boy said.

"And how do you know that I'm going to give you bread?" Michael asked, smiling.

There was no reply—not even a smile from the boy.

As Michael looked casually at them, they seemed to him identical in appearance with a hundred, a thousand, other piccanins, from the peppercorns on top of their heads to their wide, callused, sand-gray feet.

When they reached the house, Michael went inside and told Dora, "Those *stukkie broods* are waiting outside again. Give them something, and then they can go."

Dora grumbled once again, but she sliced the bread. Michael did not go out with it himself. He was in a hurry to get back to work on a model car he was making, and he was satisfied to see, out of his bedroom window a few minutes later, Dora coming from the back gate with an empty plate in her hand. Soon he had forgotten all about the two children.

He did not go out of the house until a couple of hours had passed. By then it was dusk, and he took a torch with him to help him find a piece of wire for his model in the darkness of the lumber shed. Handling the torch gave Michael a feeling of power and importance, and first he stepped into the lane with it, intending to shine it about like a policeman on his beat. As he opened the gate, he saw the two little piccanins standing in the half light, just a few paces away from him.

"What you doing here?" Michael exclaimed in surprise.

The boy answered, holding his hand up, as if warning Michael to be silent. "We were waiting to say thank you to the *baas*."

"What!" Michael took a step toward them both, but they stood their ground, only shrinking together slightly.

For all the glare and glitter there was in the streets of Lyndhurst by day, once the sun had set a bitter chill came into the air, as swiftly as the darkness. The cold at night wrung deep notes from the contracting iron roofs of the houses, and froze the fishponds in all the fine gardens of the white suburbs. Already Michael could feel its sharp touch on the tips of his ears and fingers. And the two African children stood there barefoot, in flimsy dress and torn shirt, waiting to thank him for the bread he had had sent out to them.

"You mustn't wait," Michael said. In the half darkness he saw the white dress on the girl more clearly than the boy's clothing, and he remembered the nakedness and puniness of her black thighs. He stretched his hand out, with the torch in it. "Take it," he said. The torch was in his hand, and there was nothing else that he could give to them. "It's nice," he said. "It's a torch. Look." He switched it on and saw in its beam of light a pair of startled eyes, darting desperately from side to side. "You see how nice it is," Michael said, turning the beam upward, where it lost itself against the light that lingered in the sky. "If you don't want it, you can sell it. Go on, take it."

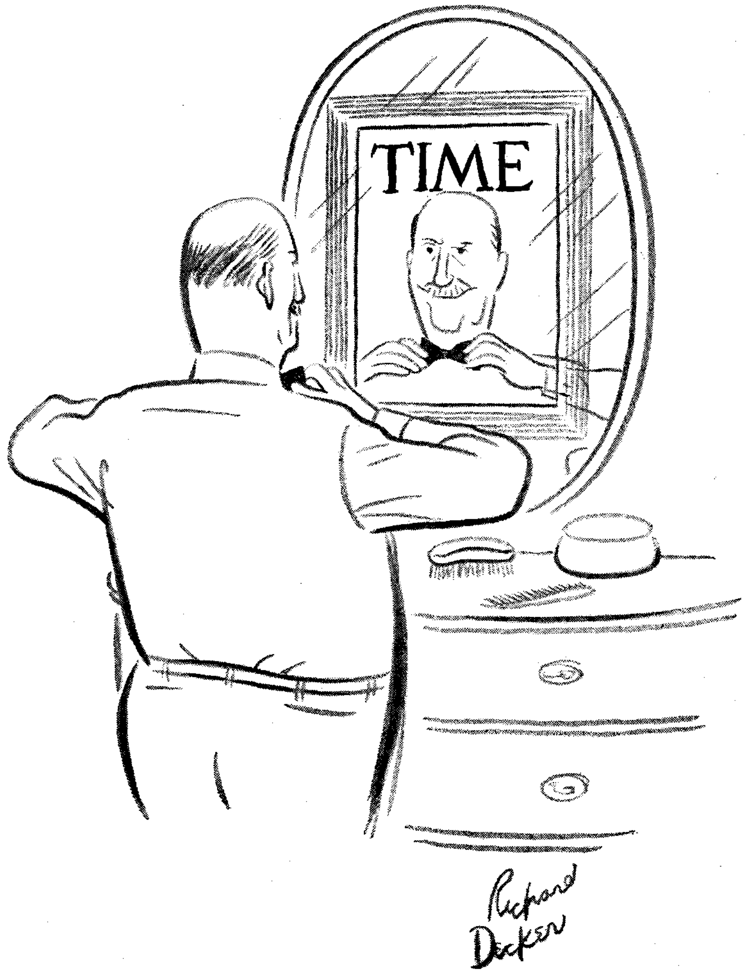
A hand came up and took the torch from him. Then the two children ran off up the lane toward the main road. When they reached the corner, all the street lights came on, and the children stopped and stared at them before running on. Michael saw the torch glinting in the boy's hand, and only then did it occur to him that despite their zeal to thank him for the bread, they hadn't thanked him for the torch. The size of the gift must have surprised them into silence, Michael decided, and the thought of his own generosity helped to console him for the regret he couldn't help feeling when he saw the torch being carried away from him.

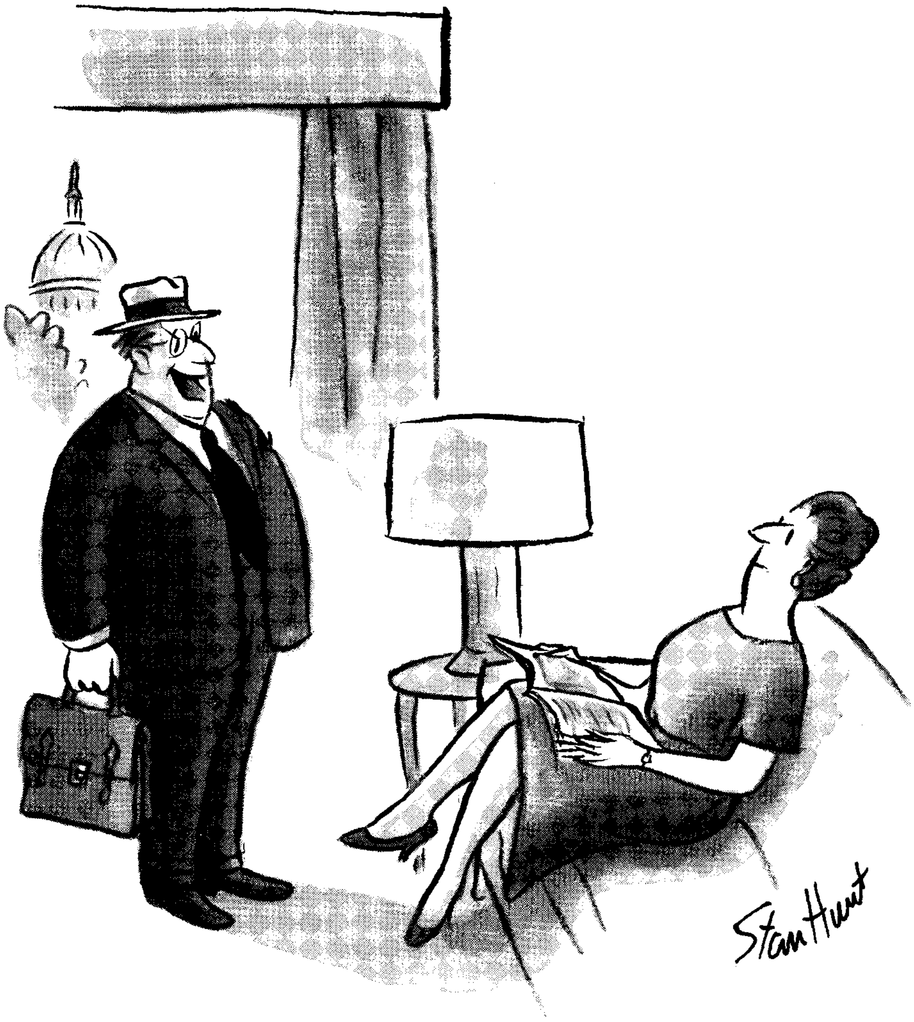
MICHAEL was a lonely child. He had neither brothers nor sisters. Both his parents worked during the day, and he had made few friends at school. But he was not by any means unhappy in his loneliness. He was used to it, in the first place, and then, because he was lonely, he was all the better able to indulge himself in his own fantasies. He played for hours, by himself, games of his own devising—games of war, of exploration, of seafaring, of scientific invention, of crime, of espionage, of living in a house beneath or above his real one. It was not long before the two African children who were now accosting him appeared regularly in some of his games, for their weakness, poverty, and dependence gave Michael ample scope to display in fantasy his kindness, generosity, courage, and decisiveness. Sometimes in his games Michael saved the boy's life, and was thanked for it in broken English. Sometimes he saved the girl's, and then she humbly begged his pardon for having caused him so much trouble. Sometimes he was just too late to save the life of either, though he tried his best, and then there were affecting scenes of farewell.

But in real life Michael did not play with the children at all; they were too dirty, too ragged, too strange, too persistent. Their persistence eventually drove Dora to tell Michael's mother about them, and his mother did her duty by telling Michael that on no account should he play with the children, nor should he give them anything of value.

"Play with them!" Michael laughed at the idea. And apart from bread and the torch, he had given them nothing but a few old toys, a singlet or two, a pair of old canvas shoes. No one could begrudge them those gifts. And the truth was that Michael's mother begrudged the piccanins neither the torch, the old toys and clothes, nor the bread. What she was anxious to do was simply to prevent her son's playing with the piccanins, fearing that he would pick up germs, bad language, and "Kaffir ways" generally from them if he did. Hearing both from Michael and Dora that he did not play with them at all, and that he had never even asked them into the back yard, let alone the house, Michael's mother was satisfied.

The children came to Michael about once a week, meeting him as he walked back from school, or simply waiting for him outside the back gate. The spring winds had blown the cold weather away, and still the children came. Their words of thanks varied neither in tone nor in length, whatever Michael gave them; but they had revealed, in response to his questions, that the boy's name was Frans and the girl's name was Annie, that they lived in Green Point Location, and that their mother and father were both dead. During all this time, Michael had not touched them, except for the fleeting contact of their hands when he passed a gift to them. Yet sometimes Michael wished that they were more demonstrative in their expressions of gratitude to him. He thought that they could, for instance, seize his hand and embrace it, or go down on their knees and weep, just once. As it was, he had to content himself with fantasies of how they





"Boy, did I bore the hell out of everybody today!"

• •

spoke of him among their friends when they returned to the tumbled squalor of Green Point Location, of how incredulous their friends must be to hear their stories about the kind white *kleinbaas* who gave them food and toys and clothing.

One day, Michael came out to them carrying a possession he particularly prized—an elaborate pen-and-pencil set in a velvet-lined box, which had been given to him for a recent birthday. He had no intention of giving the outfit to the African children, and he did not think that he would be showing off with it in front of them. He merely wanted to share it with someone who had not already seen it. As soon, however, as Michael noticed the way the children were looking at the open box, he knew the mistake he had made. "This isn't for you," he said abruptly. The children stared from the box to Michael and back to the box again. "You can just look at it," Michael said. He held the box tightly in his hand as he stretched it forward, the pen and the propelling pencil shining against the velvet. The two heads of the children came together over the box; they stared deeply into it.

At last, the boy lifted his head. "It's beautiful," he breathed out. As he spoke, his hand slowly came up toward the box.

"No," Michael said, and snatched the box away.

"*Baas?*"

"No." Michael retreated a little, away from the beseeching eyes and the uplifted hand.

"Please, *baas*, for me?"

And his sister said, "For me also, *baas*."

"No, you can't have this." Michael attempted to laugh, as if at the absurdity of the idea. He was annoyed with himself for having shown them the box, and at the same time shocked at them for having asked for it. It was the first time they had asked for anything but bread.

"Please, *baas*. It's nice." The boy's voice trailed away on the last word, in longing, and then his sister repeated the word, like an echo, her own voice trailing away, too. "Ni-ice."

"No! I won't give it to you! I won't give you anything if you ask for this. Do you hear?"

Their eyes dropped, their hands came together, they lowered their heads.

Being sure now that they would not renew their requests for the box, Michael relented. He said, "I'm going in now, and I'll tell Dora to bring you some bread."

But Dora came to him in his room a few minutes later. "The little Kaffirs are gone." She was holding the plate of bread in her hand. Dora obviously hated the two children, and Michael thought there was some kind of triumph in her voice and manner as she made the announcement.

He went outside to see if she was telling the truth. The lane was empty. He walked to the main road and looked up and down its length, but there was no sign of them there, either. They were gone. He had driven them away. Michael expected to feel guilty, but to his own intense surprise he felt nothing of the kind. He was relieved that they were gone, and that was all.

WHEN they reappeared a few days later, Michael felt scorn toward them for coming back after what had happened on the last occasion. He felt they were in his power. "So you've come back?" he greeted them. "You like your *stukkie brood*, hey? You're hungry, so today you'll wait, you won't run away."

"Yes, *baas*," they said, in their low voices.

Michael brought the bread out to them. As they reached for it, he jokingly pulled the plate back and laughed at their surprise. Then only did he give them the bread.

"Thank you, *baas*."

"Thank you, *baas*."

They ate the bread in Michael's presence. Watching them, he felt a little more kindly disposed toward them. "All right, you can come another day, and there'll be some more bread for you."

"Thank you, *baas*."

"Thank you, *baas*."

They came back sooner than Michael expected. He gave them their bread and told them to go. They went off, but again did not wait for the usual five or six days to pass before approaching him once more. Only two days had passed, yet here they were with their eternal request—"*Stukkie brood, baas?*"

Michael said, "Why do you get hungry so quickly now?" But he gave them their bread.

When they appeared in his games and fantasies, Michael was no longer rescuing them, salving them, casually presenting them with kingdoms and motor-

THE UNICORN AND THE LADY

(Improvisation on the Theme of the Tapestries at the Musée de Cluny)

Christ! These are her angels!
Frighten us not with seven heads on a stalk!
They guard her sleep in a parable of flowers,
The plumed porcupine
And he of the great horn in the middle of his head,
Who paws with laughing modesty the rose standard,
Or, in a pavilion, wears armorial bearings,
Goat-bearded, his breast broader than day,
Breasting the pennant more white than she
Whose skin sheds light as she bathes white in a pool
Where the flutist blows

By a field of blue upon the rose, rose-red,
And flowers, her simple flowers, degrees of rose,
Where, on the dark blue, he of the red-stocking'd legs proffers
The small heart split at the top that the fingers hold;

And flowers, her simple flowers that print the day,
Her Michael-fighting pennant, rose and gray,
And major beasts and lesser beasts, those winged stags
Exultant as deities, whiteness, her rose,
Over which a pennant emblazoned with three moons,
More formal and more salient than the sea,
Sails out to greet the swollen-bellied ship
That flaunts with answering streamers in the bay.

By this, Primavera, in the morning of the year,
And by daisies, the arbiters of justice and goodness,
Is she appointed to her destiny,
And the red heart burns like a jewel, or a fire;
We are held by the heart as he hands it,
Not to be played with or eaten by his lady.
The flowers revolve with the beasts around it,
While from the knee joints of armor stare faces,
And the lion is clasped by his fetlock,
His spanieled feet and arched tongue flared
Like the backward foil of the lily—

While the unicorn without pasture or fence
Beholds his face stitched in the glass,
Who, white as day, lights up dark speech,
Maintaining the lion's valor. Though he looks
In a glass at his image, he need not;
He suffers, he, singular, needing none other,
Though in the herbage you may see him again,
Reduced in stature.
Need not look in the glass
(Being of the glass, lord of the maze and enigma,
Where each thing to its degree
Is beheld in its entity,
Such as Reynard, such as the dove, and the wolf
Fallen headfirst into a trap, and the porcupine
Plumed, it would seem, or his quills supine),
Who is quintessential,
Toute Belle,
Pursuivant to all that was hunted for,
Who glides inwoven in flowers, himself the pulled thread,
Infinite relations in his train
In the *perceforest* of shadow.
Who gives a scripture to smiling eyes,
To the small mouth that sweetly psalms,
Being all signs and figures of love.

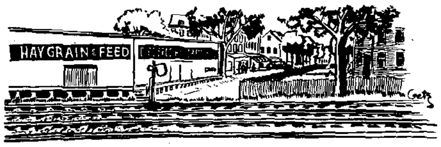
Blood and the whiteness of day,
She of the sole desire, dogs, deer,
Stupendous bear embracing,
The hare that leaps against a stretched rope
In the season of venery,
Each with his part in the thirsty quest,
Subjects all of the single objective;
Truly they, like the planets, whirl in an earth order!
Truly here, in a fresh candor,
The bather bathes in the parapets of lilies,
And earth bears everywhere the upstanding flower,
Fruit wood with yellow quince clearly,
Clearly in a fresh candor conceived.
The vair-rose trumpet that her Michael blows,
He jams the dragon to its knees,
And the small heart sparkles amidst the leaves
Of the one thousand flowers, and flares.

—Jean Garrigue

* * *

cars. Now he ordered them about, sent them away on disastrous missions, picked them out to be shot for cowardice in the face of the enemy. And because something similar to these fantasies was easier to enact in the real world than his earlier fantasies, Michael soon was ordering them about unreasonably in fact. He deliberately left them waiting; he sent them away and told them to come back on days when he knew he would be in town; he told them there was no bread in the house. And when he did give them anything, it was only bread now, never old toys or articles of clothing.

As the weeks passed, Michael's scorn gave way to impatience and irritation, irritation to anger. And what angered him most was that the two piccanins seemed too stupid to realize what he felt about them and, instead of coming less frequently, continued to appear more often than ever before. Soon they were coming almost every day, though Michael shouted at them and teased them, left them waiting for hours, and made them do tricks and sing songs for their bread. They did what he told them to do, but they altogether ignored his instructions as to which days they should come. Invariably, they would be waiting for him, in the shade of one of the trees alongside the main road from school, or standing at the gate behind the house with sand scuffed up about their bare toes. They were as silent as before, but more persistent, inexorably persistent. Michael took to walking home by different routes, but they were not to be so easily discouraged. They simply waited at the back gate, and whether he went into the house by the front or the back gate he could not avoid seeing their upright, unmoving figures.



Finally, he told them to go and never come back at all. Often he had been tempted to do this, but some shame or pride had always prevented him from doing it. Previously, he had always weakened and named a date, a week or two weeks ahead, when they could come again. But now he shouted at them, "It's finished! No more bread—nothing! Come on, *voetsak!* Go away!

"Welcome to Walden Pond!"

* * *

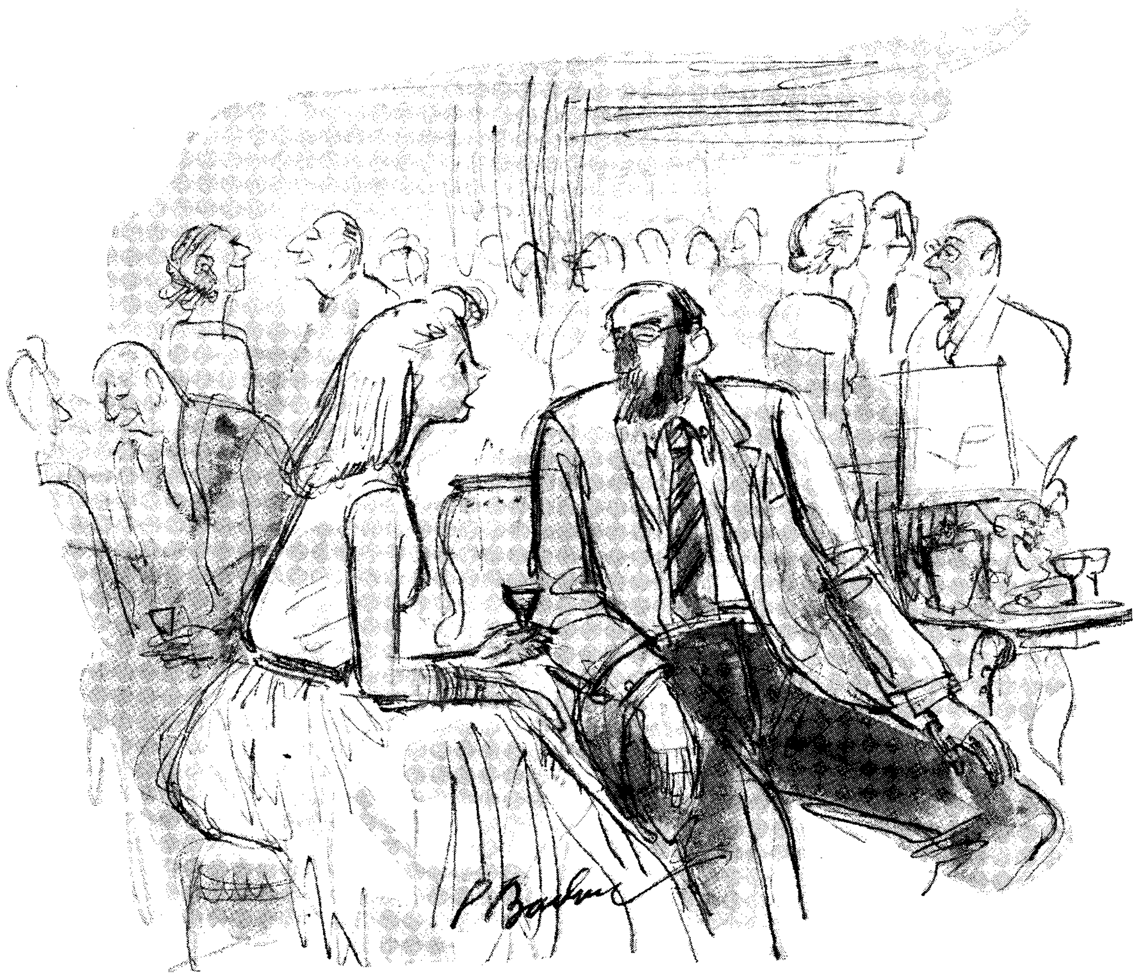
If you come back, I'll tell the garden boy to chase you away."

From then on, they came every day. They no longer waited at the back gate, but squatted in the sand across the lane. Michael was aware of their eyes following him when he went by, but they did not approach him at all. They did not even get up from the ground when he passed. A few times he shouted at them to go, and stamped his foot, but he shrank from hitting them. He did not want to touch them. Once, he sent out the garden boy, Jan, to drive them away, but Jan, who had hitherto always shared Dora's views on the piccanins, came back muttering angrily and incomprehensibly to himself, and when Michael peeped into the lane he saw that they were still there. Michael tried to ignore them, to pretend he did not see them. He hated them; even more, he began to dread them.

MICHAEL did not know how much he hated and feared the two piccanins until he fell ill with a cold and lay feverish in bed for a few days. During those days, the two children were constantly in his dreams, or in his half dreams, for sometimes as he dreamed he knew he was turning on his bed, and sometimes he was conscious of the sun shining outside by day, and at night of the passage light that had been left on inside the house. In these dreams he struck and struck again at the children with weapons he found in his hands; he fled in fear from them down lanes so thick with sand his feet could scarcely move through it; he committed lewd, cruel acts upon the bare-thighed girl, and her brother shrieked to tell the empty street of what he was doing. Once, Michael struck out at him with a piece of heavy cast-iron guttering. Its edge dug sharply into Michael's hands as the blow fell, and when he lifted the weapon he saw the horror he had made of the side of the boy's head, and how the one remaining eyeball still stared unwinkingly at him.

Michael thought he was awake. The fever seemed to have left him. It was as though he had slept deeply, for days, after that last dream of violence; yet his impression was that he had woken directly from it. The bedclothes felt heavy on him, and he threw them off. The house was quite silent. He got out of bed and went to look at the clock in the kitchen; it was early afternoon. Dora and Jan were resting in their rooms across the yard, as they always did after lunch. Outside, the light of the sun was unremitting, a single golden glare. He walked back to his bedroom. There he put on his dressing gown and slippers, feeling the coolness inside his slippers on his bare feet. He went through the kitchen again, quietly, and on to the back stoep, and then across the back yard. The sun seemed to seize the back of his neck as firmly as a hand grasping, and its light was so bright he was aware of it only as a darkness beyond the little stretch of ground he looked down upon. He opened the back gate. Inevitably, as he had known they would be, the two were waiting.

He did not want to go beyond the



"Did you know that Korvette has you for a dollar ninety-eight?"

• •

gate in his pajamas and dressing gown, so, shielding his eyes from the glare with one hand, he beckoned them to him with the other. Together, in silence, they rose and crossed the lane. It seemed to take them a long time to come to him, but at last they stood in front of him, with their hands interlinked. Michael stared into their dark faces, and they stared into his face.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked.

"For you." First the boy answered; then the girl repeated, "For you."

Michael looked from the one to the other, and he remembered what he had been doing to them in his dreams. Their eyes were black to look into, deep black, and as he stared forward he began to wonder whether they came to him not in hope or appeal, or even in reproach, but in hatred. What he felt toward them they felt toward him. Could it be that what he had done to them in his dreams they did to him in theirs?

The sun, their staring eyes, his own fear came together in a sound that seemed to hang in the air of the lane—a cry, a sound of weeping. Then Michael knew that it was he who was crying. He felt the heat of the tears in his eyes; he felt the moisture running down his cheeks. And with the same fixity of decision that had been his in his dreams of violence and torture, Michael knew what he must do. He beckoned them forward, closer. They came. He stretched out his hands. He felt under his fingers the springy hair he had looked at so often before from the distance between himself and them; he felt the smooth skin of their faces, their frail rounded shoulders, their hands. Their hands were in his, and he led them inside the gate.

He led them into the house, through the kitchen, down the passage, into his room, where they had never been before. They looked about at the pictures on the walls, the toys on top of the low cupboard, the twisted white sheets and tumbled blankets on the bed. They stood on both sides of him, and for the first time since he had met them their lips parted in slow, grave smiles. And Michael knew that what he had to give them was not toys or clothes or bread, but something more difficult. Yet it was not difficult at all, for there was nothing else he could give them. He took the girl's face in his hands and pressed his lips to hers. He was aware of the darkness of her skin, and of the smell of it, and of the faint movement of her lips, a single pulse that beat momentarily against his own. Then it was gone. He kissed the boy, too, and let them go. They came together, and grasped each other by the hand, staring at him.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

A last anxiety flickered in Michael, and left him as the boy slowly shook his head. The boy began to step back, pulling his sister with him. When he was through the door, he turned his back on Michael and the two of them walked away down the passage. Michael watched them go. At the door of the kitchen, on their way out of the house, they paused, turned once more, and lifted their hands, the girl copying the boy, in a silent, tentative gesture of farewell.

Michael did not follow them. He heard the back gate swing open and then bang when it closed. He went wearily back to his bed, and as he fell upon it, his relief and gratitude that the bed should be there to receive him changed suddenly into grief at the knowledge that he was already lying upon it—that he had never left it.

His cold grew worse, turned into bronchitis, and kept him in bed for several weeks. But his dreams were no longer of violence. They were calm, spacious, and empty of people. As empty as the lane was, when he was at last allowed outside and made his way there immediately, to see if the children were waiting for him.

He never saw them again, though he looked for them in the streets and lanes of the town. He saw a hundred, a thousand, children like them, but not the two he hoped to find.

—DAN JACOBSON

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LOST. $65 in bills, Monday P.M. Blown in South East direction from Lafayette Bank.—*Rockland (Suffern, N.Y.) Independent.*

On one of those glorious spring days!

ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

FOR THE RECREATION & DELIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS

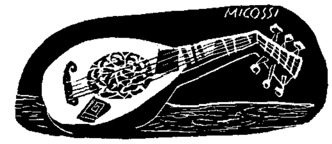
HOME would not be home to me without a lawn, and if there are, as I've recently read, twenty-five million home lawns in the United States, at least fifty million other Americans must agree with me. Yet the more one considers the never-ending labor a lawn represents, the more astonishing it is that in every small city, suburb, town, and village, our patches (or wide expanses) of greensward are so lovingly tended year after year. The effort and expense of making a lawn—grading, topsoiling, rolling the ground, and sowing the seed—are minor compared to the week-by-week, year-by-year fatigues of keeping the grass fertilized, free of weeds, watered, and shorn. Why so many of us consider this green velvet ground cover essential to the beauty and tranquillity of our homes is a question to which I have never seen a satisfactory answer. The sociologists call the lawn a "status symbol," and it is, to a degree, since nearly everybody wants his bit of ground to look as neat and pretty as the next man's. Yet I think there is much more to it than that. We could have chosen, in the European or Oriental tradition, to pave or cobble our yards and garden areas, and modern landscape architects, even in humid England whose turf is our envy, are urging everyone to do just that. To me it would be a great loss.

Consider the many special delights a lawn affords: soft mattress for a creeping baby; worm hatchery for a robin; croquet or badminton court; baseball diamond; restful green perspectives leading the eye to a background of flower border, shrubs, or hedge; green shadows—"This lawn, a carpet all alive/ With shadows flung from leaves"—as changing and as spellbinding as the waves of the sea, whether flecked with sunlight under trees of light foliage, like elm and locust, or deep, dark, solid shade, moving slowly as the tide, under maple and oak. This carpet! What pleasanter surface on which to walk, sit, lie, or even to read Tennyson?

Sweeter thy Voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

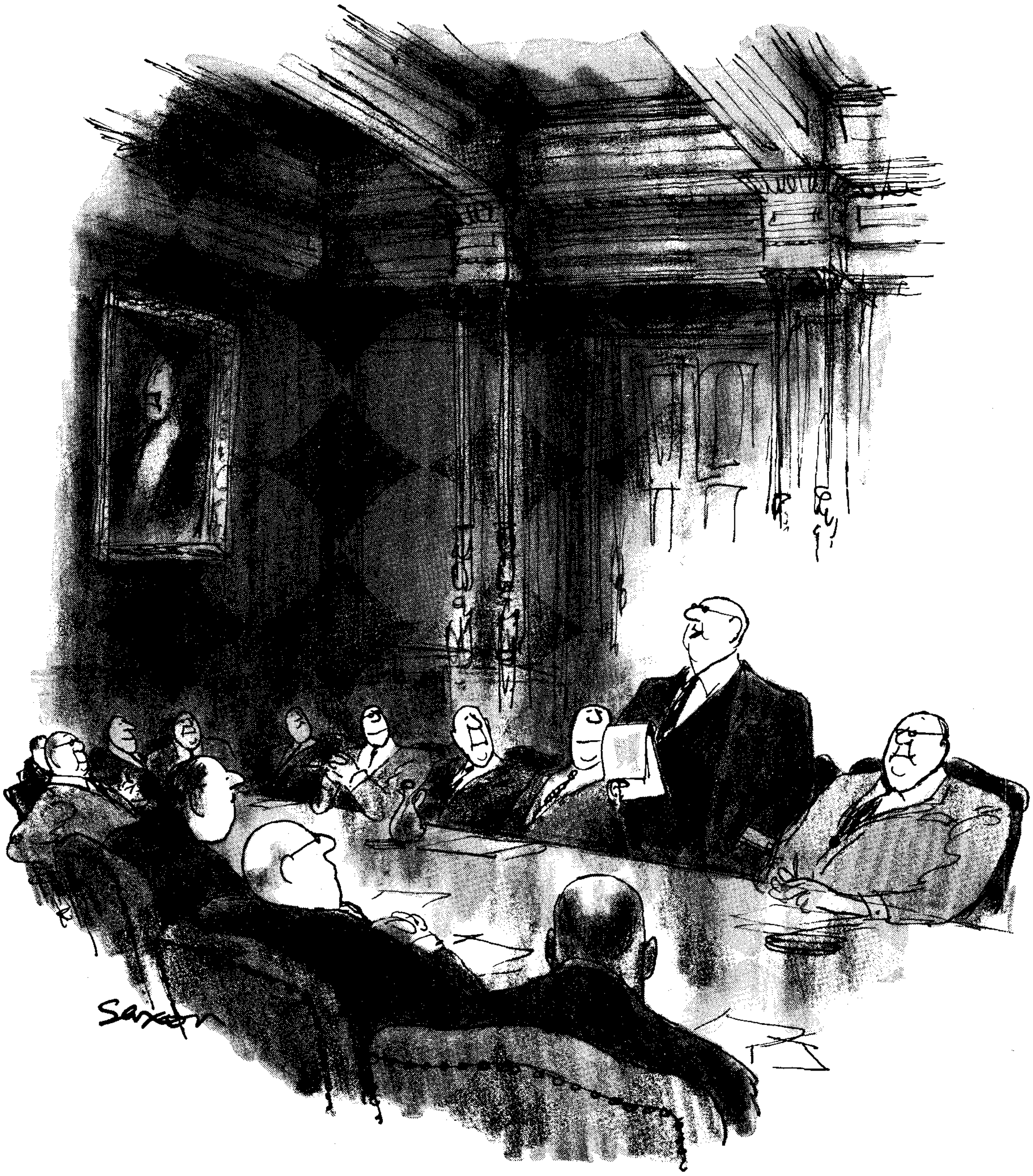
The familiar lines are perhaps as apt for England today as when Tennyson wrote them, but our immemorial elms are fast dying, our bees, thanks to poison sprays, are now only too easily numbered, and for the same reason our doves may soon no longer moan or our robins hop about the lawn and cock their heads to listen for the good earthworms underneath the grass. It is a rare American lawn, too, through which rivulets hurry, and the weary American businessman (or, for that matter, the weary American plowman) must wend his way home after a hard day to turn on the hose and the sprinkler, and, more often than not, must also be prepared to give a part of his precious weekend leisure to cutting the grass.

Trying to find out what started it all, I went first to the big dictionaries. "Lawn," according to the Second Edition of Webster's Unabridged, is of Celtic origin and derives directly from the Middle English "*laund*" or Old French "*launde*," meaning "heath, moor." Webster's first definition, now archaic, is "an open space between woods; a glade." The Oxford English Dictionary gives as other early meanings of the word "a stretch of untilled land" and "an extent of grass-covered land," and cites the 1733 edition of Philip Miller's famous "Dictionary of Gardening" for the first use of the word in something approaching its modern sense: "a great Plain in a Park, or a spacious Plain adjoining to a noble Seat."



Those eighteenth-century spacious plains of England were kept cropped by sheep or cattle, as were the first great lawns of the United States. U. P. Hedrick, in his valuable and carefully documented "History of Horticulture in America to 1860," not only speaks of the early manorial lawns, such as those at Mount Vernon and Monticello and the bluegrass lawns on the great estates in Kentucky and Tennessee, but tells us that even in the very early days of Colonial America there were grassy public commons, squares, and parks, and fine-turfed bowling greens. The game of bowls was brought to us by the Dutch settlers, and it remained a fashionable and popular out-of-door American pastime almost to the start of the Civil War, when croquet began to take its place. Every large estate had its bowling green—Washington placed his at Mount Vernon just north of his vegetable garden—and there were public greens on the village commons and in the yards of inns. Bowling Green Park, the first public park in New York City, was established in 1733, when the Common Council leased "a piece of Land lying at the lower end of Broadway fronting to the Fort," in order to enclose it and "to make a Bowling Green thereon, for the Beauty and Ornament of said Street as Well as for the Recreation & Delight of the Inhabitants of This City."

Recreation and Delight, but also gruelling hard labor, for the lawnmower was not invented until 1830. Where sheep and cattle proved too untidy—near a dwelling or in cities and towns—American and English lawns and bowling greens were sheared with scythes and sickles, and the grass cuttings were swept up with brooms. You may get an idea of what this sweeping alone entailed by reading John Claudius Loudon's precise directions for cleaning a lawn after a morning's mowing. They are quoted in full in Geoffrey Taylor's delightful little book "Some Nineteenth Century Gardeners," published in England in 1951. Loudon, the one-armed genius of the early Victorian garden scene, and his wife, Jane, who was his amanuensis and his partner in gardening, are the subjects of Dr. Taylor's first two chapters. The husband was a naturalist, landscape painter, traveller, architect, writer, and editor. He founded the first garden magazine in the English language, and wrote many books, including his influential "Encyclopaedia of Gardening" and his massive, eight-volume "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum." Primarily, though, he was a gifted gardener, and Dr. Taylor says that modern gardening may well be considered to begin with Loudon. He was, above all, a perfectionist. According to his plan for gathering grass cuttings, a man with a hayrake is followed by a man with a nine-foot besom (a broom made of twigs), who is followed by a woman or boy with a four-foot besom, who is followed by a man with a grass cart and a boy with boards and another short besom for scooping and brushing up the cuttings that have been left in neat piles by the first three laborers. There is, as far as I know, no American edition of Dr. Taylor's book of portraits of the men who, like Loudon, most influenced gardening in the last century, but get hold of the little volume if you can, and its equally illuminating sequel, "The Victorian Flower Garden." These books so charmed and informed me that I must have read them



"We can conclude, then, according to this study, that Hector, Mills & Finch, Inc., offers minimal competition to our company primarily because of the higher competence level of our executive echelon."

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several times over in the past year. The facts are exact, since Dr. Taylor is the director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, and for good measure this distinguished horticulturist is blessed with a sense of humor and a graceful style. "Note on Nineteenth Century Lawns and Lawn-Mowing," the final chapter of the first of the books, tells us the story of the lawnmower—and a curious one it is.

An English engineer named Edwin Budding was employed by a textile factory where a spiral-blade machine was used for cutting the pile of certain fabrics. Seeing no reason that the principle could not be applied to a machine for cutting the pile of lawns, he worked in his spare hours to develop one. Thus his great idea, to which homeowners owe so much, was more an adaptation than an invention. When he completed his mower, he tried it out surreptitiously on his lawn, doubtless to the amazement of his neighbors, for he made his trial runs only after dark. The grass cutter produced a great clatter, but it worked so well that he patented it in 1830, and a year later "Mr. Budding's machine," as it was then generally called, was being manufactured by two companies. It was a cumbersome affair, but Dr. Taylor tells us that the head gardener at the London Zoo calculated that "with two men, one to draw and another to push, the new mower did as much work as six or eight men with scythes and brooms." By the eighteen-sixties, horse-drawn mowers were in use at Kew Gardens, but in the same decade the gardener of an English insane asylum, a resourceful man, found it easier not to bother with horses; he harnessed seven madmen to his machine. There is also a story that one Englishman hitched a camel to his Budding mower and then dragged both the animal and the machine around his lawn. In the early eighties, a Mr. R. Kirkham invented a mower propelled by a man on a tricycle, and a decade later a Mr. Sumner patented a one-and-a-half-ton steam mower. Neither of these contraptions caught on, so men went on pushing their lawnmowers until some years after the invention of the combustion engine. Appropriately, the first power mower was conceived in Detroit, when a Colonel Edwin George attached the gasoline-powered engine from his washing machine to his lawnmower. It did the trick, and in 1919 he established a company to make and sell his Moto-Mower. The rest is modern history, and our own happy memories of life on the lawn can supply the details.

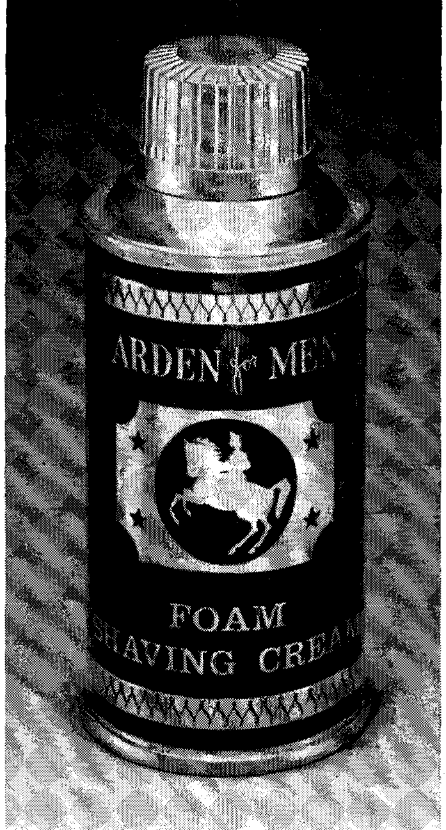
THERE were no "noble Seats" or bowling greens in the suburb of Boston where I grew up—no cattle, no sheep, and, of course, no power mowers—but our lawn was kept impeccably shorn and green, at least to my young eyes. Indeed, so dear to my father's heart was "The Lawn," and so important a part did it play in my childhood, that I tend now to think of that modest, grassy slope on Hawthorn Road in the eighteenth-century capital letters of a Philip Miller or a New York Common Councilman. My father did not have much time to give to the grass

Super-Lumium

The newest, youngest, lightest shades: CHERRY BLOSSOM and GAY CORAL

Germaine Monteil

Give yourself
a Shave Break



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himself; six days a week he left the house by eight, to go to his office in Boston, and he returned only a few minutes before seven. Nevertheless, six or so months of the year, he was up and out on the lawn before his early breakfast, to inspect the work of our handyman and to dig weeds out of the grass with his pearl-handled penknife. The sight of a dandelion in bloom in the grass so inflamed him that one bad year for dandelions he equipped his two younger daughters with jackknives and offered us ten cents a hundred dandelion roots, provided we cut them nice and deep. I can't remember earning a great deal of pocket money that way, and I think now that my father gave us the knives quite as much because he wanted companions for the game of mumblety-peg—one of the many games that can best be played on a lawn—as because he expected us to make any real headway on the weeds. He was an expert at this simple sport, and to this day I can still execute some of the throws he taught me—the knife placed, blade open, in various positions on the outstretched hand, the wrist kept supple to make a throw that will leave the knife standing erect, its blade imbedded firmly in the turf. (The most fun was the toss over the shoulder.)

It was William Hickey, our neighborhood handyman, who mowed our lawn each week with a hand mower, trimmed its borders with hand clippers, and set the whirligig sprinkler to work in times of drought. William's life, unlike that of his more celebrated namesake, the eighteenth-century rake and diarist, was no round of fun. I wonder now how he ever did so much for us and his other clients. For us, in summer, besides tending the lawn, he clipped the privet hedge, raked the driveway, and weeded the beds; in winter he stoked the cranky coal furnace, shovelled snow, and carried in wood for the open fireplaces; all year round he blacked our boots and, night and morning, lugged two hods of coal from cellar to kitchen, to fuel the big iron-and-brick stove. Every Monday he had to make another coal fire in the basement laundry stove, and every Saturday he washed our flea-ridden smooth-haired fox terrier with Knock-Em-Stiff, in one of the laundry tubs. (I presume he did just as much for our neighbors.) In early spring, William's lawn duties at our house were made a trifle lighter by the arrival of a pair of horses and a small army of men, whom my father hired to put the lawn in shape, dress the flower beds, and prune the shrubs. The horses were my special delight, because they wore short leather boots over

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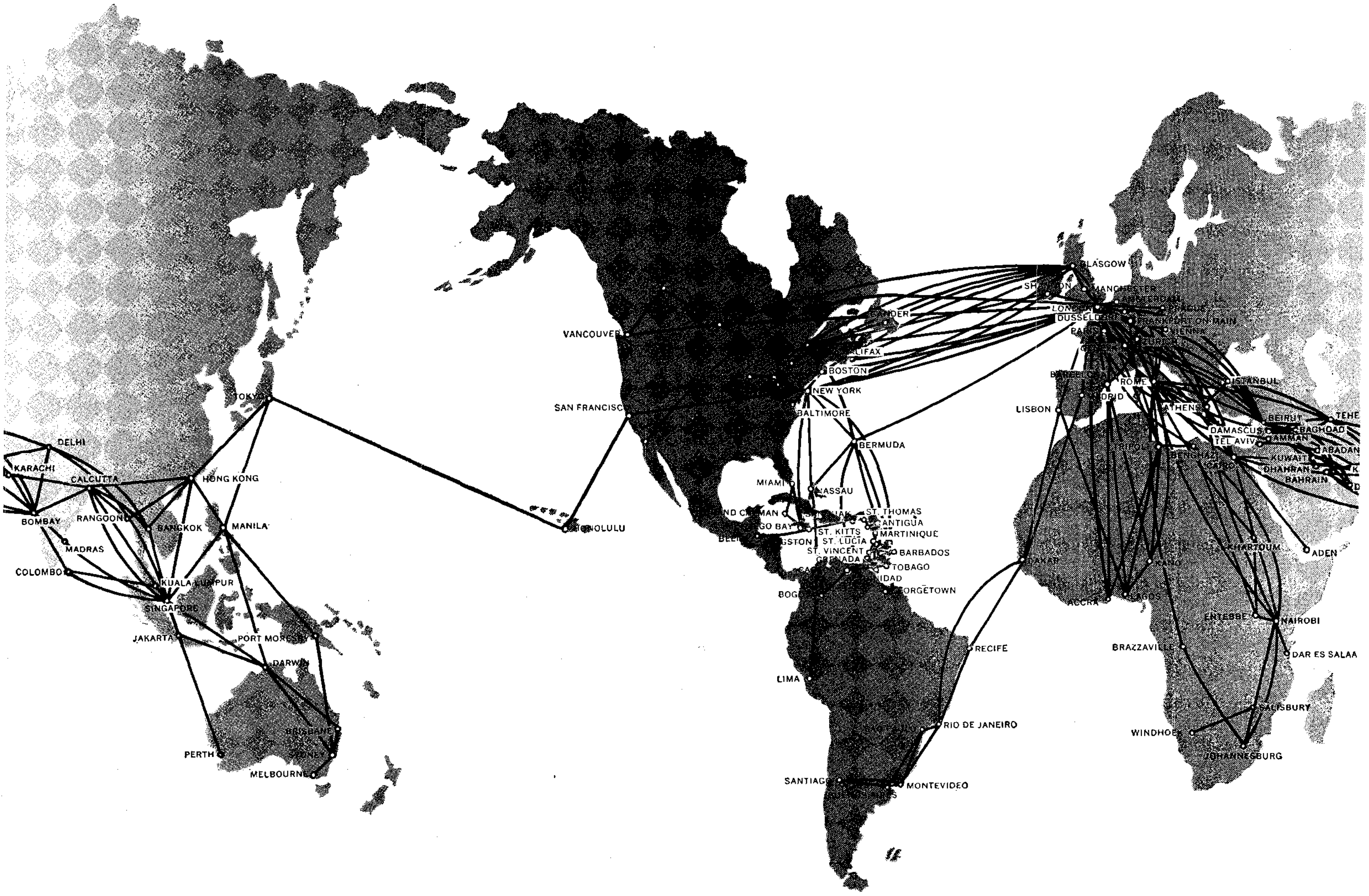
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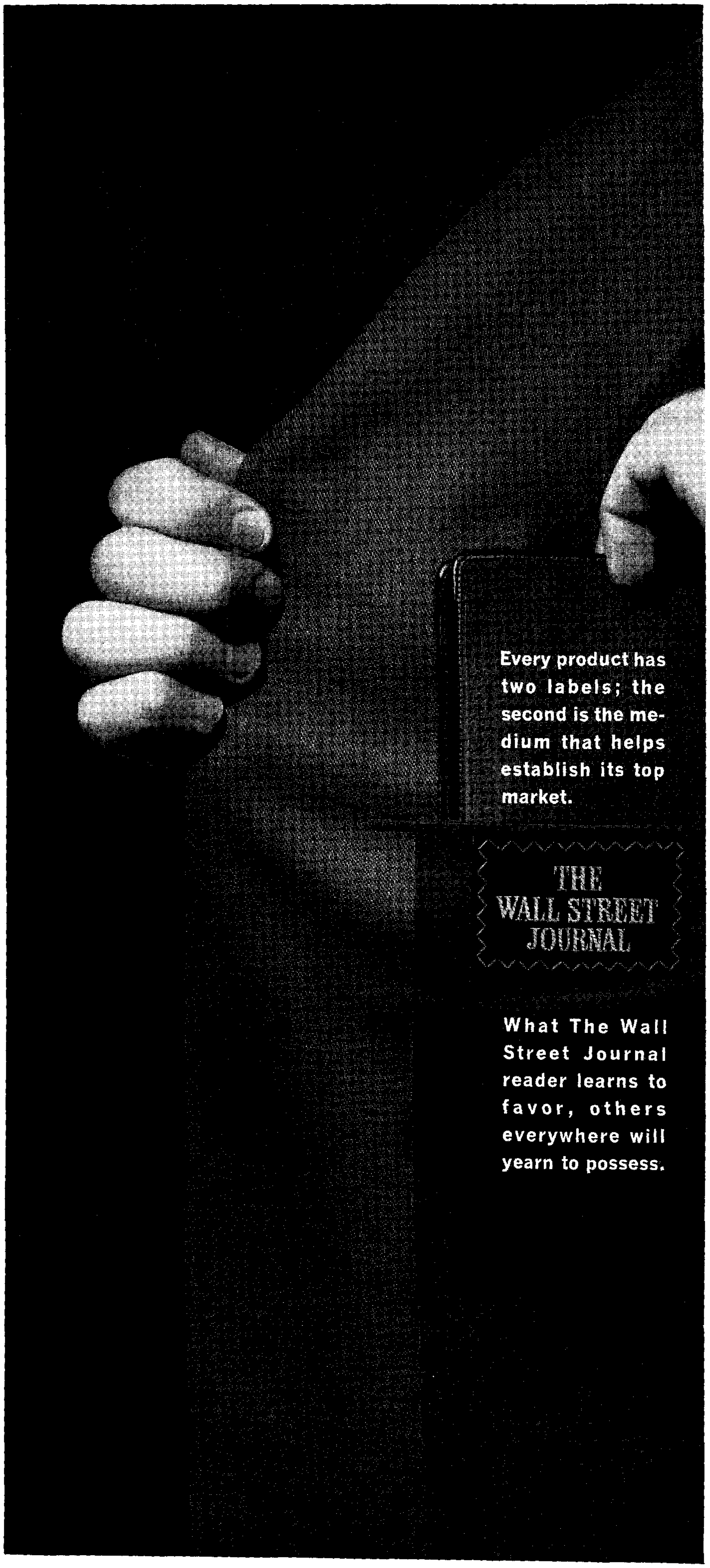
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION. Offices in all principal cities their hoofs to prevent their iron shoes from cutting up the turf as they spread manure and dragged a heavy roller over the grass. One dreadful year, the whole lawn had to be remade by the same team of men and horses after an infestation of June bugs, which laid their eggs in the grass. We were away that summer, and the attack was not discovered until the eggs had hatched out into death-dealing white grubs.

That year was the only one we children did not as good as live on the lawn out of school hours, playing a great variety of games on the grass—croquet, baseball, mumblety-peg, ring toss, diabolo, battledore and shuttlecock (never by us called badminton), and, best of all, a game we called "statues." In our local version of this game, a soft carpet of grass was a true necessity, for the little girl who was "It" would seize each of the other girls in turn by the wrist and whirl her around and around until she was dizzy, and then, just as she flung her victim off, to stagger, and often to fall, on the grass, she would scream out an abstract noun—Grief, Anger, Grace, Hatred, Love, or Defiance—to indicate the pose and expression the living statue must freeze into. The child who in the whirler's opinion took the most outlandish pose and assumed the most appropriate expression became the next "It." Statues was a very violent game, and it could never have been played in a stone- or brick-paved back yard. It occurs to me now that it may well have been thought up by a little Bostonian who, like me and my friends, had been compelled to paste up for her class in ancient history an album of Copley prints showing the classic Greek and Roman sculptures. Do Copley prints still figure in Boston education, I wonder? Do little girls still posture on the lawns of Hawthorn Road?

TO come out of this green nostalgic haze, I should report that our lawn in Maine today is mowed once a week, except when there is a drought, by a noisy power mower, making the day hideous and causing me to remember wistfully the drowsy, soothing hum of William's hand-propelled machine. We have never used chemical weed killers and seldom have time to employ a jackknife, nor do we water the lawn. Steady mowing and fertilizing, plus resowing the poorer spots in spring, and again in late summer if we remember to, seem to keep the grass green and free enough of weeds. To be sure, a damp section under the shade of an oak is more mossy than grassy, and there are rapidly spreading patches of a leafy weed that I think is one of the hawkweeds, but moss stays



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green in the fogs of a Maine summer and the weedy patches are as green and almost as pleasant to walk on as the grass. We used to roll the turf each spring, but now we find it as good, if not better, without rolling. We catch the grass cuttings in a bag and add them to the compost heap, and at least some of them are returned to the lawn in the form of compost. (The preferred method, if you have the manpower, is to give the grass a light cut every four or five days and let the short clippings fall, to make a protective mulch.) We have no consistent lawn program, taking each year as it comes. White Flower Farm (Litchfield, Connecticut) has one, though; it devotes a section of its 1962 "Plant Book" (price fifty cents) to lawn seed, and issues a sheet (free of charge to its customers) that it calls "A Lawn Transformation Program." I agree with most of the White Flower instructions, taking strong exception only to its advice on weed killers and to its firm recommendation of White Flower's own lawn seed, which is a mixture of eighty-five per cent fescue grass and fifteen per cent bent grass. We are not told what kind of fescue and what kind of bent grass make up the formula. Fescues are useful in dry soils and in shade, bent grass is the golf-course grass and needs much care, so where there is sun and an average soil I prefer a mixture that contains a preponderance of bluegrass. Every region and every lawn is different, of course, and lawn seed must be chosen to fit the conditions. "Hortus Second" contains an interesting entry on lawns and grasses, and the 1961 revised edition of "Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening" has an even longer essay, which includes more recent advice. The Taylor of the "Encyclopedia" is an American, Norman Taylor, who is not to be confused with Dr. Geoffrey Taylor, of Kew Gardens. Norman Taylor, formerly associated with the New York and Brooklyn botanical gardens, is known to gardeners chiefly for his many helpful garden books, of which this 1961 fourth edition of the "Encyclopedia" is his greatest achievement. It contains hundreds of articles by excellent authorities, including Mr. Taylor himself, on gardening techniques, landscape design, and horticulture, and also describes over nine thousand plants, both wild and cultivated, now growing on this continent. "Hortus Second," on the other hand, by the venerated Liberty Hyde Bailey, of Cornell, is a dictionary, "designed," as its preface says, "to account for all the species and botanical varieties of plants in cultivation in continental United States and Canada in

TO MARS...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LAUNDRY?

Picture a Mars-bound astronaut rocketing through space at 25,000 miles per hour. All systems are functioning perfectly. The spaceship's cabin is small but comfortable. He has plenty of food and water for his 300-day journey. He has taped music and reading material to keep his mind occupied.

But how in the world does he do his laundry?

The answer, of course, is . . . he doesn't. Washing clothes in outer space would require prohibitive amounts of water and energy.

Disposable clothing is the only solution. Warm, light clothing that can be jettisoned.

And of all the fibers and fabrics known to modern man, one that is being seriously considered for the job is *paper*. Good old plentiful, inexpensive *paper*.

Until comparatively recently, paper would never have been in the running for a role like this. Paper was to write things on. And to wrap things in. And that was it.

But, today, paper has undergone a startling transformation. You can redecorate a room with wallpaper that not only pastes itself, but kills flies and repels dirt, too. You can brighten your kitchen with vinyl-coated paper flooring. Manufacturers are even experimenting with a paper bathing suit.

This paper breakthrough really began back in the early 1940's. Until that time, paper had one fatal drawback. When exposed to water, it degenerated into a soggy, useless mass of pulp. No bathing suit material, this!

Then, one day, a chemist at Cyanamid's Central Research Laboratory added a small amount of a melamine-formaldehyde resin-acid colloid to paper stock. And a practical process for making wet-strength paper was born.

Cyanamid's Industrial Chemicals Division, which supplies a broad range of products to paper manufacturers, was rushed into action. In a relatively short time, an inexpensive and commercially feasible wet-strength process was developed. Special wet-strength resins were created for the paper industry.

However, it remained for the U. S. Army to dramatize the advantages of this exciting new kind of paper.

During World War II, the army had an urgent need for paper maps that would stand up under battlefield conditions. Cyanamid turned the problem over to the new wet-strength resins. The resulting maps not only stood up under pelting downpours, they stood up under the treads of a Sherman tank!

This new map sparked the paper industry's interest in resin-treated products. Wet-strength facial tissues, rainproof grocery bags, shower scuffs and paper bathmats were just a few of the many practical uses for this new and better kind of paper.

Today, paper's progress has really just begun. Chemically-treated paper can now be woven or knitted into upholstery materials extremely resistant to weather and wear. These same fabrics have been used for fashionable accessories in milady's wardrobe: paper fabrics that can be washed, dry cleaned and re-used as many as 30 times.

Clearly, paper is ready to take its rightful place alongside the other miracle materials of our space age.

And, of course, paper possesses one special talent that spurs *all* progress on. It has the ability to be printed upon with green ink . . . and cut into delightful little rectangular sheets called *money*.

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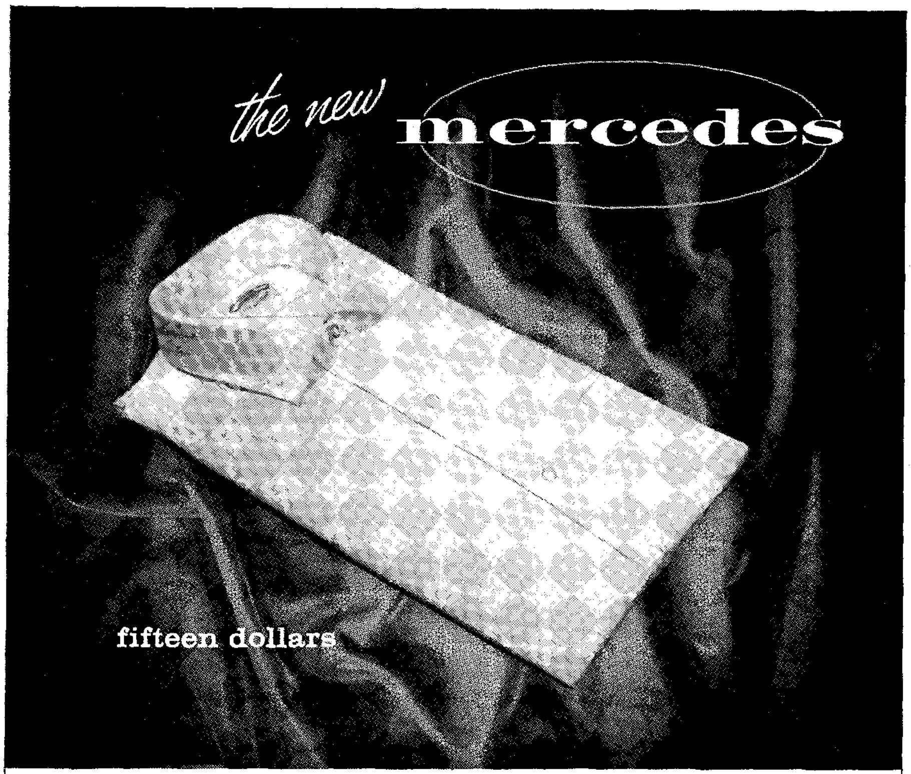

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the decade ending midyear 1940, together with brief directions on uses, propagation, and cultivation." I have no idea how many species and varieties of plants this would add up to, but many, many more than Mr. Taylor's nine thousand. The two books neatly supplement each other, and I use them constantly. Reference books of this sort are usually more reliable than anything put out by a nursery or seed company, and they will tell you what kind of seed and what kind of program are best for your region and your soil.

This is why I like to buy lawn seed from a company that names the ingredients in a mix, or that sells the varieties separately, instead of buying an "all-purpose" or a "shady-spot" mixture whose only recommendation is the honorable name of the company. There are fescues and fescues, and various grades and kinds of bluegrass. The one sure thing is that a bargain lawn seed is a poor bargain. After studying a half-dozen catalogues and nearly as many reference books, I gather that Merion Kentucky Bluegrass is generally accepted as the bluegrass of the highest quality, but the variety called Newport Kentucky Bluegrass gets started faster, so it is useful in the mix. Pennlawn Red Fescue, a grass developed at the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experiment Station, appears to top the fescues. So for our particular lawn I like the Harris M-61 Blend, which combines these three grasses. It may be obtained from the Joseph Harris Company, Moreton Farm, Rochester 11, New York. If I lived in the South, I would probably choose my seed from the varieties suggested in "Park's Flower Book," the catalogue of the George W. Park Seed Company, Greenwood, South Carolina, which has a good selection of grass seed and grass substitutes for warm climates. Park recommends *Zoysia japonica*, a Korean lawn grass that is increasingly used in the South; it is hardy as far north as southern Massachusetts, but where frosts come early it is unsightly, because it turns brown with the first touch of cold and greens up slowly in spring. (A brown lawn is also a fire hazard.) In the semitropical South, Bermuda grass and a grass called St. Augustine, which is very like crab grass, seem to be the most popular—at least in the part of Florida I know best. (If we Northerners think we are slaves to our lawns, we should remember the poor wretches of the semitropics, who must usually set out their lawn sprig by sprig instead of seeding it, and who must water it daily a good part of the year.) There are, too, substitutes for grass—ivy, myrtle, pachysandra,

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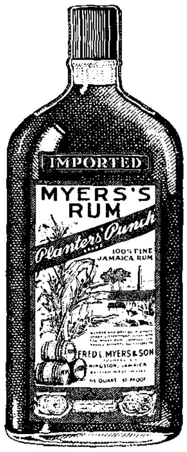

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What's the best-known, best-liked rum cooler? Planters' Punch—traditionally made with Myers. To make: 1 tsp. sugar, juice ½ lemon, 2 oz. Myers Rum, dash Angostura, dash grenadine. Shake with ice, add soda to taste in tall glass. Magnificent—thanks to the flavor-magic of Myers!

THE FLAVOR OF ADVENTURE!

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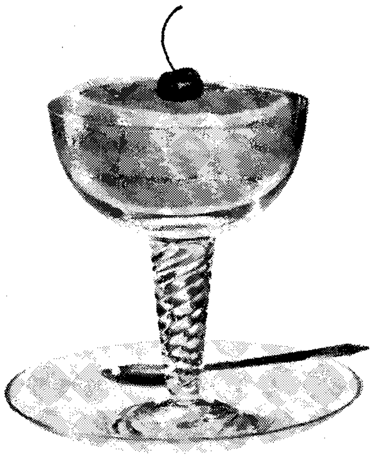
and other ground covers—but few of these can be said to provide the pleasures of green turf. The latest of the substitutes to be widely touted is dichondra, a creeping perennial with kidney-shaped leaves, which can be mowed. It is not winter-hardy in the North, but Park's catalogue recommends it for the warmer states. "Taylor's Encyclopedia" describes dichondra as a creeping tropical vine of the morning-glory family, "of no hort. interest except for *D. repens*, which is widely used in Calif. and other desert regions . . . where lawn grasses will not grow," but adds that "along the Gulf coast it is a pestilential weed," so one should think twice before sowing dichondra.

TO return to Geoffrey Taylor and his "Note," Dr. Taylor points out that although every gardener is indebted to Mr. Budding and his machine, the only true labor-saving device for lawns would be a grass that did not grow tall enough to have to be cut. All through the nineteenth century, substitutes for grass were tried out in England—the mosses, the sandworts, and, finally, *Spergula pilifera*, or spurry, which caused a flurry of excitement when it was introduced by an English nursery gardener in 1859. But spurry and the others failed to stay green in all kinds of weather, and the search for grass substitutes was abandoned, at least for the time being. (We are reviving this search, as I have implied, but thus far there is still no adequate substitute for turf.) "And so," concludes Geoffrey Taylor, "the no-trouble lawn had not arrived after all. And one must suppose that there is little use in looking for it; that this, like all other seekings after perfection—the quest of the Philosopher's Stone, or the Elixir of Life—also is a vain thing." Dr. Taylor should know, but I wonder. Nearly every garden catalogue of the year boasts a new flower that is shorter or tinier than any of its kind ever grown before: dwarf zinnias, stunted snapdragons, miniature roses, Lilliput this and pygmy that—many of them to me monstrosities in reverse. If the chemists and hybridists of modern horticulture can dwarf our noble flowers at the rate they are now doing and can breed midget corn, why can't they turn instead to dwarfing lawn grass, one of the few green things that really need to be dwarfed? I wouldn't put it past them, if there is enough demand, to come up eventually with a bluegrass two inches tall and a creeping fescue that grows no higher than a moss. There would be a fortune in it, too, if the figures in a re-



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Here's a glorious and glamorous way to begin a meal: with Grapefruit à la Myers. To prepare, simply splash a dash of Myers onto each grapefruit half. For added zest: brown rum-laced grapefruit halves under broiler. Grapefruit au Rhum...ah, delightful! Thanks to the flavor-magic of Myers!

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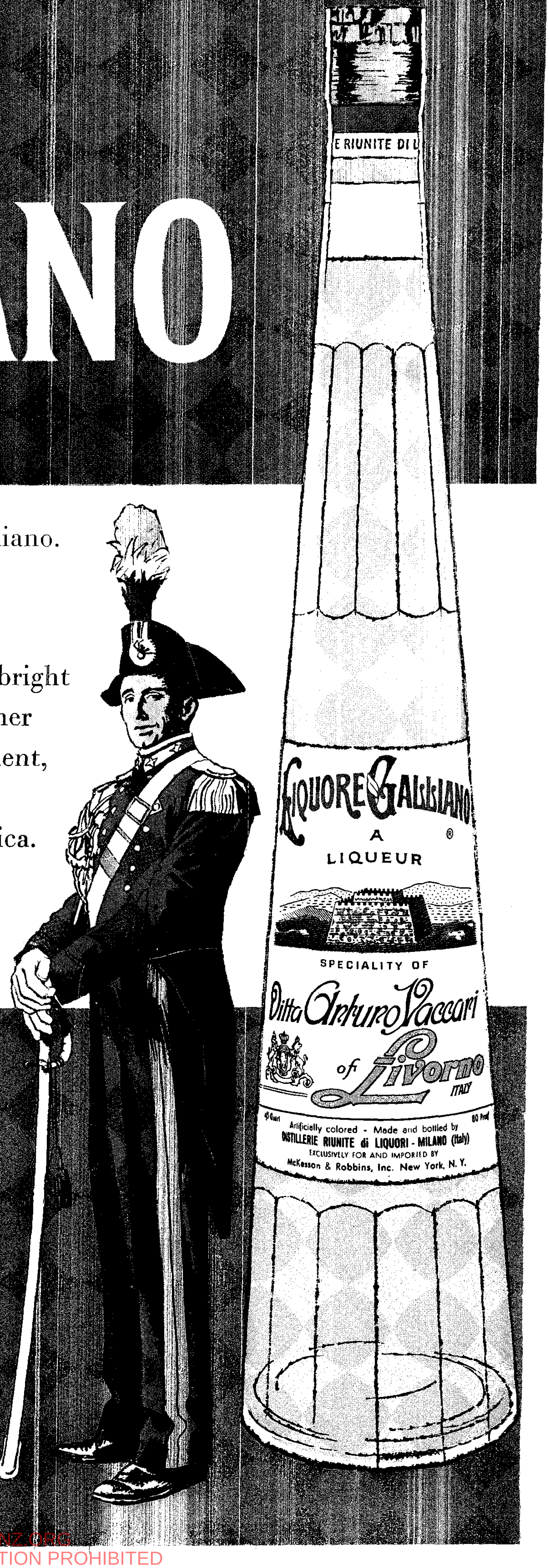
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cent *Saturday Evening Post* article are to be believed. The author, James A. Skardon, states that our twenty-five million home lawns cover five million acres of our lawn-happy land.

The development of the mowing machine has not stopped, though. A glimpse into the 1962 catalogue of the National Farm Equipment Company (142 Greene Street, New York 12) might astonish the inventor of the Moto-Mower, let alone Mr. Budding. It even astonished me. I don't pretend to know anything about machinery, and I cite National's catalogue only as an example, not as a recommendation. The title of this concern, by the way, seems to me a misnomer, unless I am out of date in thinking it odd that a farm-equipment catalogue should devote so much space to patio furniture, swimming pools, cascading fountains, billiard tables—and lawnmowers. At National you can buy just about any sort of mower, including five riding power mowers on which a man astride, after fighting his way home from the office in his car, may merely continue at the throttle. If he has bought the most sophisticated of the five—National's "25" Lawn-Rider, which has a push-button starter, forward and reverse shifts, and variable speeds—he will have spent "only $229.50." Having made this investment, he'll almost surely want such attachable extras as a fertilizer spreader ($24.75), a lawn aerator ($36.75), a trailer cart ($49.50), a snowplow ($29.95), and a Magic Fog, Jr., for broadcasting poisonous weed killers and insecticides (a mere $11.95). And if he *really* cares for status, he ought to pay out $67.50 more for a National Edger-Trimmer and $139.50 for a "Huffy Outdoor Vacuum Cleaner," which, with its "high velocity jet vacuum action" and "32-inch swath," its "giant self-discharging bag" and "semi-pneumatic, puncture-proof tires," will pick up just about everything, from grass clippings and leaves to barbecue refuse and Junior's toys. My own preference would be to retain our aging power mower and hand clippers and invest the same amount of money in the services of a high-school boy. Yet I do not begrudge the suburbanite his modern machinery. Seated on his Lawn-Rider, he must often drive in dream as he cuts his own "high mowing" or "upper forty." Very likely he can even sniff, in his mind's nose, a barn loft full of cured hay for his purebred herd.

I CAME late to the history of gardening, and have been trying to catch up on it in the past year. In addition

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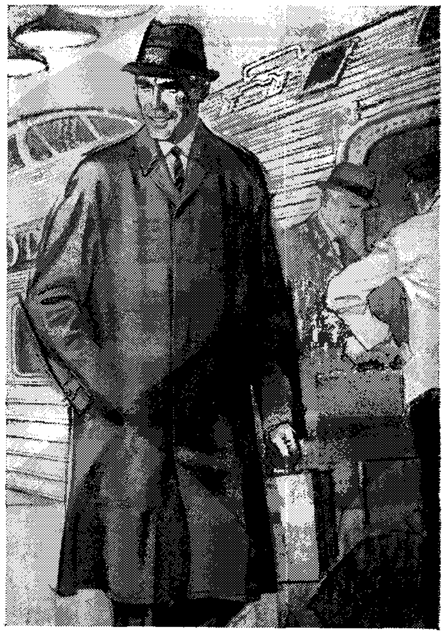

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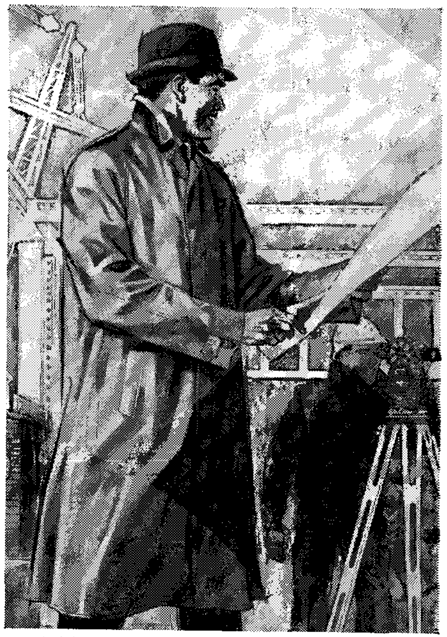

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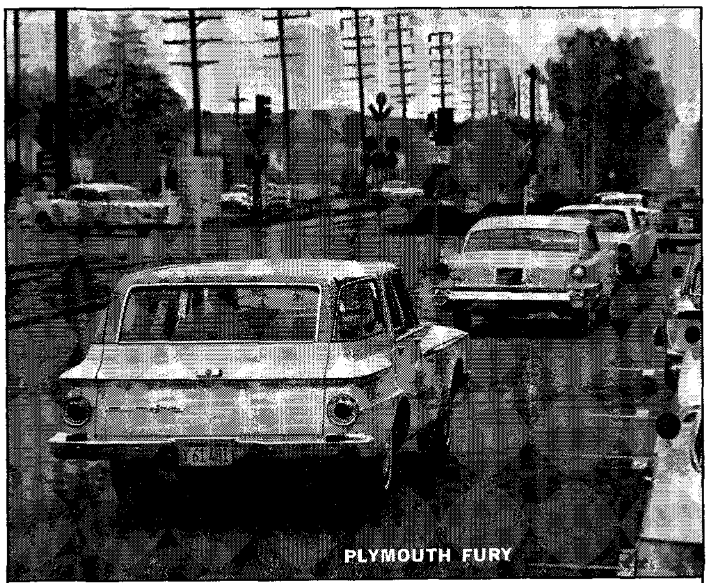
Economy comes built-in with these '62 wagons from Chrysler Corporation. Here's how they save you money . . . automatically.

DODGE CUSTOM 8

You get a lot more action on a lot less gas

Gas bills don't have to go way *up* when you switch to wagon. At least not with these. While Chrysler engineer have increased acceleration as much as 10%, they'v also improved gas mileage—as much as 7%.

Along with better economy, you get better ride— Chrysler Corporation's Torsion-Aire Ride. It's still rate by most experts as the finest suspension system on an American car.

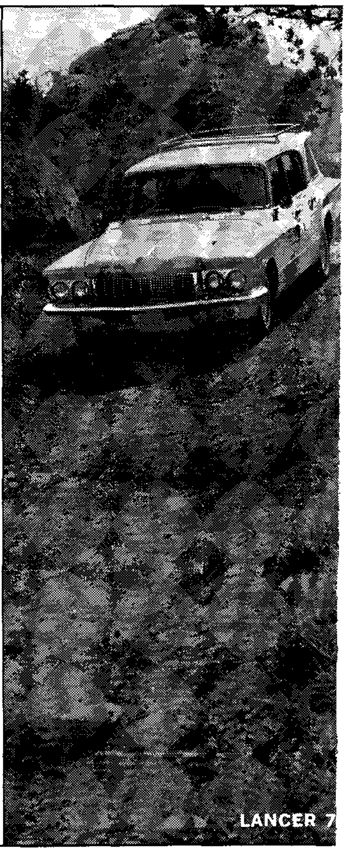


Exclusive Alternator lengthens battery life

The batteries in these wagons will keep their "kick" a lot longer, especially in city driving. The reason is the Alternator. It provides up to 10 amperes of charge even when the engine is idling. So there's no drain on the battery; more power in reserve. And the longer battery life will save you plenty over a few years—around $15.00 or more for each new battery you *won't* have to buy.

Unibody Construction means fewer squeaks and rattles

The secret of strength is unity, and that's exactly what makes Unibody Construction a far superior way to build wagons. Unibody makes body and frame a solid, one-piece unit. It eliminates the major cause of squeaks and rattles —it's *100 per cent more resistant* to twisting forces than the conventional body-bolted-to-frame construction. And Unibody trims away useless bulk to give you more spread-out room inside!



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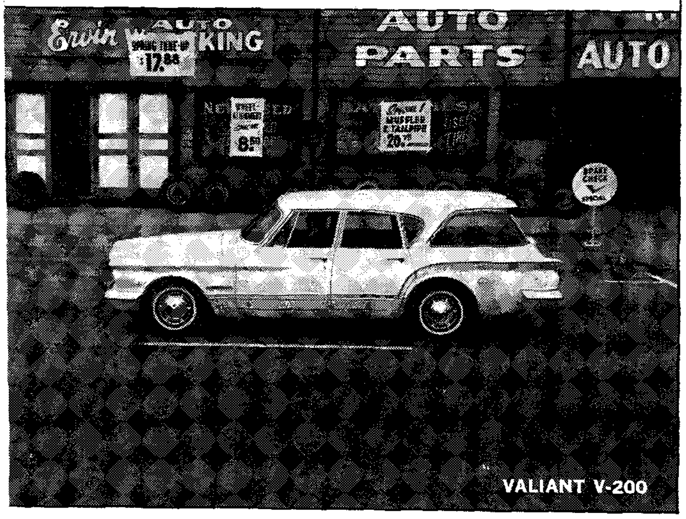
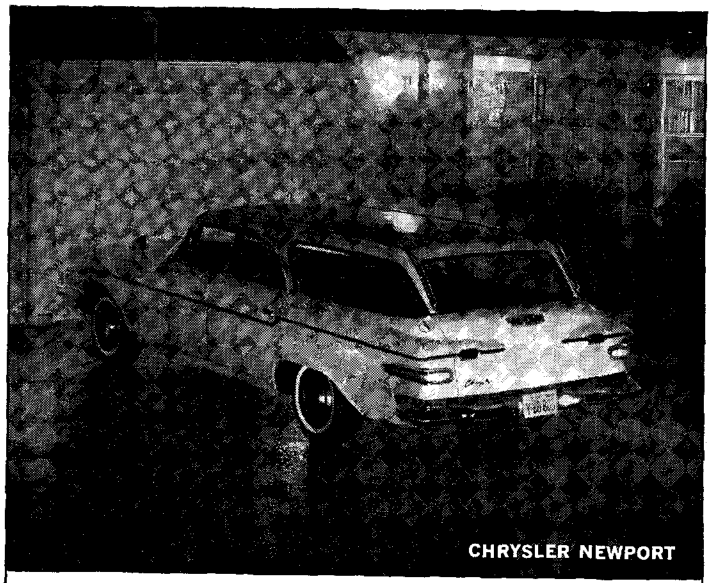
There's a lot less maintenance

You go 4,000 miles between oil changes . . . 32,000 miles between major lube jobs. That means you'll only have your wagon up on the rack about eight times in three years of average driving. *You'll save over $60 in lubricants alone.*

You'll also save on repairs and replacements. Mufflers are aluminized to last twice as long as uncoated steel mufflers. Distributor points are ventilated to run cooler and last much longer.



VALIANT V-200



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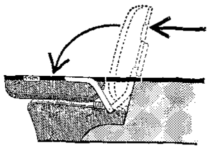
7-soak rustproofing guards the finish

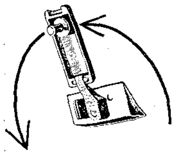
We put these wagon bodies through the industry's most thorough rustproofing to help keep them brand-spanking new. They go through 7 giant tanks and get more than 20 different rinses, sprays, and dips. When they leave the 7th tank, they're set to fight off any cause of rust—whether it comes from salted streets or the mud and gravel from a rugged hunting trip.

Practical features for wagon people

One push and the seats fold flat

n most models, it's a simple, one-step operation. You just push the back seat orward. Hinged panels automatically make a flush, flat cargo bed. (Tailgate wings down easily, has no braces to nterfere with loading.)



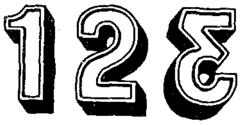


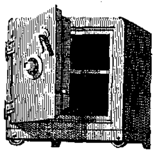
The rear window rolls down

And it rolls down from the *outside*, where the kids can't reach. With power windows (standard on some models), you can handle the window from the driver's seat with the push of a button.

The third seat faces the rear

nother first from Chrysler Corpora-on in all our 9-passenger wagons. t's convenient for grownups (enter om the rear) *and a good, safe place r the kids.*





Hidden luggage compartment

In some wagons, there's a theft-proof luggage bin concealed under the rear floor. An optional lock keeps your valuables safe.

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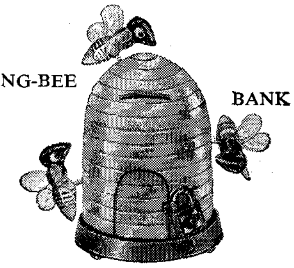

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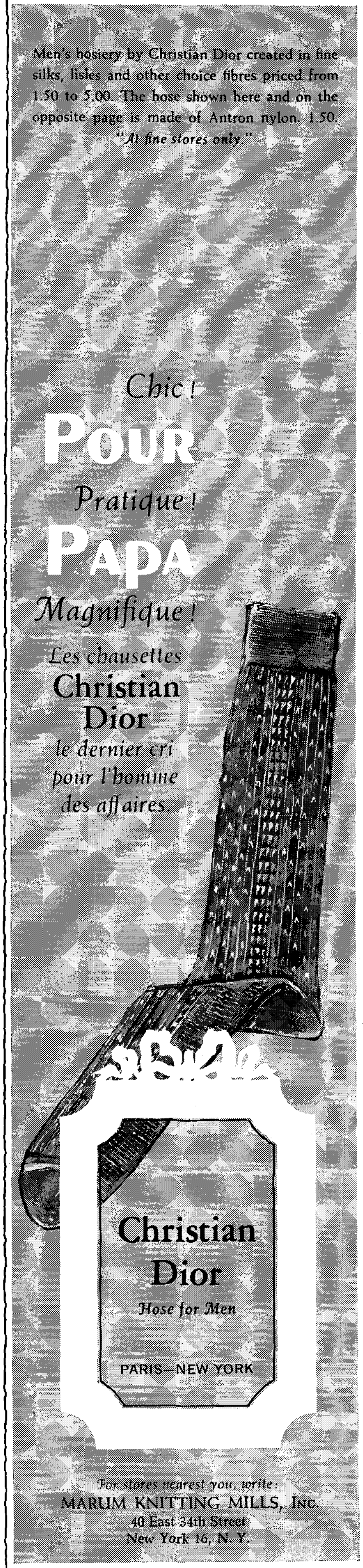
to the Geoffrey Taylor books and the Hedrick "History," I have read with profit Miles Hadfield's "Pioneers in Gardening" (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1955), which covers too much to go very deep but at least takes what one might call a good lick at the whole development of the garden by discussing its pioneers and innovators in nearly every field. Starting with Theophrastus, the Greek "Father of Botany," Plinius Secundus, the Roman naturalist, and Dioscorides, whose "Greek Herbal" (or "Materia Medica") was consulted and plagiarized for fifteen hundred years, Mr. Hadfield carries us by only a couple of leaps straight into Elizabethan England and to Thomas Hill, who wrote the first book on gardening to be published in English. From there the author marches onward through the centuries, pioneer by pioneer, to the present. It isn't, perhaps, a distinguished book, but it is a useful and orderly survey, and I believe it would be a good introduction to a far more thoughtful and better-written book, "Men and Gardens," by Nan Fairbrother, published by Knopf in 1956, which I like so much that I want to speak of it now for those who may have missed it, as I did, when it was published. The title itself may explain why I value this book. Flowers one can like or even love for themselves, but gardens inevitably relate to Man—I use the general noun if only to include Woman, who fooled around the Garden of Eden and has rarely been persuaded to keep out of the flower beds since—and though the earliest gardens were grown for food and medicine, the garden very early became a philosophical as well as an aesthetic concept. Miss Fairbrother therefore takes us on a philosophical journey from the beginning gardens to today, omitting only the entire nineteenth century, whose contribution to the garden she considers insignificant. (On this I wholly disagree; the last century, hideous as were many of its gardens, was notable for its horticultural explorers and plant collectors, if for nothing else, and the stories of their strange, courageous, and often disastrous travels are to me as interesting and important as any part of horticultural history. The Hadfield and the Geoffrey Taylor books can fill this odd gap.) "Men and Gardens" is scholarly and very "literary"—too full, perhaps, of apt, wise, and often delicious quotations from the many obscure or famous books that the author lists in her bibliography. What makes it stimulating is her thoughtful search into such themes as why men have gardened, how mores



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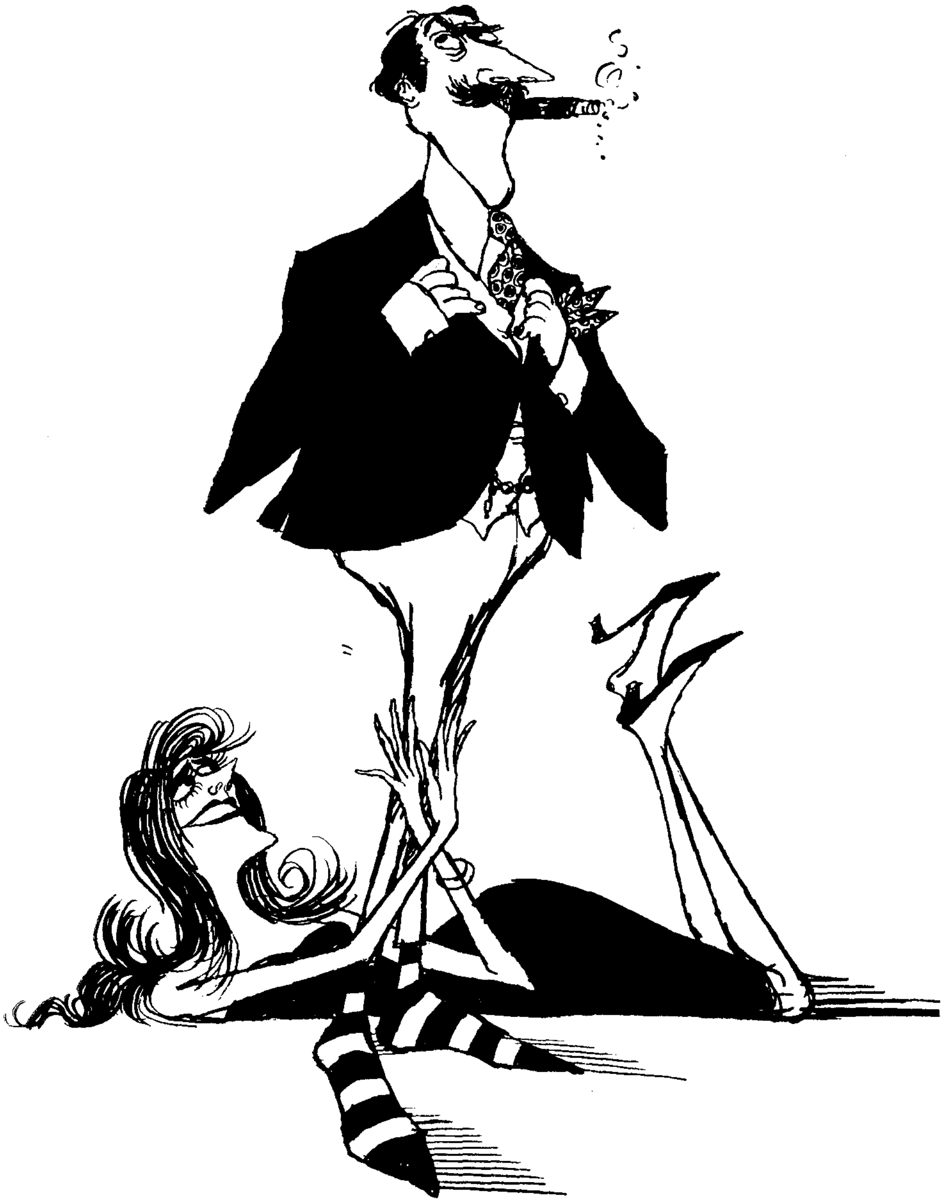

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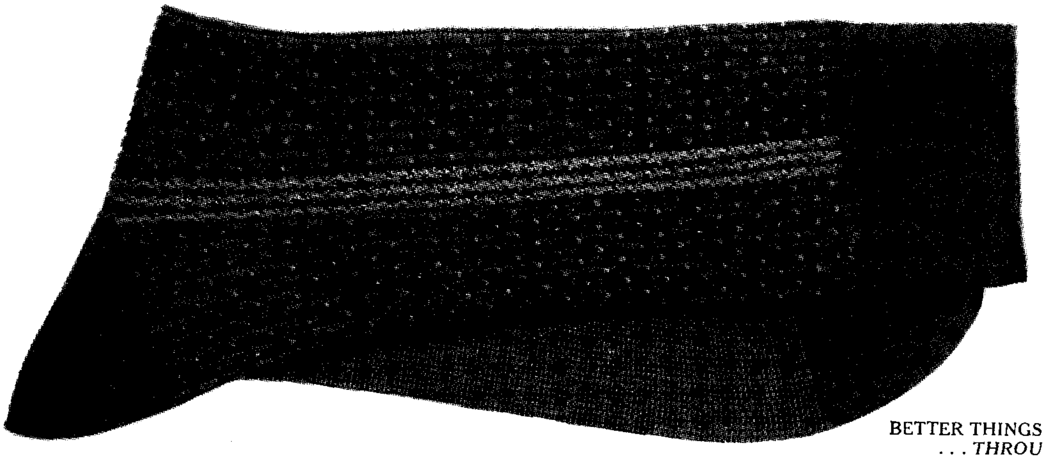

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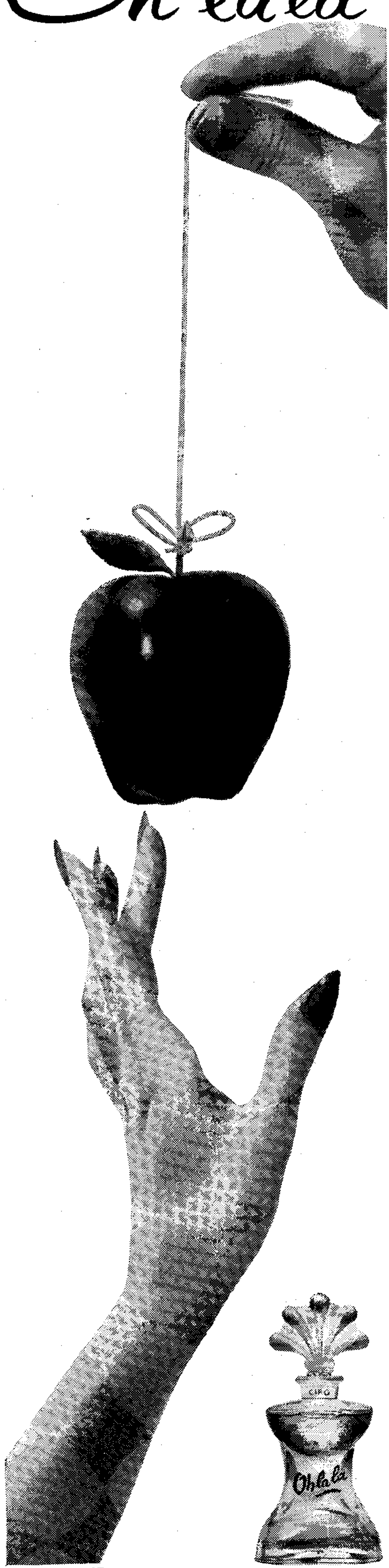

Oh la la
PARFUMS CIRO
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and history itself are reflected in garden style, just what a garden *is*, and what we want of our gardens today. Miss Fairbrother has an interesting mind and an adroit pen, and the journey her readers take through the Dark Ages and their monastic gardens, the Middle Ages and their romantic ones, the fantastic gardens of Tudor England, and the formal *jardins d'intelligence* of Le Nôtre and his followers, in both France and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century England, is greatly enriched by having her as a guide.

A new book by Buckner Hollingsworth, "Her Garden Was Her Delight" (Macmillan), is based on a promising idea: to break new ground by writing about the little-known women gardeners, botanists, botanical artists, plant collectors, and garden writers who have played a part in the horticultural history of this country. The author's method is suggestive of Geoffrey Taylor's, but whereas Dr. Taylor covers only the Victorian era in England and devotes more space to each portrait (he wrote full-scale memoirs of just four people in his first book—the two Loudons, William Robinson, the garden revolutionist, and Reginald Farrer, the gifted and eccentric plant collector), Mrs. Hollingsworth covers the field from the early Colonial days to the very near past, and gives us twenty all too brief biographical sketches of women whose birth dates range from 1607 to 1863. The brevity is not the author's fault. Obviously, a lot of research has gone into this book, often with pleasant and surprising results, but when I had finished reading it I had the slightly uneasy feeling that in the early biographies there had been too little source material to flesh out the bare bones of fact, and that the American women gardeners who came later, about whom much more could be learned, were for the most part either not very interesting as human beings or not very important in the history of horticulture. In fact, the two non-Americans in the book—Jane Loudon and Gertrude Jekyll—are the only really tall figures in Mrs. Hollingsworth's landscape, and, probably because so much has already been written about them, she gives us only a short outline of their lives. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the book, and I think many dedicated women gardeners will want to read it, if only to learn a little about their dedicated predecessors—women like Alice Fenwick, who came with her husband from England to Connecticut in 1639 and helped him establish the first New England nursery of fruit trees in the then wilderness of Saybrook,

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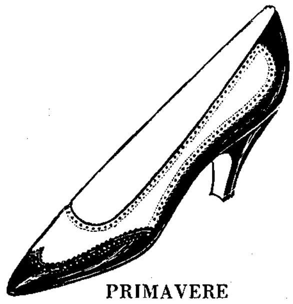

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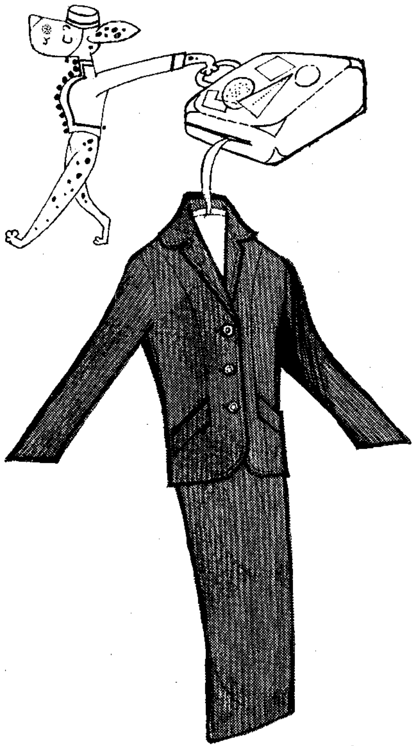

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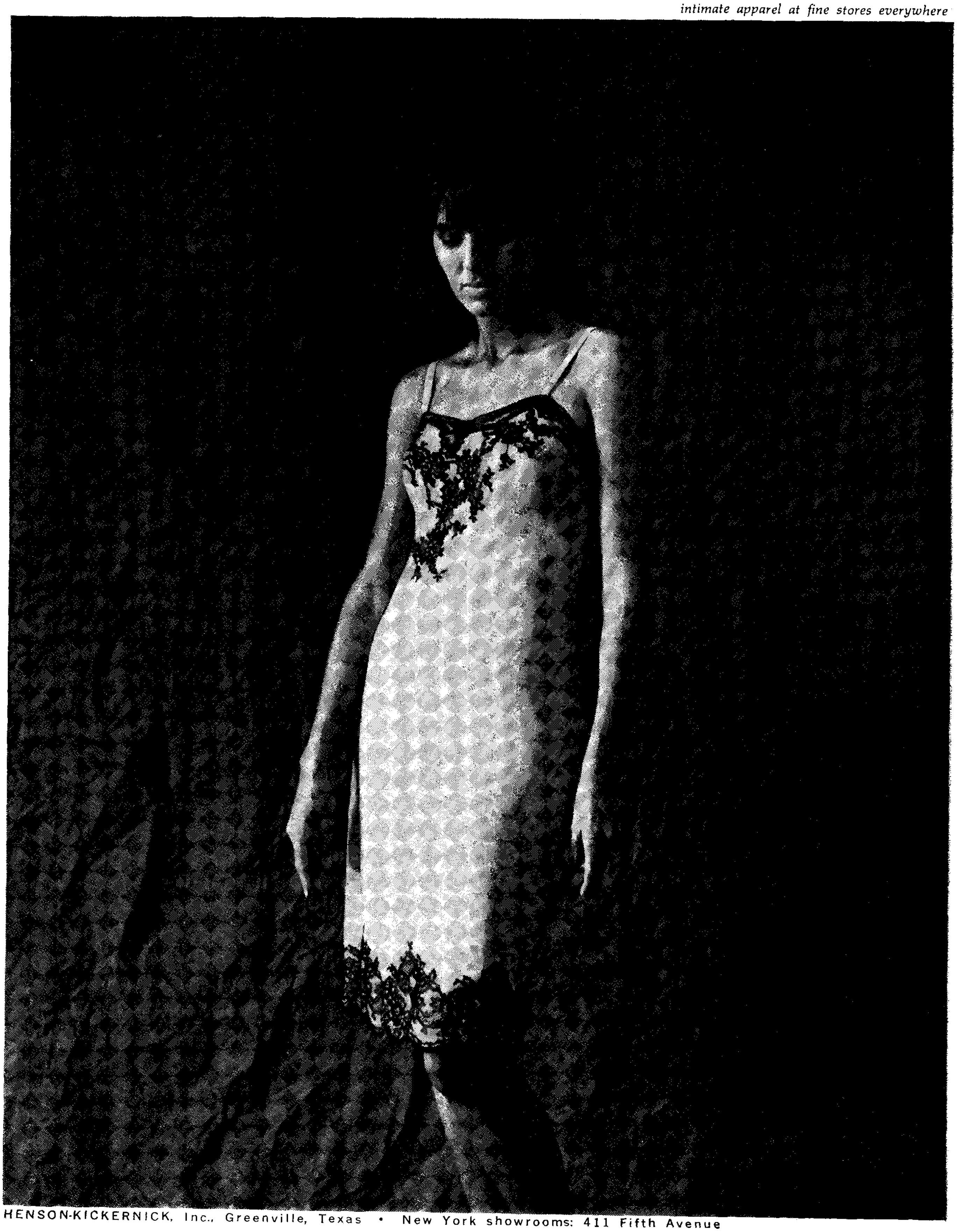

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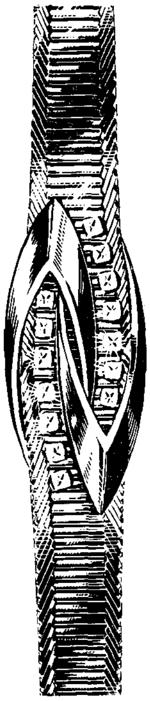
just as he helped her "dress" the first American ornamental garden. One of the most interesting chapters is about Martha Logan, of Charleston, South Carolina. The title of the book refers to her and is not, as might be supposed, the work of the author herself, writing sentimentally, but a quotation from a letter written in 1761 by John Bartram, a Philadelphia botanist and plant collector, to Peter Collinson, a London botanist: "I received a lovely parcel [of seeds and cuttings] in the Spring from Mistress Logan, my facinated widow. . . . Her garden is her delight." Mistress Logan was a sedulous as well as a delighted gardener, and actually made her living, after her husband's death, by selling plants and seeds; she also published America's first book on gardening, "The Gardener's Kalender." Little now is known about this true pioneer, but Mrs. Hollingsworth has gathered up the fragments of fact available and made the most of them. The chapter on Jane Colden, our first woman botanist, is also interesting, but again the facts are skimpy and too much has to be speculation. (Jane's father, Cadwallader Colden, appears to have been the giant of *this* family. Hedrick calls him New York's most distinguished botanist of the eighteenth century.) Then there was modest Maria Martin, who, with Audubon's encouragement, became a good botanical artist and supplied some, but by no means all, of the botanical backgrounds for "The Birds of America." The final sketch is of Mrs. William Starr Dana, the author of "How to Know the Wildflowers," the popular book of wildflower identification, published in 1893, on which so many of us grew up. I have a copy of it still—a 1906 edition—and find the book, because of its grouping of flowers by color, easier to consult in haste than the more modern and more scientific wild-flower books that group the flowers by their botanical families. If one isn't a botanist but an amateur like me, one can spend hours searching out a flower's family, not to speak of finding the flower itself within the family. I shall always be grateful to Mrs. Dana for her sensible and unscientific identification scheme, and I'm glad Mrs. Hollingsworth seems to feel the same way.

EXCERPT from a Maine garden diary:

MAY 2, 1962

Just in from planting a Henry Leuthardt double-horizontal-cordon apple tree against the north brick wall of the terrace. Frost last night and bitter cold today, with an east wind off the sea so congealing that I longed for gloves. The Leuthardt tree is a Chenango Strawberry summer



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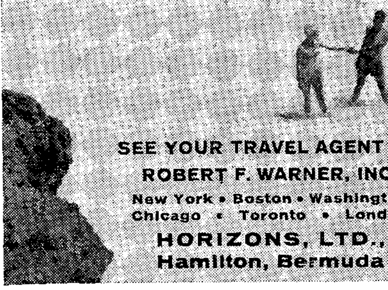

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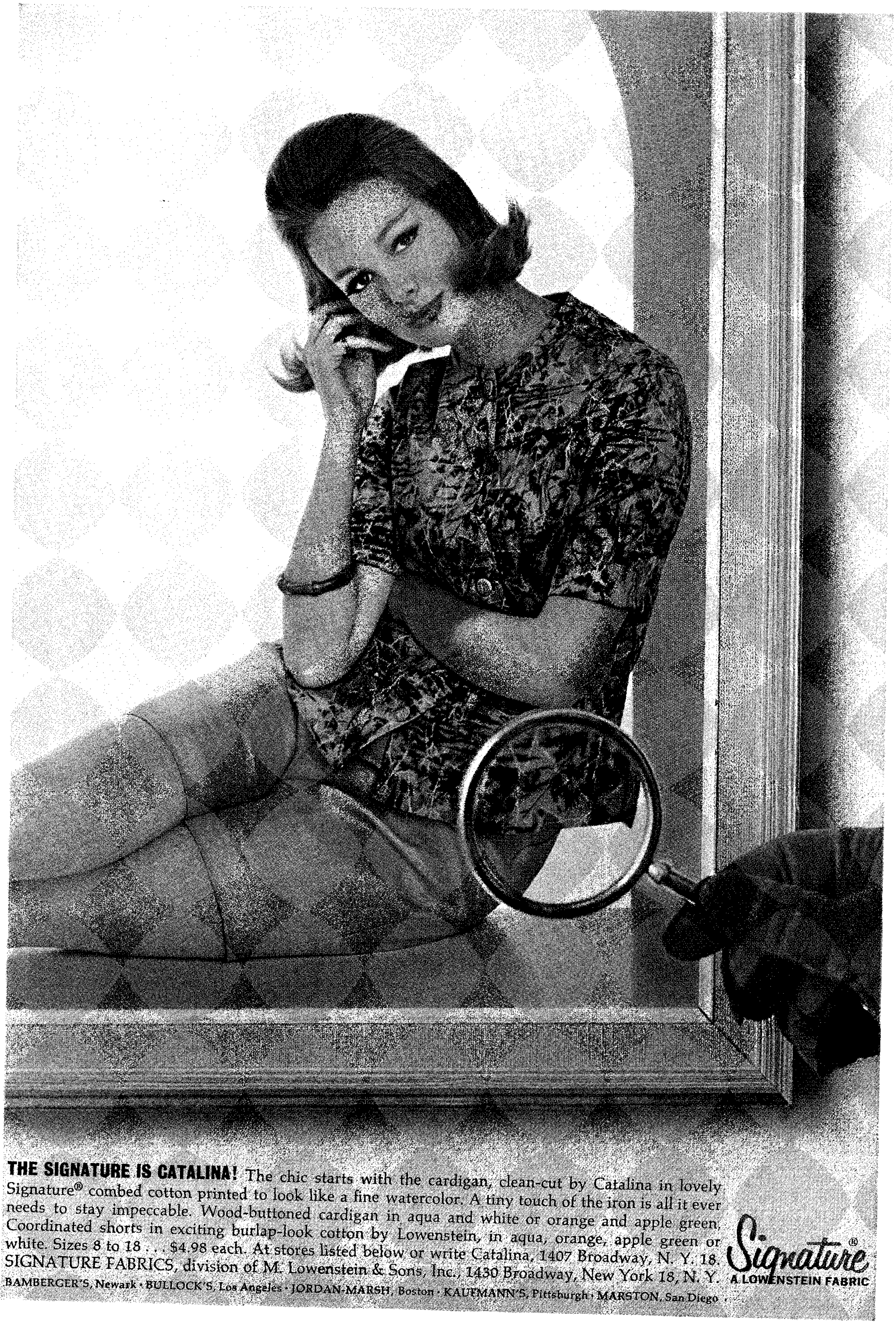

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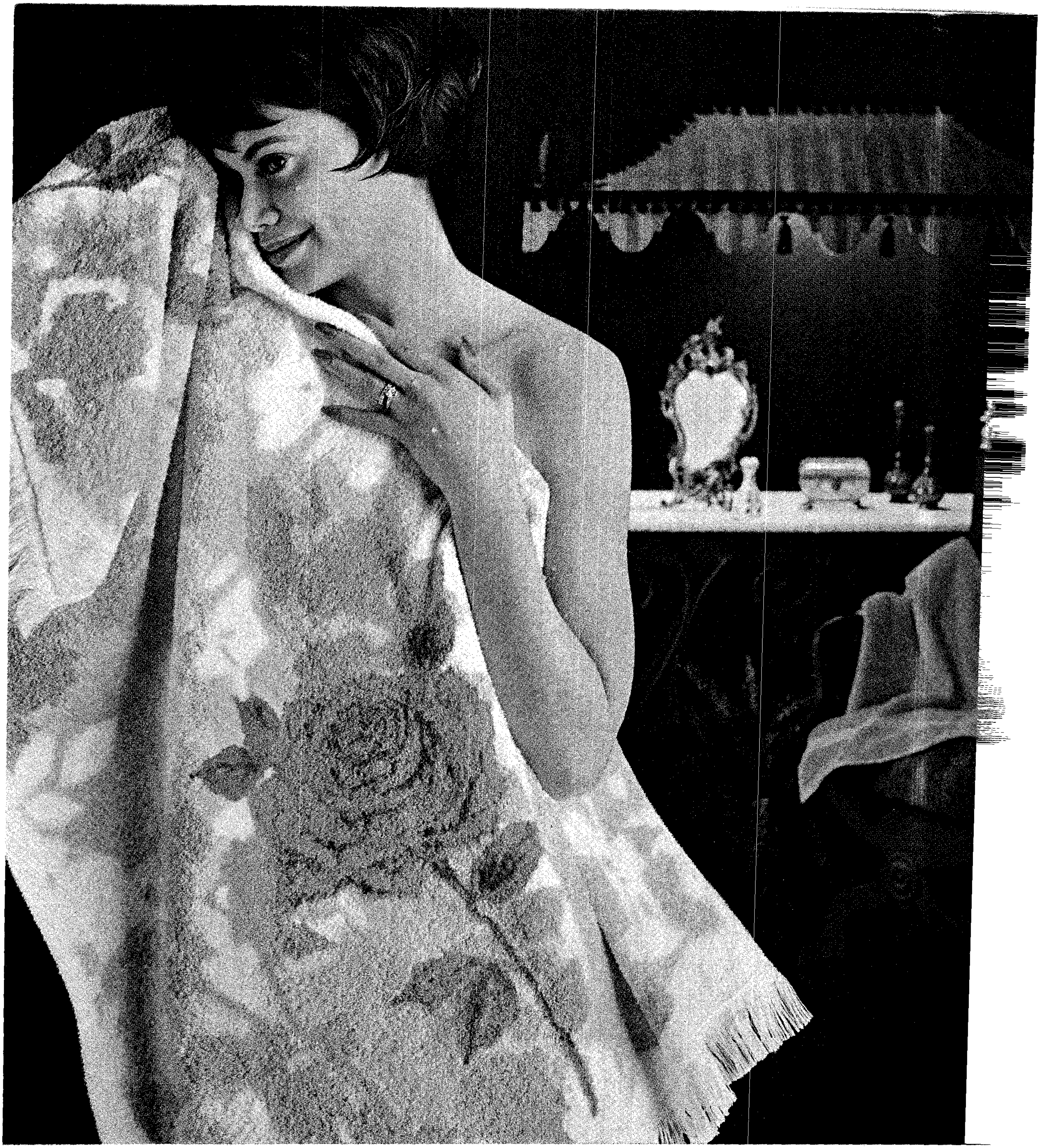

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apple, a perfectly trained specimen and in perfect condition on arrival—the fulfillment of a dream. We also planted a Leuthardt dwarf Red Astrachan in the orchard, to keep us supplied with deep-dish apple pies when the old Astrachan tree gives up for good.

When I called the double-cordon apple the fulfillment of a dream, I meant that I'd wanted for years to achieve an espaliered apple, but our attempts to train a dwarf McIntosh against this wall had been a ludicrous failure. The double cordon is by no means the most beautiful of the many espalier forms Henry Leuthardt has to offer, but it is handsome enough, and I chose it because it exactly fitted the north wall, which is low. The east wall would have been a better location, being higher and having a more favorable exposure, but the east wall serves as backstop for our woodpile from midwinter, when the wood is cut and fitted, to midsummer, when it is dry enough to store in the woodshed. This puts the pile of wood in the foreground of our view of the cove, the bay, and the mountain, but any northern country dweller knows there's no handsomer view than that of a year's supply of wood, well fitted and neatly stacked. By all means send to Mr. Leuthardt (King Street, Port Chester, New York) for his catalogue and handbook "How to Select, Plant, and Care for Dwarf Fruit Trees, Espalier Trained Fruit Trees, Hybrid Grape Vines." You will find excellent photographs of the other lovely espalier forms, such as the four-armed, six-armed, and eight-armed Verriers and the double- and triple-U forms, all available in both apple and pear, and the fan shape, available in peach, apple, pear, and nectarine. Or you may prefer to grow a lattice Belgian fence; five espaliered trees in a row will make a diamond-lattice effect of apples or pears. The handbook explains how trees are dwarfed and trained, why grafting on Malling rootstocks makes the Leuthardt trees especially desirable, and what Malling rootstocks are. I found this booklet a model of clarity and foolproof instruction—an exception to the rule that reference books are more helpful than catalogues. There isn't a question on cultivation, pruning, or general care that it fails to answer. Mr. Leuthardt explains in his introduction and in his letter to customers that he has devoted fifty years to growing dwarf fruits, the last thirty of them in this country, and that he comes of a long line of Swiss who have excelled in the propagation of fruit trees. He never boasts, though, and his publication inspires confidence. It lists a most interesting collection of dwarf fruit

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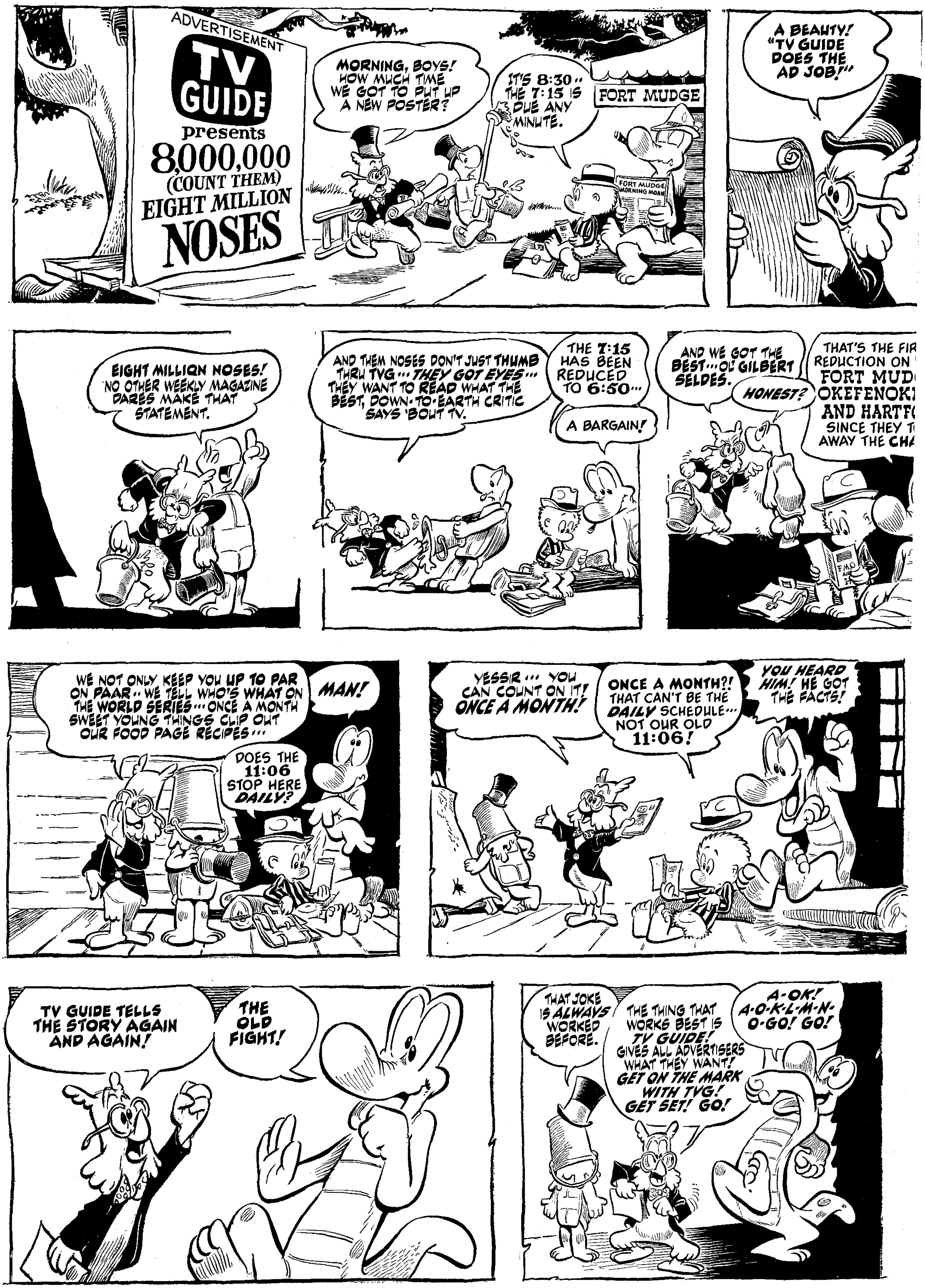
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THE 7:15 HAS BEEN REDUCED TO 6:50...
A BARGAIN!
AND WE GOT THE BEST... OL' GILBERT SELDES.
HONEST?
THAT'S THE FIR REDUCTION ON FORT MUD OKEFENOK AND HARTF SINCE THEY T AWAY THE CHA
WE NOT ONLY KEEP YOU UP TO PAR ON PAAR.. WE TELL WHO'S WHAT ON THE WORLD SERIES... ONCE A MONTH SWEET YOUNG THINGS CLIP OUT OUR FOOD PAGE RECIPES...
MAN!
DOES THE 11:06 STOP HERE DAILY?
YESSIR... YOU CAN COUNT ON IT! ONCE A MONTH!
ONCE A MONTH?! THAT CAN'T BE THE DAILY SCHEDULE... NOT OUR OLD 11:06!
YOU HEARD HIM! HE GOT THE FACTS!
TV GUIDE TELLS THE STORY AGAIN AND AGAIN!
THE OLD FIGHT!
THAT JOKE IS ALWAYS WORKED BEFORE.
THE THING THAT WORKS BEST IS TV GUIDE! GIVES ALL ADVERTISERS WHAT THEY WANT! GET ON THE MARK WITH TVG! GET SET! GO!
A-OK! A-O-K-L-M-N-O-GO! GO!

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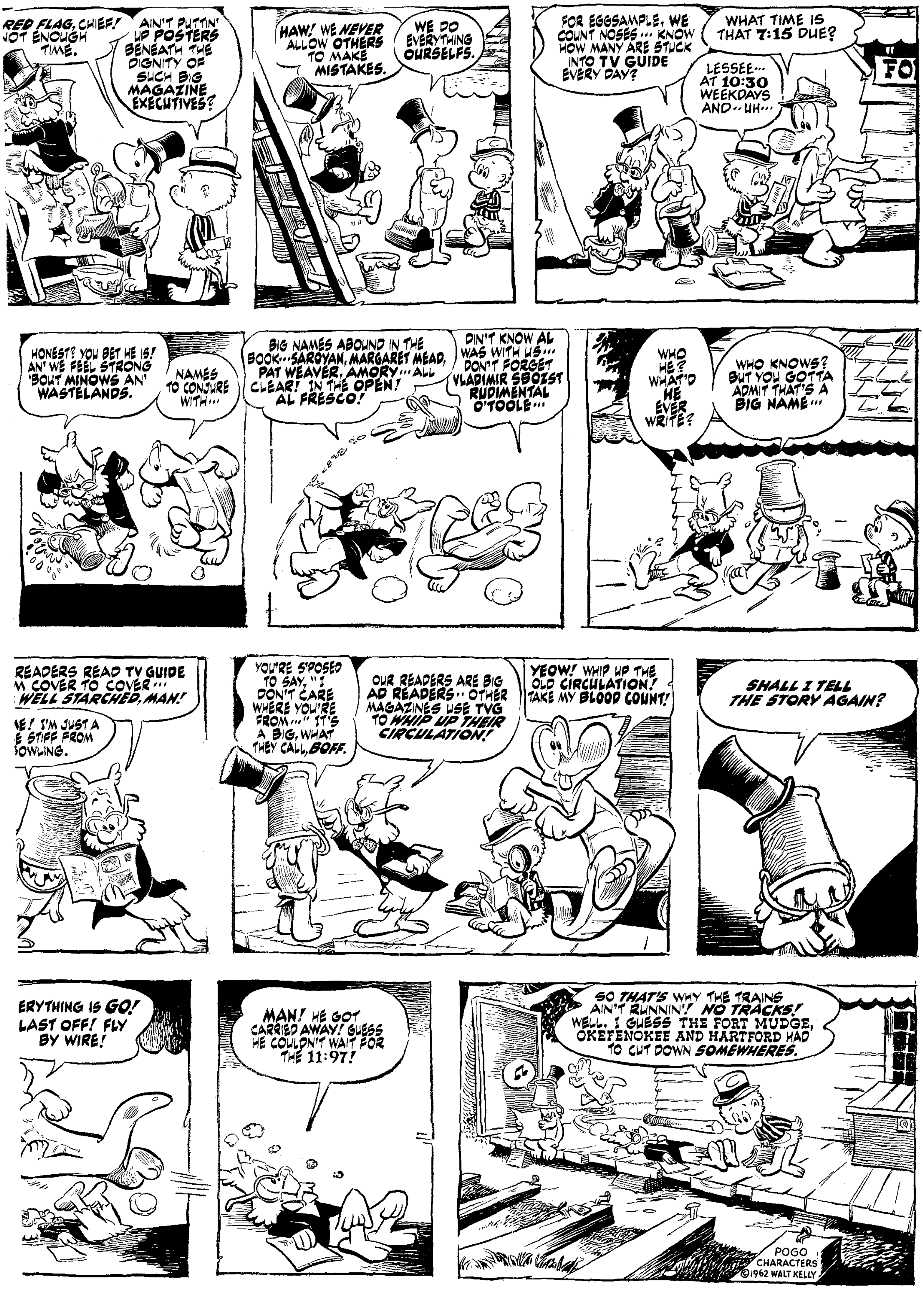
RED FLAG, CHIEF! OT ENOUGH TIME.
AIN'T PUTTIN' UP POSTERS BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF SUCH BIG MAGAZINE EXECUTIVES?
HAW! WE NEVER ALLOW OTHERS TO MAKE MISTAKES.
WE DO EVERYTHING OURSELFS.
FOR EGGSAMPLE, WE COUNT NOSES... KNOW HOW MANY ARE STUCK INTO TV GUIDE EVERY DAY?
WHAT TIME IS THAT 7:15 DUE?
LESSEE... AT 10:30 WEEKDAYS AND.. UH...
FO
HONEST? YOU BET HE IS! AN' WE FEEL STRONG 'BOUT MINOWS AN' WASTELANDS.
NAMES TO CONJURE WITH...
BIG NAMES ABOUND IN THE BOOK...SAROYAN, MARGARET MEAD, PAT WEAVER, AMORY... ALL CLEAR! IN THE OPEN! AL FRESCO!
DIN'T KNOW AL WAS WITH US... DON'T FORGET VLADIMIR SBOZST RUDIMENTAL O'TOOLE...
WHO HE? WHAT'D HE EVER WRITE?
WHO KNOWS? BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT THAT'S A BIG NAME...
READERS READ TV GUIDE M COVER TO COVER... WELL STARCHED, MAN!
E! I'M JUST A E STIFF FROM OWLING.
YOU'RE S'POSED TO SAY, "I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU'RE FROM..." IT'S A BIG, WHAT THEY CALL, BOFF.
OUR READERS ARE BIG AD READERS.. OTHER MAGAZINES USE TVG TO WHIP UP THEIR CIRCULATION!
YEOW! WHIP UP THE OLD CIRCULATION! TAKE MY BLOOD COUNT!
SHALL I TELL THE STORY AGAIN?
ERYTHING IS GO! LAST OFF! FLY BY WIRE!
MAN! HE GOT CARRIED AWAY! GUESS HE COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE 11:97!
SO THAT'S WHY THE TRAINS AIN'T RUNNIN'! NO TRACKS! WELL, I GUESS THE FORT MUDGE, OKEFENOKEE AND HARTFORD HAD TO CUT DOWN SOMEWHERES.
POGO CHARACTERS ©1962 WALT KELLY

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Strawberries are drenched in luscious color and applied with a knowing fashion touch to Aladdin's printed Arnel jersey blouse. The look: fresh, cool, colorful. The upkeep: nil, because this is Fiesta Fabrics' jersey of *100% Arnel triacetate*. It machine-launders and dries flawlessly smooth without help from your iron. The price: a pleasant surprise; about $7. Glowing shades of orange, blue or pink on white; 10-16. Lord & Taylor, New York & branches.

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trees. Many are European, English, or Japanese varieties, but he offers only such apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries, and quinces as he has learned by experience will survive our rugged climate. Some of his apples are old favorites from the American past, some are the best of the modern apples; some of the pears, too, are the old familiars, but many are choice French varieties; the plums are mostly Japanese. When I read that one of the apricots was a Moorpark, I could hardly believe my eyes. Moorpark? Straight out of "Mansfield Park"! I looked it up to be sure my memory was not playing me tricks. Sure enough, a "moor park" (as the author spelled it) was the very apricot Fanny Price's widowed Aunt Norris boasted of having planted at the parsonage the spring before her husband died. You will remember that the new incumbent, Dr. Grant, who loved his food, took her down at once by saying that she had been imposed upon—that the parsonage apricot was an inferior variety, with as little flavor as a potato. Mrs. Norris's retort was characteristic: "Sir, it is a moor park, we bought it as a moor park, and it cost us—that is, it was a present from Sir Thomas, but I saw the bill, and I know it cost seven shillings, and was charged as a moor park." A one-year-old dwarf Moorpark apricot from Leuthardt costs $2.50—not much of an increase over Sir Thomas's seven shillings in the century and a half since "Mansfield Park" was written. Although apricots are not among my favorite fruits, I am tempted to plant one in memory of that lovely Jane Austen squabble.

Mr. Leuthardt says that all his fruit trees can be planted in spring or in fall. His catalogue also lists grapes, including my favorite Delaware, which one seldom sees in the markets nowadays, and also a modest selection of nut trees, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and blueberries. No strawberries.

FOR strawberry plants, and for just about every other kind of berry, the catalogue I have found to be the most comprehensive and satisfactory is Rayner's "Berry Book," put out by Rayner Brothers, Salisbury, Maryland. The raspberry and blackberry bushes we bought from Rayner last year and this, as well as some Rayner asparagus roots, were exceptionally fine on arrival and have performed well for us. Considering the "Berry Book" just as a catalogue, I admire it for its careful cultural advice, its photographs, in both color and black-and-white, and its authoritative tone. Rayner, like Leuthardt, is helpful

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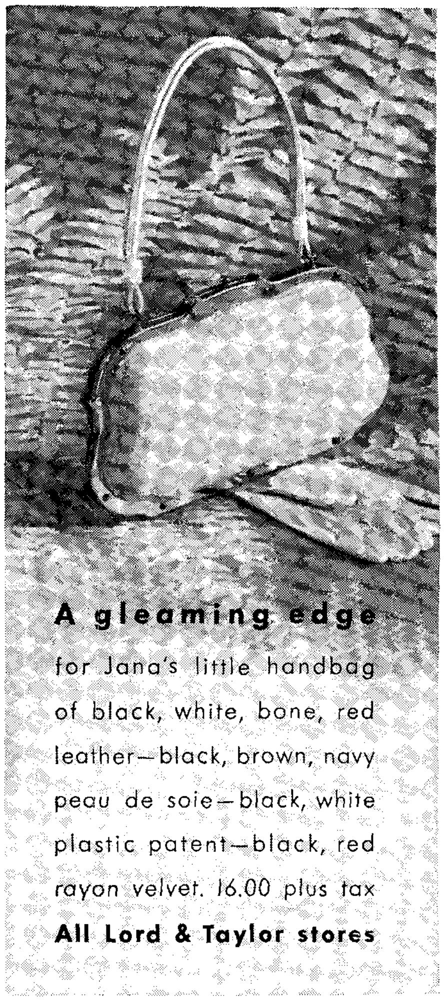

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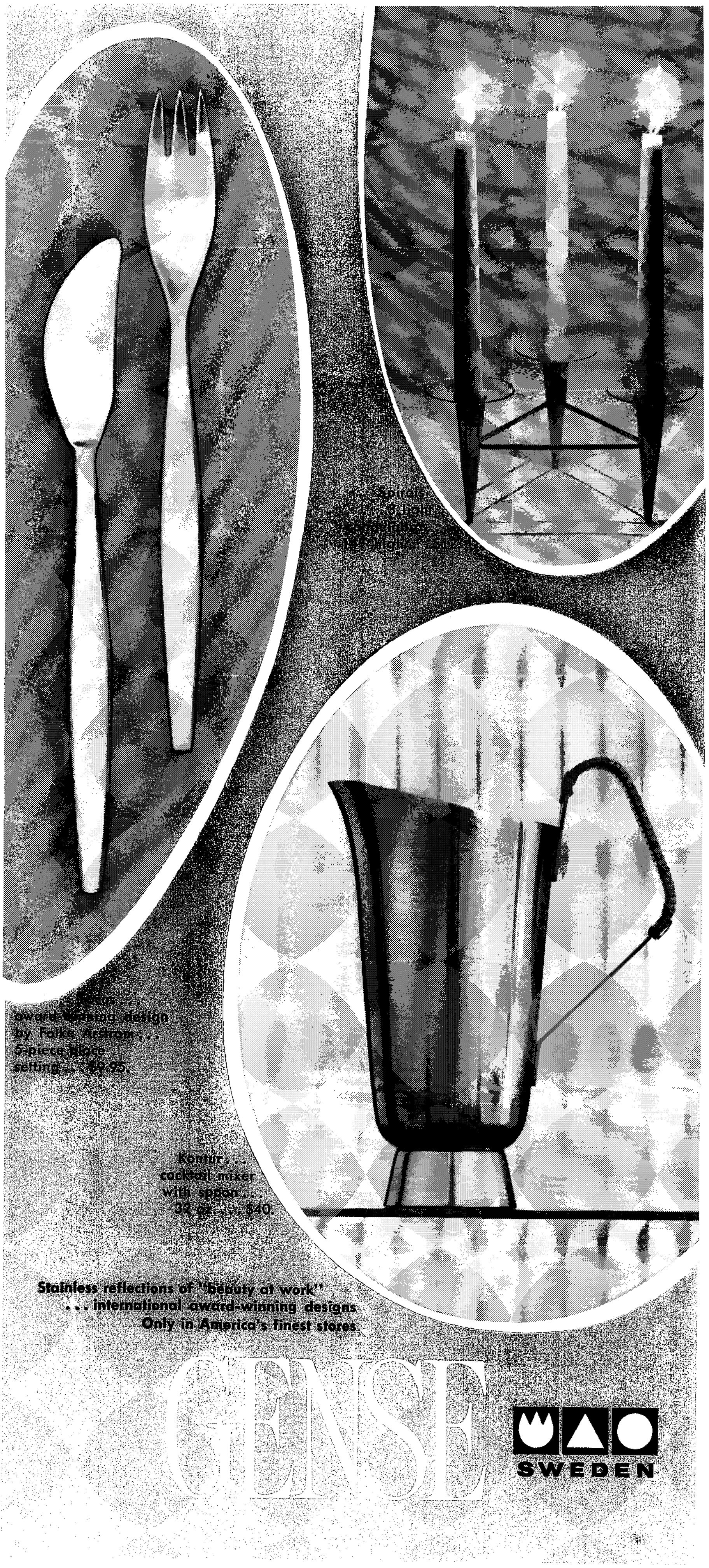
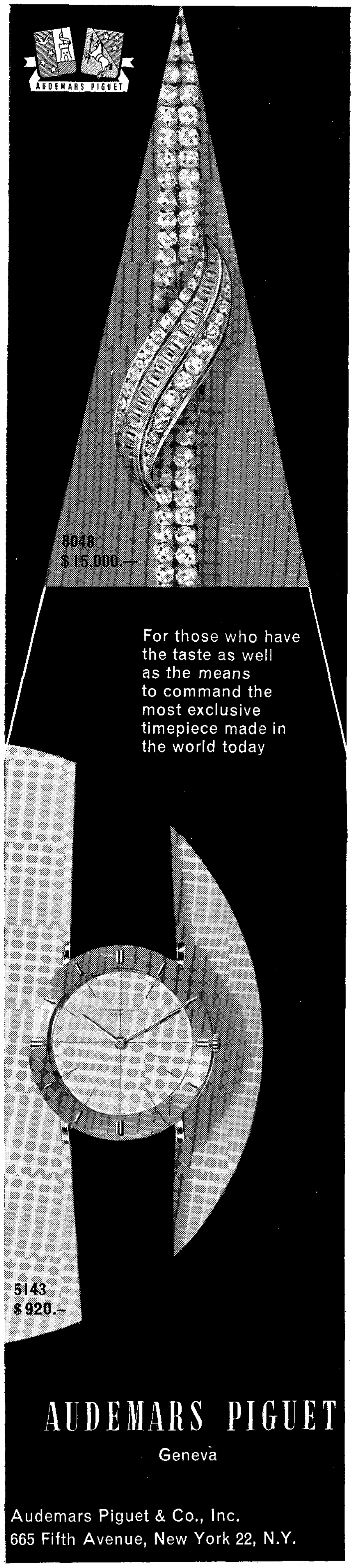
to the home grower. There is a page comparing the characteristics of the twenty-six strawberry varieties offered and telling how to choose the ones that are best for each region; it also groups the varieties the firm considers the best for flavor, for quantity, for size, for freezing, and for preserving. Every strawberry listed has been grown from virus-free foundation stock furnished by the Department of Agriculture or the State of Maryland.

Blueberries are another Rayner specialty. They can be grown from Maine to North Carolina, from Michigan to Missouri, but if you live in Maine, where the wild blueberry is one of the main crops, it just doesn't occur to you to plant the large cultivated blueberry, which has less flavor. We used to keep up our wild-blueberry piece, but it has petered out because we no longer burn it, cut down the alders, and do all the rest of the work needed to insure a plentiful supply of berries. Every market in our region sells wild berries in season, and the stores conscientiously try to have them picked by hand from unsprayed bushes. But in the cities one can't be sure. Some berries may have been raked in commercial blueberry barrens where the bushes are heavily dusted or sprayed with chemicals to keep down the blueberry maggot and other pests. Almost all commercially canned blueberries come from sprayed stock. I'd rather eat a maggoty blueberry any day than a sprayed blueberry, so a few home-grown cultivated bushes, planted conveniently near the house, may be the answer, especially since Rayner lists one variety that is "from a wild type," the Rubel. It won't be the same, though, for it is a huckleberry, and every resident of Maine knows that the huckleberry can't compare with the wild low-bush blueberry. All the berries I have discussed should be planted in spring, but because the preparation of a good strawberry bed or a raspberry or blackberry patch takes time and planning, it would be well to make ready for a spring plantation before winter sets in.

ANOTHER specialty catalogue that interests me is titled "Bamboo for Cold and Warm Climates." It is put out, I regret to say, by a nurseryman who prefers to call himself "The Bamboo Man" instead of using his own name, James J. Coghlan (The Bamboo Man, Box 331, Saddle River, New Jersey). Bamboo, as I've seen it in Florida, appeals to me because of its dense, grovelike growth, its feathery leaves, its straight-as-a-pencil stems, and its great attraction for birds, which find





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it excellent cover. I had assumed it could be grown only in the South, and this is so of the true bamboos, the *Bambusas*. However, in his catalogue, which is heavily Japanese in flavor, Mr. Coghlan lists several cousins of the bamboo that he claims can survive temperatures as low as twenty-three degrees below zero, and have survived them in his nursery. Whether the Bamboo Man's bamboos are as hardy as he believes I have no way of knowing without trying his stock, which I have not yet had a chance to do. I don't doubt his word, but I know there are many plants that, even though they will live through a severe cold spell, provided it does not last long, are not actually hardy in zones where sub-zero temperatures may last for days or weeks. "Taylor's Encyclopedia" says that *Phyllostachys*, two varieties of which the catalogue recommends as *very* hardy, will grow only from Zone 5 southward. However, a root division of *Phyllostachys aurea*, often called the fishpole bamboo, costs only $3, and might be worth a try, even in chilly Zone 3, where I live. I can't imagine anything much more fun than to grow one's own fishpoles and garden stakes. Bamboo is a grass, not a tree or shrub, and is not subject to insect pests; it can be shipped and planted at any time of the year, and it has any number of uses—as a food (recipes are given), as winter forage for animals, as lumber, as ground cover (a dwarf variety of bamboo that can be mowed). The tall sorts are ideal, too, for chicken runs, windbreaks, hedges, and canes. Bamboo is also, once the roots have taken a real hold, the fastest-growing plant known. The new shoots emerge at the maximum diameter they will attain, and after they are three years old, if we are to believe the Bamboo Man, they literally leap, growing as much as three feet a day. And there are dwarf bamboos and other varieties good for bonsai, the Japanese art of training plants and dwarfing trees. The catalogue tells how to make bamboo into bonsai plants, and it includes bonsai materials, such as pottery containers imported from Japan. It lists, as well, a number of unusual Oriental trees and shrubs, and even a selection of Japanese stone lanterns for those who want to make their gardens *echt* Nipponese.

Before we leave the Orient, I must mention the new book by Ernesta Drinker Ballard, "The Art of Training Plants" (Harper), which is perfectly described by the subtitle on its jacket: "Extending the Oriental Art of Bonsai to Western Conditions and with Decorative Plants." Mrs. Ballard is the

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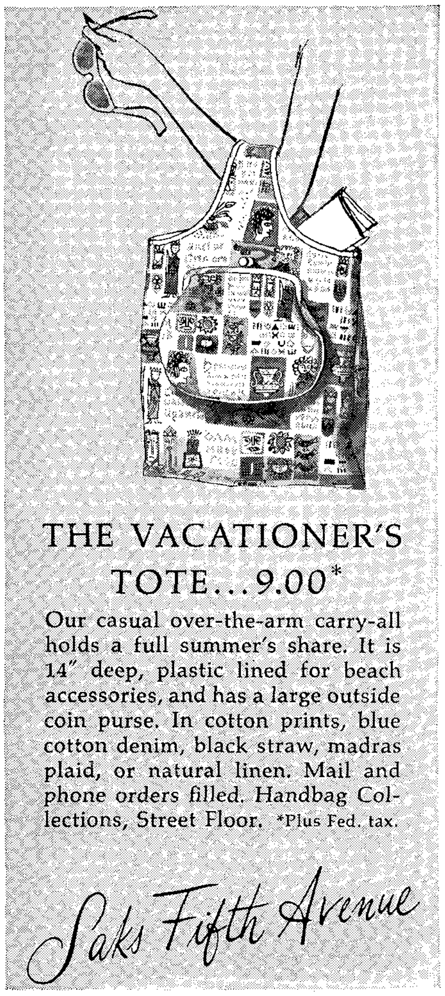

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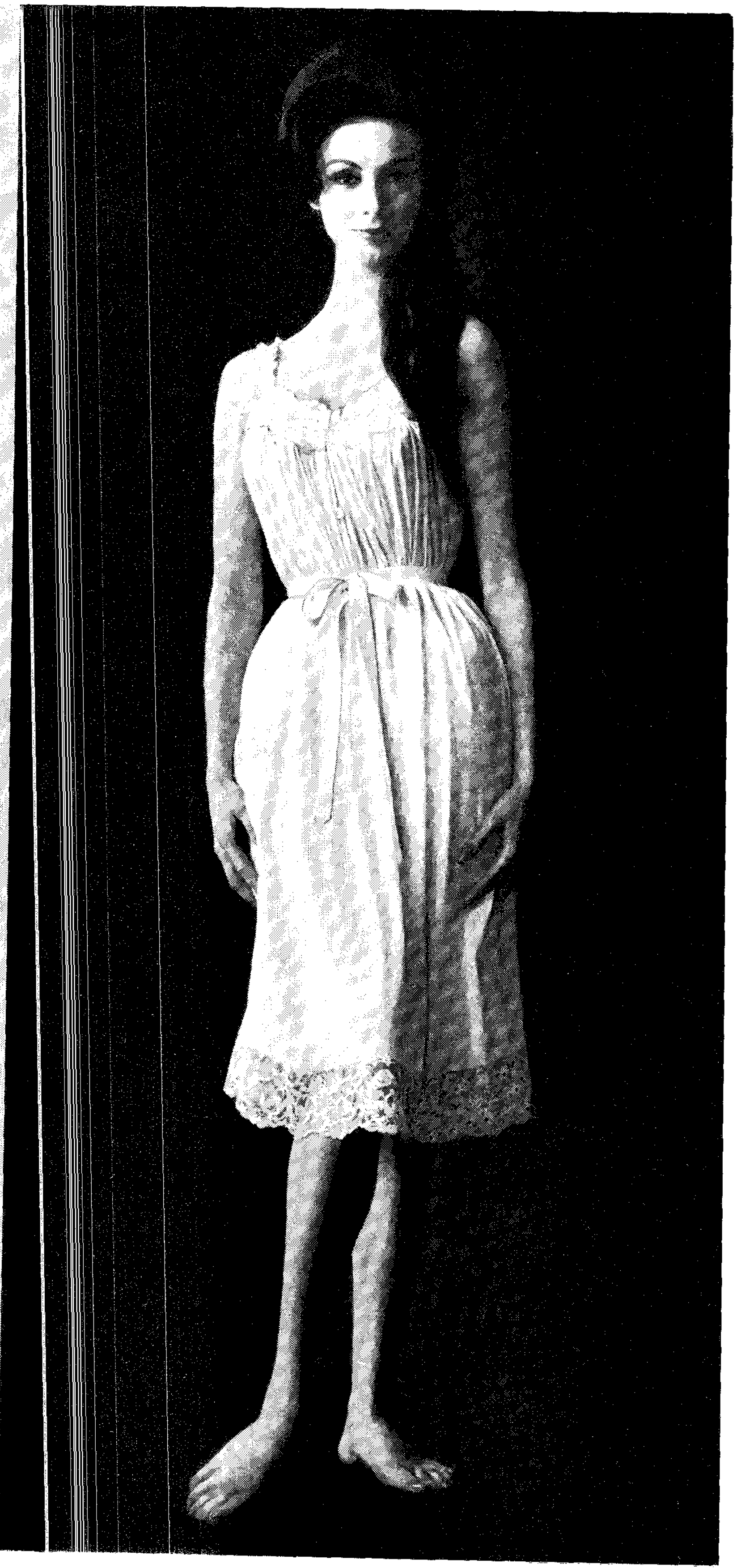

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author of "Garden in Your House," my house-plant Bible, so I read the new book eagerly, even though I had long since decided that life was too short to get involved in the new Occidental fad of growing dwarf trees in the ancient Oriental manner. I was under the impression that it took decades for bonsai trees to become interesting, and that many of them were at their best only after they were centuries old. This turns out to be true, if one wants a really classic gnarled tree, but Mrs. Ballard's book opens new vistas, for she not only explains this ancient art of gardening in miniature but shows how one may train native American trees that have been stunted naturally and twisted into interesting shapes by the elements, and how, by using some of the bonsai tricks, one can make ordinary house plants far more pleasing to the eye, whether they are herbaceous or woody plants, succulents, bromeliads, or epiphytes. The book has excellent photographic illustrations, and one, of a decoratively trained slipper gloxinia, has inspired me to try to make my big pure-white gloxinia, which last year bore more than fifty blossoms, a trifle less sprawling and undisciplined. Like all Mrs. Ballard's books, this one is full of common sense and of clear advice, based on her own experience, and it should be a useful adjunct to "Garden in Your House." For those who seriously want to learn to make tiny dish or tray gardens—the word "bonsai," by the way, is composed of the Japanese characters meaning "tray or pot" and "to plant"—all the instructions for dwarfing by root pruning and other care are given, and an appendix lists sources of bonsai material and plants.

I have at hand the new catalogues for three of the nurseries she lists as having used. One is White Flower Farm; its "Plant Book" has a good short list of trees for what it calls "Big Bonsai," and Italian pottery "ring pots" in which to grow them. These trees would not be the miniature *Mame* bonsai trees but merely manageably small potted trees for patios. Mayfair Nurseries (R.D. 2, Nichols, New York) has a longer list of dwarf conifers and shrubs, many of them of the proper size for miniature gardens and bonsai work. Mayfair's nursery is in Windham, Pennsylvania, eight miles from Nichols, and is open to the public daily except Sunday afternoon and Wednesday. The 1962 price list is free, but the nursery also sells a 1954 handbook of alpine and rock-garden plants for fifty cents. One of Mayfair's specialties is heather and heath plants. The catalogue of Girard

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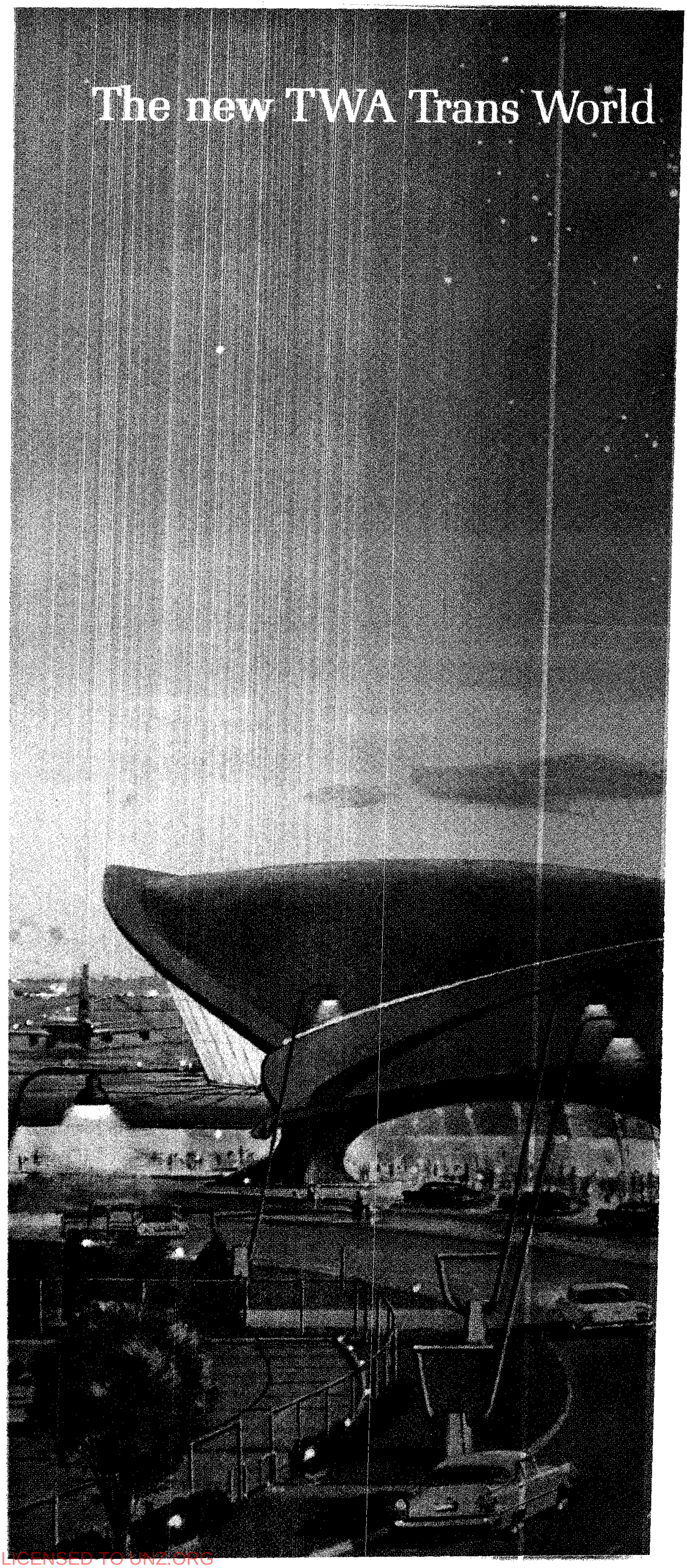

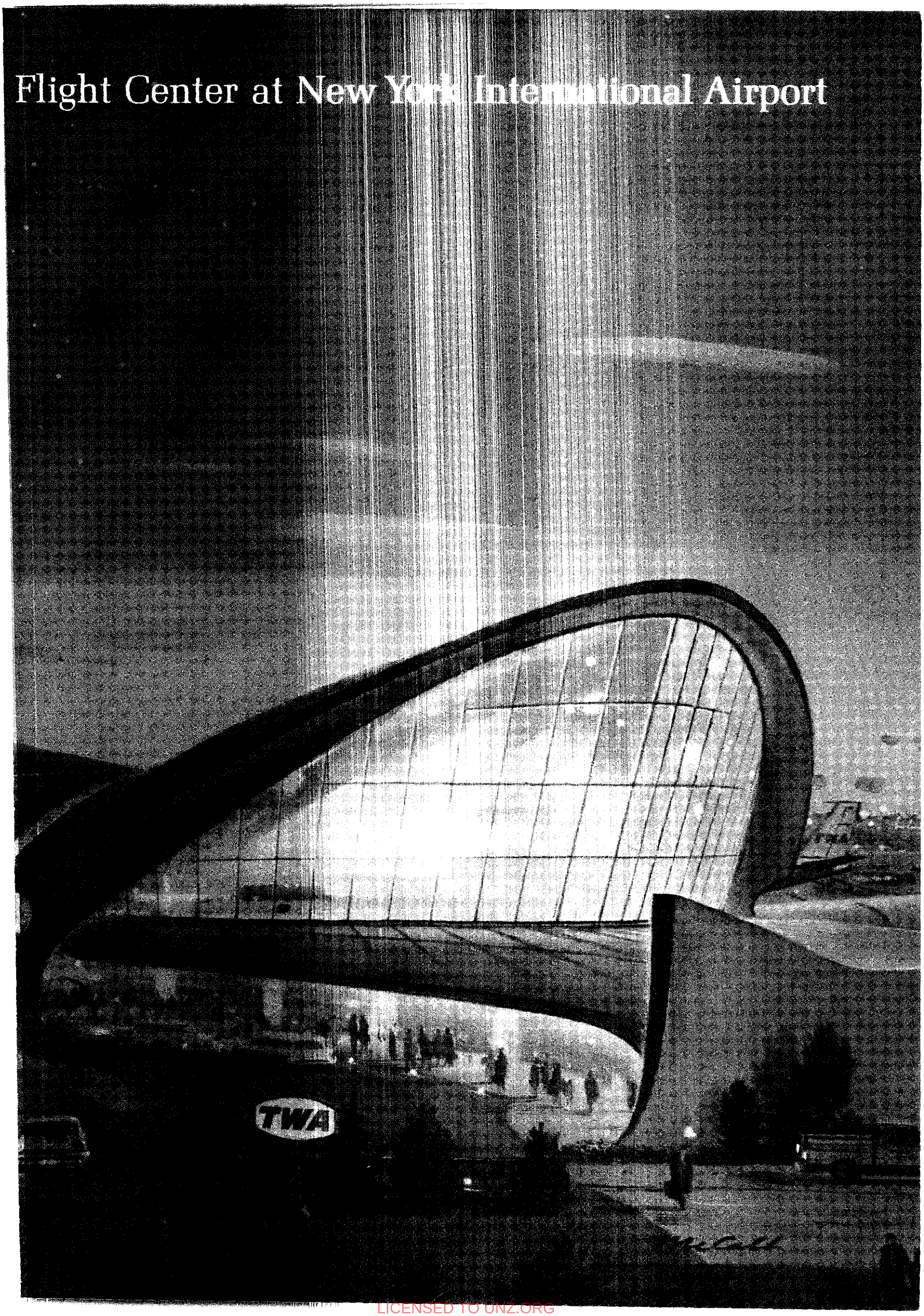
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CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Nurseries, at Geneva, Ohio, is an attractive booklet, illustrated with color and black-and-white photographs, which includes many full-size evergreens, azaleas, shrubs, and deciduous trees, but its first four pages are devoted to bonsai trees and bonsai pots and dishes—reproductions of Japanese shapes in inexpensive but good-looking glazed American pottery. Group I of the trees includes baby ones suitable for bonsai culture, two to three years old, in two- to three-inch pots, and they are an interesting collection; Group II includes well-established dwarf trees, many of them unusual, grafted on four-year seedling understock, and already growing in bonsai pottery containers; Group III includes four- to five-year-old plants, which have been root-pruned for dwarfing several times and are already planted in bonsai pottery. A dozen varieties of this last group are also available in eight- to ten-year-old plants, growing in eight- to ten-inch bonsai containers. Some of the Girard trees are so rare and sound so easy to handle, considering the good start this nursery gives on the root-pruning, that I am tempted to experiment with a flowering bonsai dogwood, or a three-stemmed ginkgo, or a contorted Hinoki cypress, but I shall resist, because of my plethora of house plants and because, too, these little trees in shallow pots cannot live if they are not faithfully watered once or twice a day. As Mrs. Ballard points out, the omission of water for only a single day may prove fatal. I am faithful to my house plants in my fashion, but not as faithful as all that.

THE American Medical Association's lobby is often cited as the richest, most powerful lobby in Washington, but to judge by my mail in the past year, David Burpee's one-man lobby to have the marigold named as our national flower must run it a close second. Indeed, there was a period around the turn of the year when a marigold message seemed to arrive in every mail from Mr. Burpee himself, from his public-relations firm, or from the W. Atlee Burpee Company (Philadelphia 32), of which he is the president. Burpee is our largest general seed company, and one of its specialties is hybrid marigolds. Presumably it sells more marigold seed than any other seed house in the world; certainly it works harder at it than any other. That flood of marigold publicity started with a Christmas greeting from Mr. Burpee, enclosing several packets of marigold seed, and was followed in quick succession by a sheaf of glossy prints showing the new varieties, a land-

Q What Are Stocks?

A The stock of a company represents ownership of that company—in one sense, ownership interest in the company's plant, its production, its inventory, its capital, its profits—everything that belongs to the company. So when you buy stock in a company, you are buying a portion of the ownership, and usually you are entitled to receive periodic reports on its operations and your proportionate share of any dividends that are declared by the directors.

Actually, there are two basic kinds of stock, preferred and common. Preferred stock is so named because in certain ways its holders are given preferred treatment over common stockholders. Preferred stockholders are entitled to receive their dividends, which are generally fixed, before common stockholders receive any dividends at all, but they do not usually receive any increase in dividends if the company has a more profitable year. Preferred stockholders may also have a prior claim against the assets of the company if it goes out of business—a claim following that of the bondholders but preceding that of the common stockholders. Finally, preferred stockholders generally have no voting rights.

Most common stockholders do have the right to vote for the directors who set the company's policies. Common stock prices generally fluctuate far more than bond or preferred-stock prices, and for that reason and because bondholders and preferred stockholders have a first call on earnings, common stocks usually are considered less safe than bonds. But they appeal to investors because they have a greater potentiality of growth. The dividends may be increased at the discretion of the directors, and the stock itself may increase in price and make each stockholder's share worth more. This may happen if the directors plow a large portion of the company's earnings back into the business to build a new plant, to buy new machinery, or to increase working capital, or if investors think the company's future earnings will be excellent. The value of a company's stock ultimately depends on the company's earnings and prospects.

The past is not necessarily an accurate index of the future, but one of the economic facts of life seems to be that inflation is probably here to stay—to some degree, at least. Except during periods of depression, by and large the cost of living has been rising and the purchasing power of money has been declining little by little but year by year ever since our country was founded. Because money won't buy as much as it used to buy (an average of almost 3% less each year since the turn of the century), millions of Americans have searched for ways of putting their surplus money to work to preserve its purchasing power, supplement their income, increase its value. For this reason, many people buy common stocks. The stocks in a leading index have risen in value an average of more than 4% per year and paid an average of around 5% in dividends over the past half century. Some issues have not done so well; some have done better. The stock market and the economy as a whole have had their ups and downs, but the long-term trend of both has been upward.

Perhaps it is worth mentioning, too, that in investing, self-interest and the public interest coincide. In the past, investors have supplied the capital that has made America's great industrial growth possible, and in most instances both they and the country as a whole have benefited. They have taken risks in the hope of getting rewards. The same opportunities for a stake in the future and the possibility of profit are open to investors today through the ownership of well-selected common stocks.

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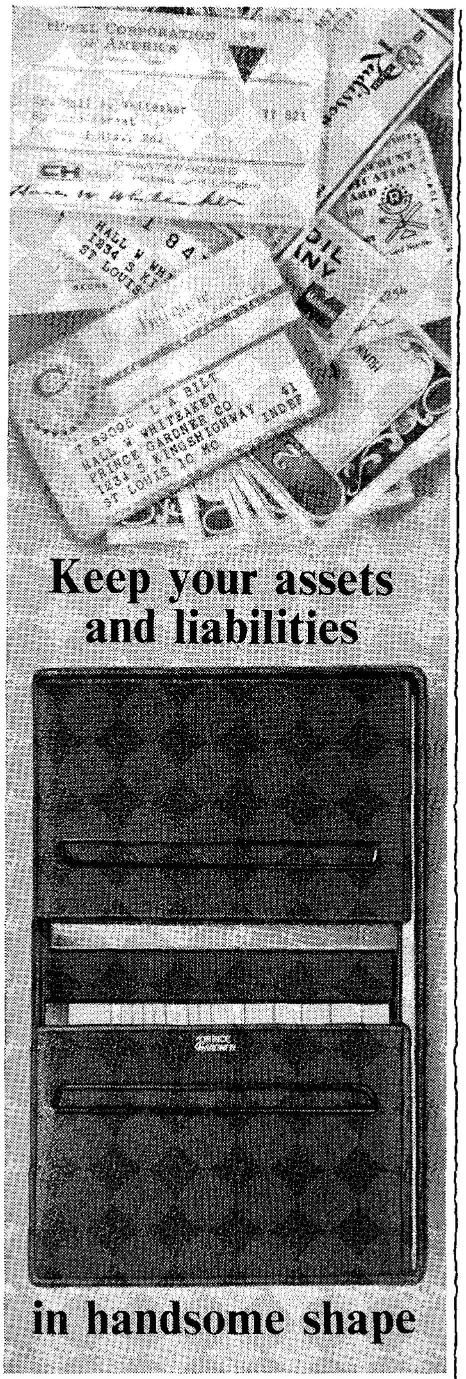

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scape gardener's plan of a marigold garden, more sample packets of seed, more glossy prints, and, finally, a publicity release from a Washington firm called Earle Palmer Brown & Associates. As I have said before in these pages, I like marigolds, I grow marigolds, and I defend them against those who find the sharp herbal odor of their foliage offensive. I happen to enjoy this spicy aroma, especially in the modified form arrived at by the Burpee hybridists. I was also pleased as well as entertained, a couple of years back, when Mr. Burpee in person went to Washington, bearing marigold boutonnières for the legislators, and, at a Congressional hearing on naming a national flower, faced down the Senatorial proponents of grass, the corn tassel, the rose, and the carnation; I agreed with him that none of these four nominations was suitable. The rose is the national flower of England and seven other nations; the corn tassel is not a true flower but only one part of the corn's blossom; the carnation, as the word is used in this country, connotes chiefly the florists' hothouse flower, which is a hybrid of the garden pink, or dianthus, a plant native mostly to the northern sections of the Old World, including Russia; as for grass, its flower is inconspicuous and, to quote Mr. Burpee, "Who wants a national flower you can walk on?" But to my mind the arguments against the marigold are equally cogent. It is an annual, not a perennial with the staying power a national symbol should have; many people dislike the scent of its leaves; the chief garden varieties are commonly, if erroneously, known as French marigolds and African marigolds. Actually, both are Mexican. However, I did not worry unduly about our transmuting an Aztec flower into an American one until I received that publicity release. It started off with nothing more alarming than these press-agent headlines:

> AMERICAN MARIGOLDS
> FOR NATIONAL FLOWER
> Lobbyist Uses Marigold Petals of
> Influence to Pressure Congress

Reading on, though, I was startled by the announcement that bills nominating the "American" marigold had been introduced by Senator Everett Dirksen (R., Ill.) and Representative Willard S. Curtin (R., Pa.). Lately, the Congress has been engaged in more urgent matters, but one can never tell when the silly season will set in on Capitol Hill or when our legislators will want to take a breather from the Cold War. I hurried to my faithful reference books, "Hortus Second" and "Taylor's Encyclopedia," to be sure of my facts in

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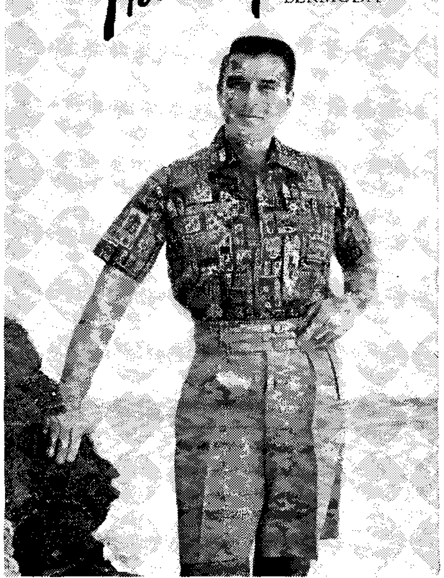

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2. Mr. J.R.D. Tata, who is AIR-INDIA's chairman of the board, made the world's first solo flight from London to India in 1930. (This is *almost* a give-away.)

3. Today you can fly from New York to London on AIR-INDIA Jets in only 6½ hours, and be pampered lavishly as a potentate all the way. (Not much of a clue, but it's an awfully good idea.)

4. AIR-INDIA has more than 70 offices in 37 countries throughout the world. A little juggling with figures could give you the answer right now.

5. Each hostess aboard AIR-INDIA has a wardrobe of at least six silk-and-gold Indian saris. Add this number to the average age of the hostesses (which, of course, it would be ungallant to tell)—and, by George, you've almost got it!

6. AIR-INDIA's transatlantic service from New York is now in its third year, and has become so popular that service has been increased to seven flights a week. (Three times seven, plus nine . . . ?)

7. On new jet economy group fares, when you travel with an eligible group of 25 or more, you can fly round-trip New York to London for only $300; round-trip to Paris, for $326. (Removal of *one* digit from one of these numbers will give you the answer—that is, if you're not already on your way to Europe.)

8. All of AIR-INDIA's pilots have a minimum of ten years' flying experience; many have distinguished Air Force records; some have been with AIR-INDIA for as long as 20 years. (If nothing else, this gives you a clue to our record of dependability.)

9. This year 200,000 passengers throughout the world will bask in the luxury of AIR-INDIA's fabled maharajah service. (Will one of them be *you?* That makes it 200,001—and also gives you a combination of numbers that adds up to the answer!)

10. Should any of our friends care to send a commemorative anniversary remembrance, a gift of pearls would be entirely appropriate. (This is your final clue. We might add that we wouldn't be at all offended if you took it as a *hint.*)

Send in your entry now!

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Having read the contest clues, I have cleverly deduced that AIR-INDIA is ___ 15, ___ 20, ___ 25, ___ 30, ___ 40, years old.

If I've got it right, I claim as my prize a genuine maharajah ___ tie-tack ___ pin. *P. S. Sorry about the pearls.*

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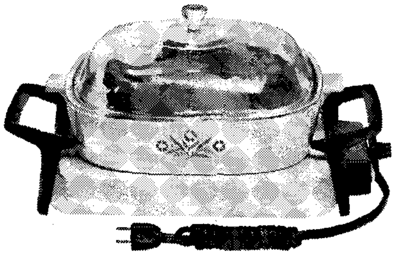

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controverting the claims made by Mr. Burpee's Washington "Associates." The release, a folksy document, is composed mostly of purported quotes from the Marigold Master, or, as it describes him, "the gardener's mail-order green thumb." Well, in the supposed words of Mr. Green Thumb, who surely knows better, "American marigolds is [sic] the most appropriate candidate to represent the United States, botanically." Yet both Liberty Hyde Bailey and Norman Taylor say that all four species of *Tagetes*, the plant we have hybridized into garden marigolds, originated in Mexico. "American marigolds," continues the Green Thumb, "are native to the American Continent only." But *two* continents are involved, for Liberty Hyde Bailey states that *Tagetes* is now to be found growing wild from New Mexico to Argentina. The release winds up with a bit of homely advice singularly inappropriate to so confused a document: " 'It helps clear a man's mind to get his hands in the soil,' advises the sixty-eight-year-old seedman."

Feeling as I do about the marigold as the flower of the United States, I've decided to start a flower lobby of my own. I thought of nominating the moccasin flower (or lady's-slipper), our handsomest native orchid—it would be a nice tribute to our earliest inhabitants—but the moccasin flower does not grow in all our states. May I therefore suggest the humble but glorious goldenrod, which grows wild in every state of the Union and spreads its cheerful gold in August and September from Maine to the Pacific, from Canada to Florida and New Mexico? It is as sturdy and as various as our population; there is delicate dwarf goldenrod, silver goldenrod, tall yellow goldenrod in a multitude of forms and shapes—spikes, plumes, and panicles of native gold. "Hortus Second" lists fifty-five species, only *one* of which is not native to the United States, and one or another of these fifty-four grows in every sort of soil. Descend into a bog and there, growing wild, is goldenrod; climb a mountain and there, between the crevices of boulders, is goldenrod; follow the shore of the sea and goldenrod gleams along the edge of the sands; drive along our highways from coast to coast in August and September and the fields and ditches are bright with goldenrod, unless the state you are driving through has destroyed them with chemical sprays. The very ubiquity of the flower has given it a bad name as an irritant to hay-fever victims, but I've recently read that it is the ragweed and flowering grasses growing alongside goldenrod

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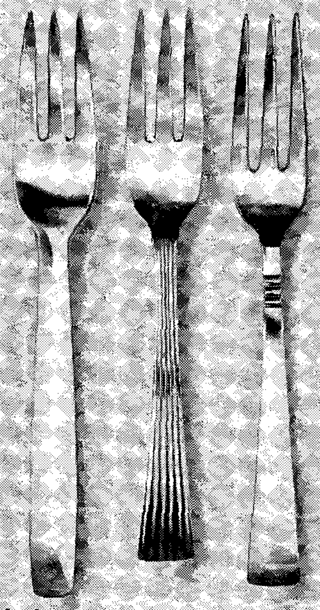

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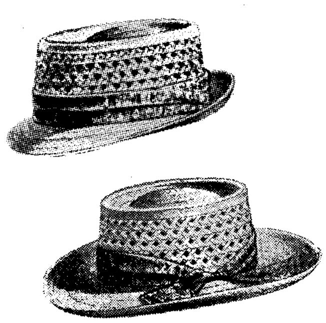
that are the villains during the late-summer hay-fever season. The goldenrod also has the great advantage—if it were to be our national flower—of owing nothing to man, of enriching no seed company, or companies, and of being as wild as our national bird, the eagle. Canaries, like marigolds, presumably thrive in all fifty states, yet no one would dream of nominating the canary as the national bird.

Who, for lack of a garden, hasn't gathered armfuls of goldenrod to bring cheer into a bleak summer cottage or camp? Who, even *with* a garden, hasn't put a jar of goldenrod or asters on the porch in August? Thus, we think of it as common, yet goldenrod, whose Latin name is *Solidago*, is not a humble flower. It must have been taken to England from North America by one of the early British plant explorers, for American goldenrod has long held a cherished place in many an English herbaceous border. Now, ironically, it is being exported back to us and offered in the nursery catalogues as something very special. You may this year buy, at $1.50 a plant, from Wayside Gardens (Mentor, Ohio), whose catalogue is a dollar-fifty, a hybrid variety called Solidago Primrose Cascade. The Wayside catalogue describes it as "a must." This may be a hybrid of the one European species, but I doubt it, for American wild flowers, sent to England in the nineteenth century and earlier, became a craze with the most opulent of the Victorian flower gardeners.

Goldenrod has many unusual uses. It can be made into a crown of gold for a Harvest Queen or a necklace for a child. Sewn onto a white bedsheet, it makes excellent cloth of gold. I lay under just such a sumptuous covering one summer day in my early teens when there was a regatta on Lake Chocorua. This was in that almost forgotten era before children were sent off to camp, when summer pastimes for the young were innocently contrived at home. On that bright New Hampshire mountain day so long ago, a parade of decorated canoes and rowboats was the first event in an afternoon of water sports, and, like every other family on the lake, we wanted to be in the parade. My sisters and I began the day by gathering bucketfuls of goldenrod, which my aunt spent the morning stitching onto a sheet in an intricate pattern—no stems or leaves showing, only the plumy golden blooms.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, must again intrude upon this report, for he was responsible for our flowery cloth of gold and, in part, for my regatta-day ordeal.



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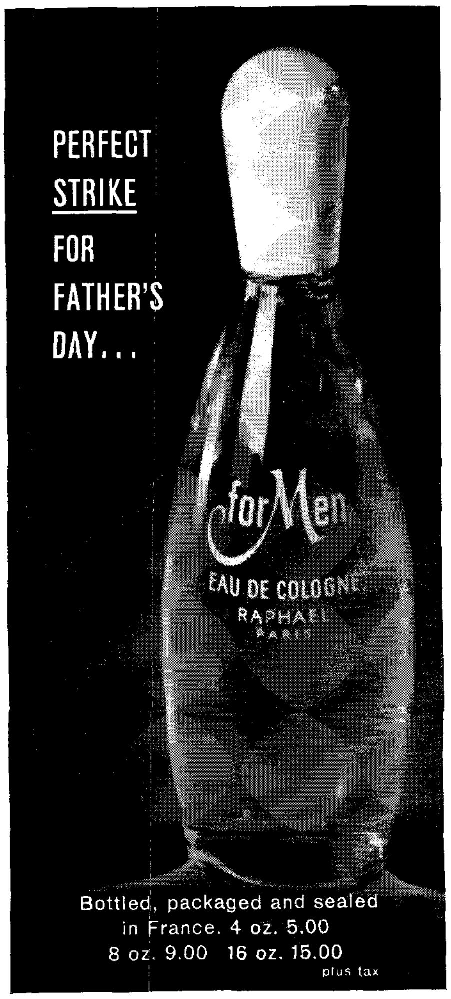
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His intrusion is not wholly inappropriate to a discussion of flowers, since Geoffrey Taylor points out that although Tennyson's Queen had little interest in flowers, her Poet Laureate was the most garden-conscious of all the Victorian poets. Perhaps this was why he was so much read by my nineteenth-century garden-loving elders and why it was entirely natural for the family to decide to make our canoe represent the death barge that carried "Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,/ Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat" down the river to Camelot, bearing in her white hand her last message to Lancelot, who, to his shame, at the moment loved only "the wild Queen" Guinevere. So while Aunt Caroline sewed, the rest of us were busy all morning draping our green Morris canoe in black and devising costumes for Elaine and the dumb oarsman. I, only because I was the smallest and weighed the least and had the fairest hair, was to be Elaine, dressed in white cheesecloth, and my father, cloaked in black, the spellbound oarsman. (I remember swathing a peaked Mexican straw hat with my big black silk middy-blouse tie, to make a suitably lugubrious covering for his bald head.) We had taken a heavy wooden bathhouse door off its hinges and laid it on top of the gunwales of the canoe, leaving open only the stern seat. So, after my sisters had covered my summer-tanned face and arms with a heavy coating of white talcum powder, to achieve the pallor of a defunct lily maid, I was gingerly laid out on the door and my long hair, which I usually wore in pigtails, was spread out under my shoulders. My arms were crossed on my breast, the letter to Sir Lancelot was placed in my right hand, and the goldenrod cloth of gold was drawn up over me and my bathhouse-door pallet. Then it became my father's terrible task to seat himself in the stern and paddle this top-heavy, teetery craft and his youngest daughter a mile or more, from the head of the big lake, where we lived, through the narrows to the small lake, where the regatta was assembling. The sun beat down upon us, and my powdered face and nose grew redder and redder. My father couldn't stand the weight and heat of his hat, so he laid it at my feet. A light breeze sprang up, and the overladen canoe became even harder to handle. His usually cheerful round face was soon as "haggard" as the oarsman's of the poem, and he constantly cautioned me not to move a muscle. I didn't; I was scared stiff. As we drew in sight of the judges' float, my father resumed his peaked hat, and I, closing my eyes, put on what I hoped was a demurely love-

Photograph by Carroll Seghers II from "Adventures in Williamsburg"

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Now a favorite source of fun, the pillory of Williamsburg was certainly not always so. A day in its all-too-solid embrace was quite enough to dampen the spirits of the boisterous colonial offender or to stay the wagging tongues of gossips. The pillory and hundreds of buildings, streets, squares and gardens are symbols of the colonial way of life: a way of life which surrounds you every day in Williamsburg, capital of colonial Virginia. Here *lives* the eighteenth century. Come soon and see.

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Write Dept. N5

lorn expression. Then we circled endlessly in the parade. At one point, the oarsman removed the letter from my tanned fingers (all the powder by now had melted away), paddled up to the float, and handed it to one of the judges, who read it aloud to his colleagues, just as King Arthur read out Elaine's message to his assembled knights:

> "Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the
> Lake,
> I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,
> Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
> Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
> I loved you, and my love had no return,
> And therefore my true love has been my
> death."

Without this message, I fear we would not have been recognized and would not have won first prize. For years, I kept it—a framed photograph of Mount Chocorua with the lake at its foot—*knowing all along that it was my aunt's* lovingly sewn goldenrod cloth of gold that had won it for us.

My seed order to Burpee this year, in spite of those gift packets, included a packet of Climax Marigolds in mixed colors. These are the current Burpee F_1 hybrids of the tall Aztec marigold strain, and I wouldn't be without them. In September and October, their tall double blossoms are a part of our autumn scene, outdoors and in, for I often put a big copper jar of them in the living *room* just before the killing frosts come on. The three brand-new 1962 Burpee marigolds are Orange Glow, with quilled sunflowerlike blossoms; Penn State, with gold flowers that imitate chrysanthemums; and Primrose Climax, a soft primrose-yellow hybrid in the Climax series, and a real beauty. There are dozens of other sorts, too, filling six pages of the catalogue—the Miracles, the White Golds, the Carnation-Flowered, the Chrysanthemum-Flowered, the Sun Giants, the French Dwarf Singles, the Dwarf Doubles, and the Pygmy Doubles. I love them all—but please, ladies and gentlemen of the Congress, *not* for our national flower!

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

In New York, while readying for England and France, Bee Lillie and Franklin Lacey hosted a party for "Oh Dad, Poor Closet and I'm Feeling So Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Sad." I detested the play when I read it in book form.—*Sheilah Graham in the Durham* (*N. C.*) *Morning Herald.*

Play's not much, but it's got a catchy title.

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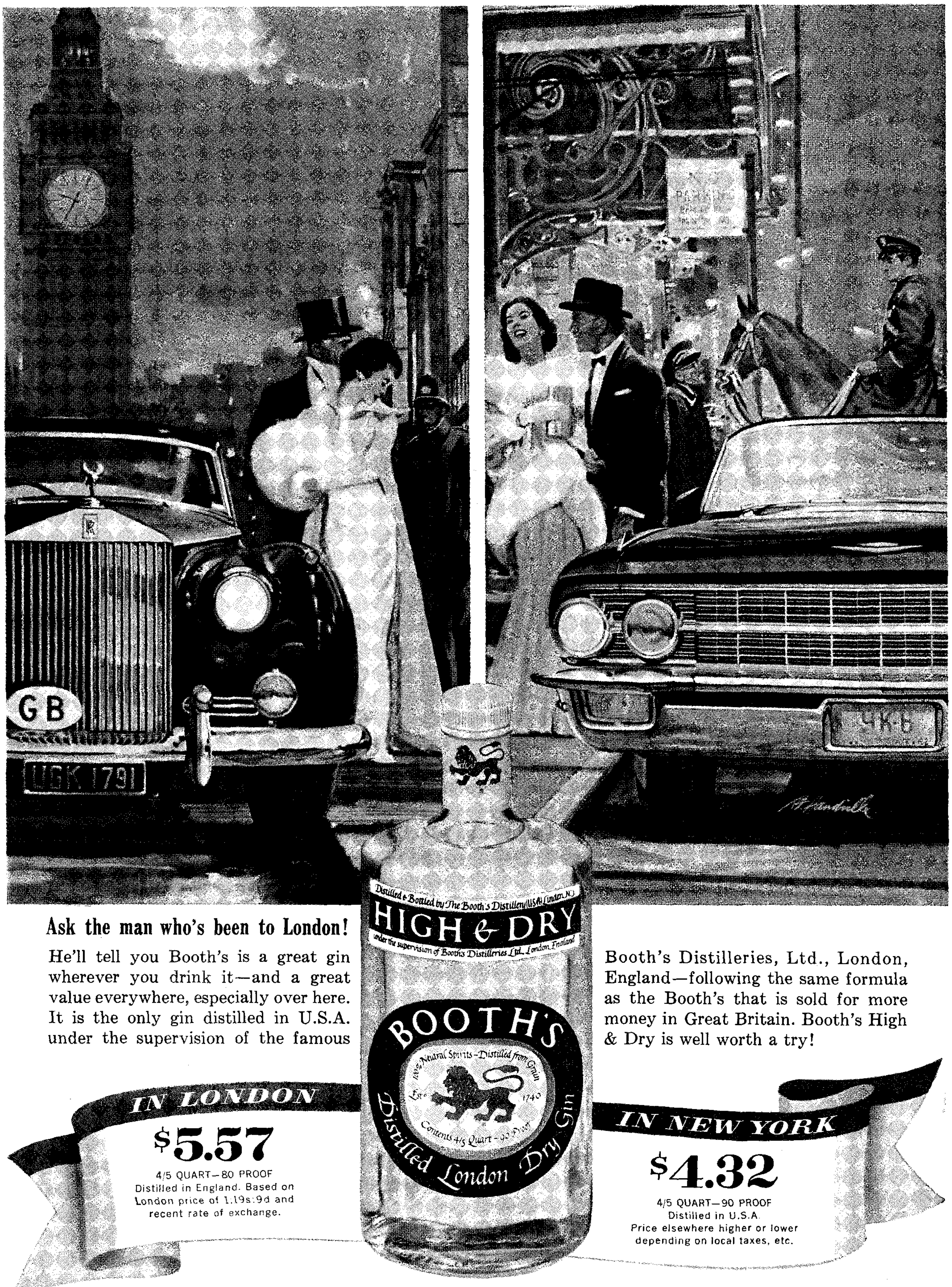
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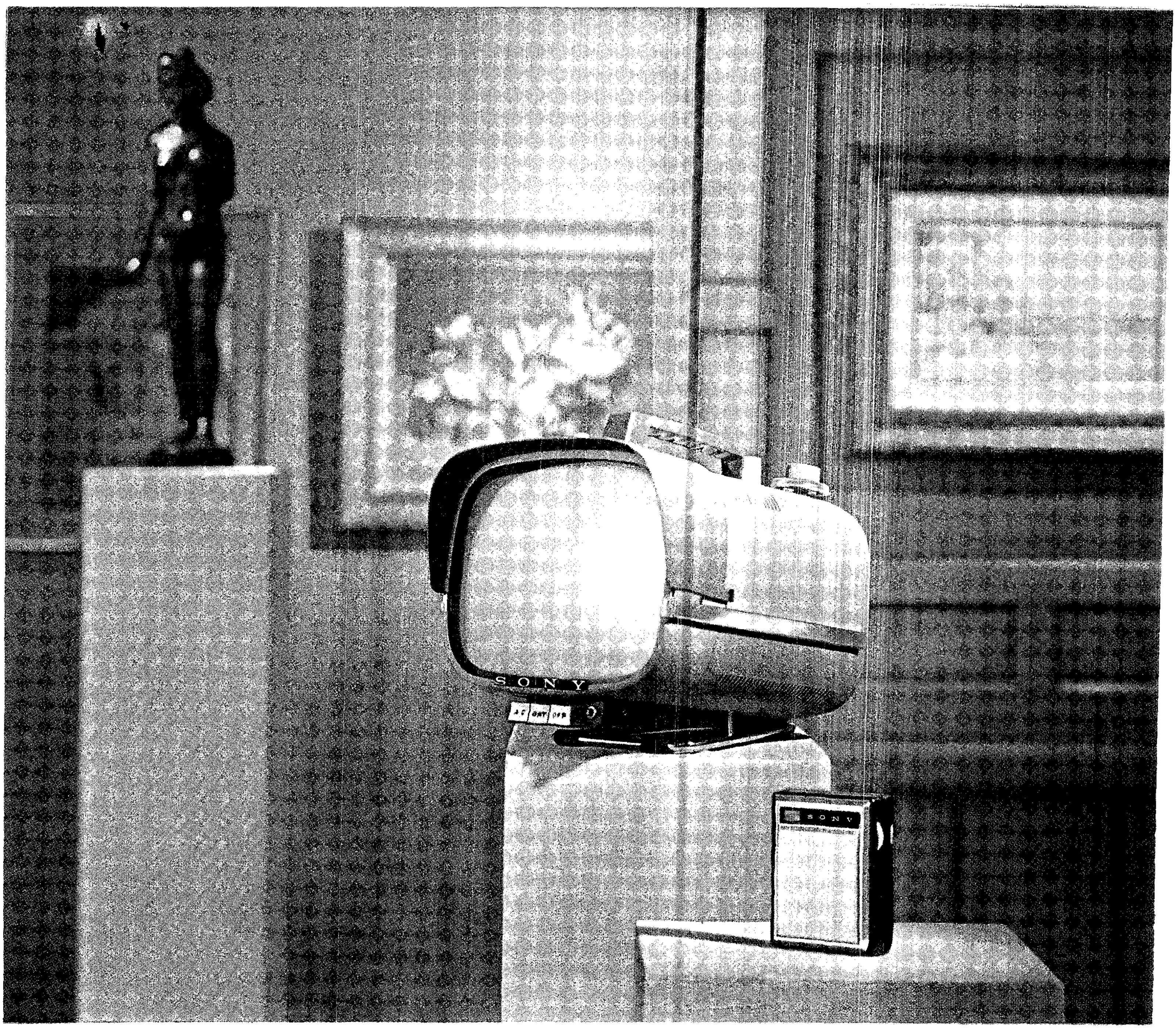

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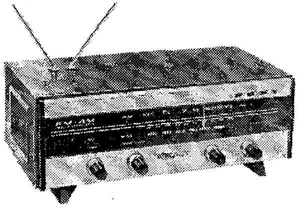

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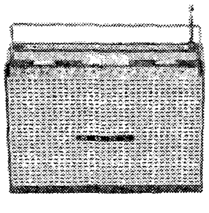

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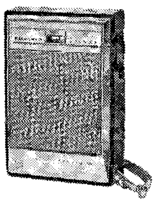

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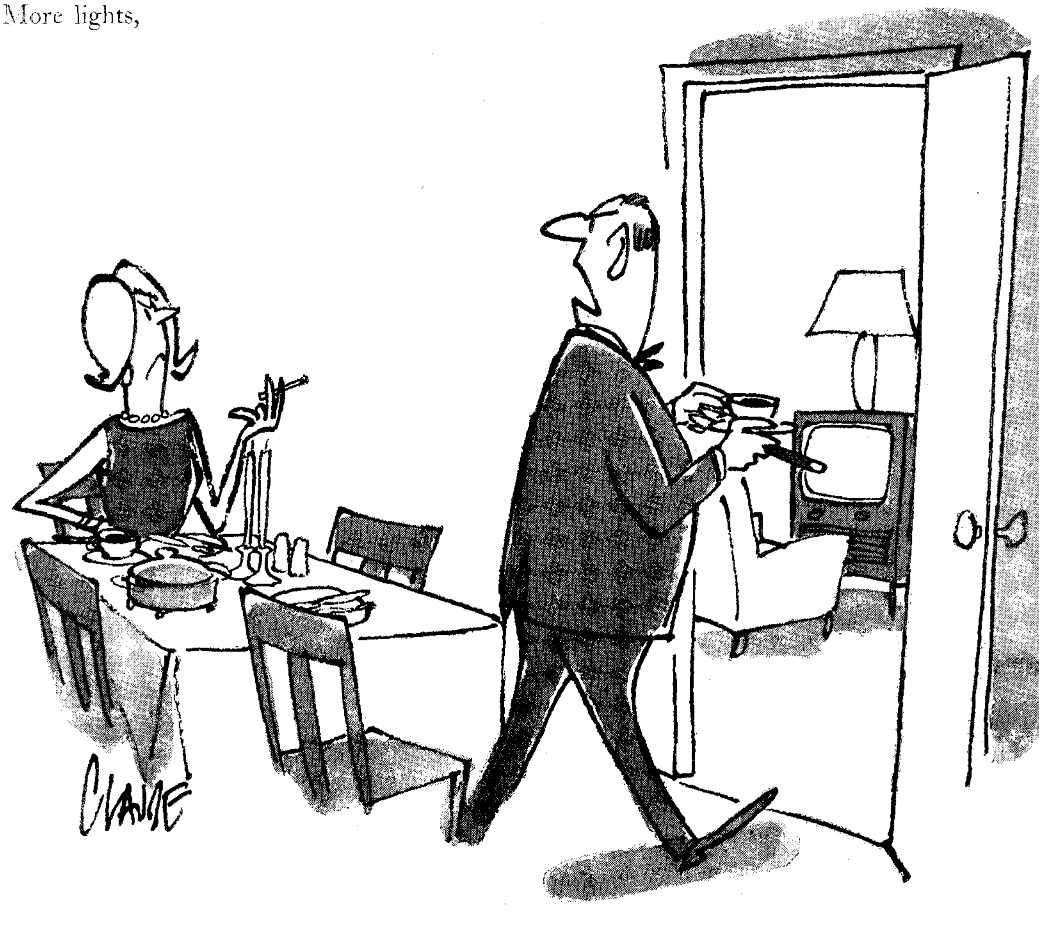
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

ROBERT BROWN, the Stephen Dedalus of "Ulysses in Nighttown," is once more appearing as Dedalus, at the Martinique, in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which is less an adaptation of the novel than a selection and arrangement of episodes from it, and also from "Stephen Hero," the original version of it. The selecting and arranging were done by Frederic Ewen, Phoebe Brand, and John Randolph; Miss Brand directed. To answer, first of all, the most important question for anyone who loves the book, no theatrical hokum has been added. And it certainly does play. Joyce's lines are, of course, brilliant and eloquent, and the arrangement of the incidents is such that they build logically to the climax of Stephen's break with the Church and with his priest-ridden existence in Ireland. At the opening of the play, the theatre is dark; a spotlight picks up Mr. Brown, who recites the first words of the book and then introduces the episode of the Christmas dinner. More lights, and the actors who play Mr. and Mrs. Dedalus, Mr. Casey, and Dante Riordan are revealed as living statues on a platform behind him. They snap to and move down, carrying furniture with them. Soon they are seated around the Christmas table, noisily quarrelling about Parnell. Some of the scenes are connected, and others—such as the one showing the effect on Stephen of the Rector of Belvedere's hellfire sermon—are isolated. It must be particularly difficult to have to play a character who is already entirely alive in the imagination of most of the audience, and even now, I can't tell how much of Stephen Mr. Brown supplied and how much I did. But I do know that he never got in the way, and he seemed right—eager, sensitive, resilient, and cagey. I also admired Sarah Cunningham, as Mrs. Dedalus (her two conversations with her son, the first about Ibsen and the second about his loss of faith, goes well); Michael Kane somewhat less, as both Mr. Dedalus and the Rector of Belvedere; and, most of all in the supporting cast, the remarkable Clayton Corzatte, of the Association of Producing Artists, who, as Cranly, the subtle and nimble-witted defender of the Church and mother love, makes as great a contribution to the moving final scene as does Mr. Brown. Miss Brand's direction is modest and satisfactory. Her "Portrait" doesn't exactly take off, but the genius of Joyce comes through.

"The Barroom Monks," by Joseph Carroll, which starts the evening off, is a rather touching one-acter that is too sentimental and too pat to be convincing. It concerns a priest—a drunkard who is not unfrocked, he says firmly, but who is visibly uncollared and has been relieved of his pastoral duties. The setting is a bar, where, in the course of the action, he perhaps takes the first step out of alcoholism, or perhaps is just temporarily brought to himself, through the kindness of the old saloonkeeper and the stubborn loyalty, tact, and strength of a young medical student, who refuse to share his contempt for himself and the Church. I'm not sure that I get the point, but that is what I think it is. Even though the story falters occasionally, much of the dialogue is quite good—sometimes funny and mocking, sometimes affectionate or sad or bitter. At other times, it is pretty inside stuff on Catholicism. Except for Mr. Corzatte again, who, as the medical student, often seems to hold the play together by hypnotic force, and who can get every shade of meaning and color out of a line, I found the performances unimpressive. Michael Kane plays the priest; Neil Fitzgerald, who is good in a couple of small parts in "Portrait," plays the saloonkeeper; and Sarah Cunningham plays a rather unlikely widow (it is a rather unlikely part) who tries to pick the priest up and whose combined shame and reverence, once she discovers her mistake, get through to him. Miss Brand directed this one, too.—EDITH OLIVER



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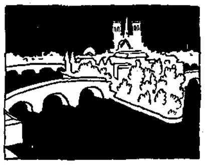
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 31



THE eight-day trial in the Cour d'Assises of the terrorist leader, ex-General Raoul Salan, was peculiarly monotonous, considering who he was and what was at stake. But its last half hour, before midnight Thursday, rang a sudden change. The finale was grotesque, bringing such an unexpected somersaulting of values that it became horribly ludicrous, as if justice itself had been posed upside down. In that tense, silent, animal moment when the courtroom waited for the verdict of life or death, the presiding judge declared "in the name of the French people" that the Military High Tribunal had answered yes to Questions One, Two, Three, Four, and Five, which all affirmed the prisoner's guilt, and yes to Question Six, the most important, which—had he been heard to finish his phrase—conceded extenuating circumstances. His words were lost but their meaning was comprehended in the violent partisan uproar of surprise and joy over the fact that Salan's head had been saved. Those who felt only a sickening shock sat silent, as if stunned by disbelief, or robbed. French pandemonium filled the courtroom. It was led, like a personal triumph, by Salan's stentor-voiced chief lawyer, who bellowed to the bench "*Merci, ah, merci!*" and embraced the prisoner, who leaned down from the box white-faced, astonished. His frenzied devotees, standing at the back of the courtroom, screamed "*Algérie Française!*" and were joined by many black-robed Palais lawyers, filling the aisles as if for the last act in a theatre. Some voices rose in "Le Chant Africain," the O.A.S. song; then came, inevitably, an ensemble shouting of "La Marseillaise." During all this hurly-burly, the nine members of the bench sat blank-faced, as if themselves amazed at what their pondered decision had wrought. Only after their unceremonious departure was it learned that in substitution for death Salan had been sentenced to life in prison. In court, as in Algeria, he had provided the most chaotic scene ever known there.

By the Friday newspapers of Paris and the Western world the Salan verdict was treated with dismay as an O.A.S. victory. (In a unique exception here, it was complacently interpreted as "the gesture of appeasement that Paris

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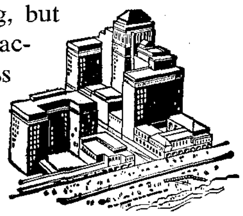

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and Algeria had awaited" by *Le Parisien Libéré*, which is an occasional apologist for the O.A.S. and has the biggest circulation of any morning paper in Paris.) *Il Giorno*, of Rome, editorially called it "an ugly epilogue to an ugly trial, a verdict of justice given by soiled hands to a prisoner without a soul." Moscow's *Izvestia* called it "a demogogic scandal." The London *Times*, in alarm, gave its Friday leading editorial to the matter, deploring the verdict's implication of "patriotism and courage" as O.A.S. elements. It added that "the main danger is probably in France, where attempts to destroy General de Gaulle will redouble," without specifying whether it meant physical or political destruction, and perhaps meaning both, in view of the elaborate O.A.S. plot to assassinate him in the Limoges Cathedral the week before last. Certainly the outcome of the Salan trial, being political, damaged de Gaulle politically. The Friday-morning headline of the Socialist *Populaire* scathingly announced, "THE MILITARY HIGH TRIBUNAL CONDEMNS A GENERAL—BUT IT IS DE GAULLE!"

The majority of French opinion has been shocked and disgusted by the weak Salan verdict, like a last straw after the Gaullist Republic's cautious evasion of forceful tactics against the renegade officers when there was still time—when these dangerous Army generals and mad colonels had not yet created their uncontrollable private Algerian civil war. Ironically, de Gaulle was also greatly displeased with his Military High Tribunal for not giving Salan the death sentence, and over the weekend simply dissolved it (though it had taken his Presidential decree to set it up). Being nonexistent, it could not fulfill its special Monday task—and this is brutal irony indeed—of trying the youths who, one night last September, had attempted to assassinate de Gaulle on his road home to Colombey. This would seem an unconscionably long wait before getting around to trying would-be assassins of the head of state. It appears that the repercussions of the Salan verdict over the weekend caused an extreme confusion in the top echelons of what the French call the *juridiction répressive*. According to the same Presidential decree that created de Gaulle's Military High Tribunal, supposedly to deal rapidly and realistically with O.A.S. crimes, no appeal can be made from its verdicts. Yet the lawyers of ex-General Jouhaud, who was condemned to death last month by that very tribunal, have just given the Court of Appeals his demand for retrial. The main new development since

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he was tried is a legislative motion for general amnesty for French political criminals—like the amnesty already given to Algerian Arab rebels. This project has so far only been entered as a bill in the Paris Parliament, with nothing like enough deputy backers to make it a law, but it is at least a talking point for Jouhaud's head. The same retrial privilege, on the same amnesty basis, has also just been claimed by two Foreign Legion deserters who, under O.A.S. orders, murdered a French police commissioner. It has been assumed even in semi-official circles that Salan's not having been given the death sentence as O.A.S. chief makes the execution of his subordinate Jouhaud morally impossible. De Gaulle is reportedly taking another view. While the French public was arguing about whether he could, would, or should pardon Jouhaud and Salan—whose death sentence was taken for granted—it seems that General de Gaulle had already decided that both these murderous former high officers, as a balance of justice, must be executed for their appalling crimes against people and against the person of France. Salan has upset the balance.

The public's great unsatisfied curiosity following Salan's trial lay in wondering what in the name of God—a name more than once mentioned during the last of the proceedings—could have served the Tribunal as extenuating circumstances. Legal circles say that it may well have been the brilliant bombshell that Maître Tixier-Vignancour launched on the eighth afternoon, when he theatrically declared, "The Parliamentary commission considering the amnesty bill met yesterday. Think, Messieurs, of your drama of conscience if, a week after General Salan has fallen before a French firing squad, an amnesty law is passed. For the rest of your lives you could not wipe away your remorse!" It is also conceivable that Salan's silence during the trial oddly served to save him. By his speechlessness, he became somehow partly absent; his muteness protected him, in a curious way, from intimate identification with what was said against him, as if, being dumb, he was also deaf and beyond reach. In contrast to the Jouhaud trial, no prosecution witnesses were presented who were still crippled from the O.A.S. sidewalk murderers' guns. Among the pro-Salan witnesses in plenitude there was signally the influential Mme. la Maréchale de Lattre de Tassigny, with her loyal, meandering reminiscences of her husband fifteen years ago in Indo-China, which she somehow draped around Salan, then at de Tassigny's

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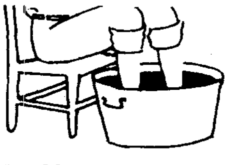

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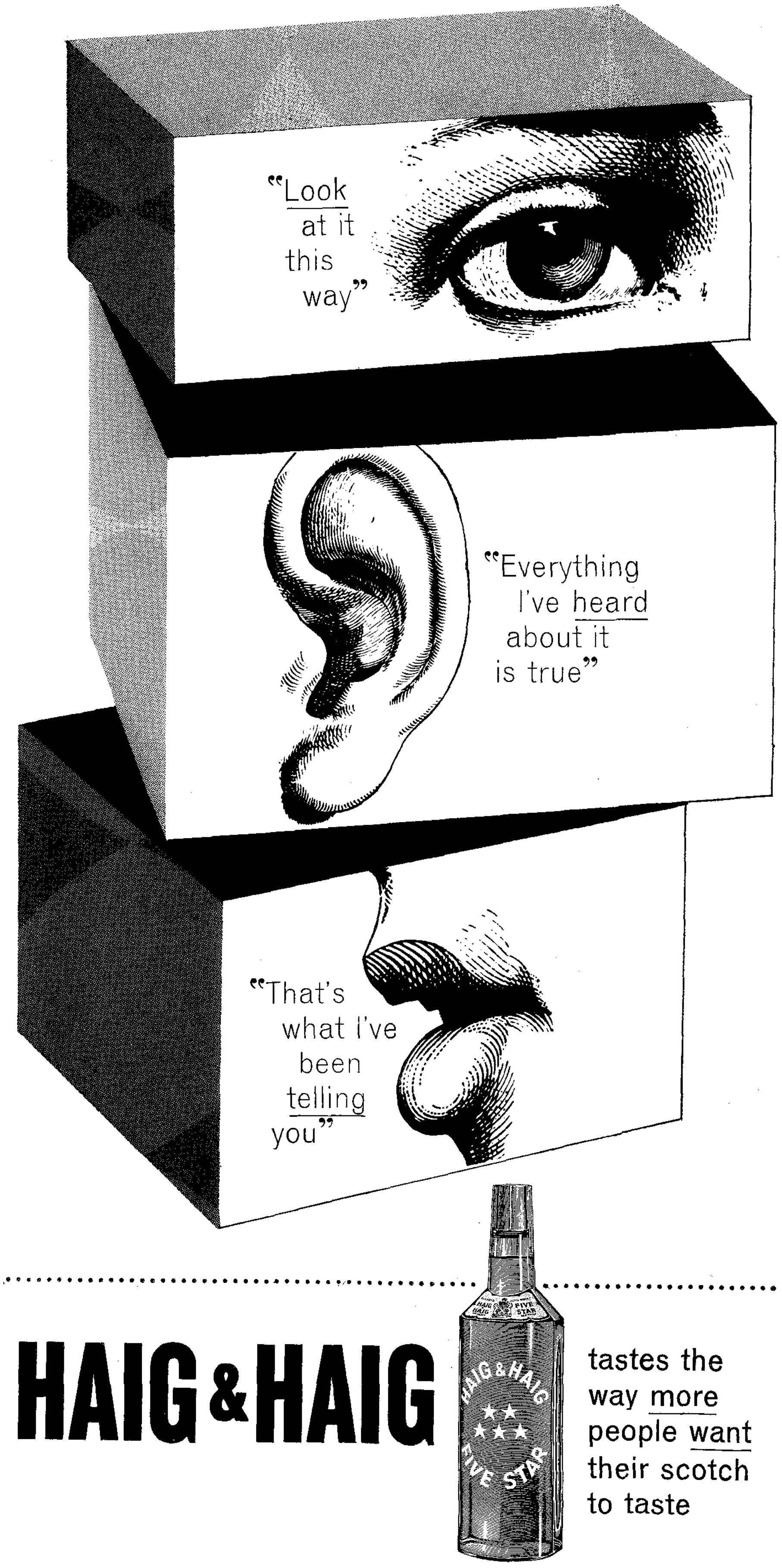
side—the mandarinlike, already untalkative youngish French general of top standing. A pair of big-brass witnesses also spoke endearingly of Salan's patriotic past, bringing it nicely to life. It was as if Salan's career had been arbitrarily cut in two, and only Part I, which was estimable, was used in court, whereas Part II, bloodied over in this past year alone by more than two thousand murders in Algeria, mostly of Moslems, committed under his command, was never featured. Another omission was that in neither the Jouhaud nor the Salan trial was it ever mentioned what the Algerian natives were fighting for—their independence. Both were modern political trials that willfully omitted contemporary history.

The most important witness was de Gaulle's former Prime Minister, Michel Debré, who in defending himself and de Gaulle even defended Salan, in a way. To the outlandish suggestion (nor was it new) that Debré shared a moral responsibility for Salan and the other insurgent generals by having written, in 1957, as a rather obscure opposition senator in the Fourth Republic, that insurrection for *Algérie Française* was legitimate—as, indeed, it then was—Debré said, nostalgically, candidly, "*Algérie Française!* Who has not hoped for it over the last twenty years?" That it had profoundly "troubled consciences" and caused "bitter difficulties" was self-evident, he said, looking over the court. "*Hélas*, the world has evolved," he went on, decolonization having achieved such force and value that nations resisting it found themselves outside the pale. With Morocco and Tunisia having been given independent status before de Gaulle "was charged with the national destiny in 1958," Debré said, he decided in 1959 that Algeria's self-determination was legitimate and necessary, and in 1961 the French people's massive referendum made it law. This mention of the referendum aroused such a protesting mutter among the pro-Salan standees that the presiding judge threatened to clear the court. "If only one could do



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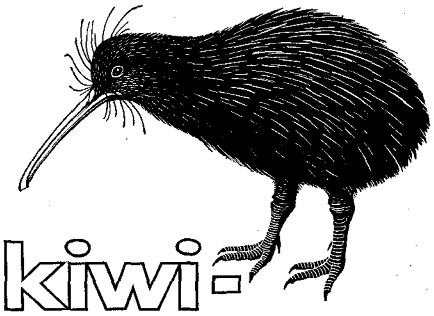

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that in Parliament," Debré was heard to comment. After the cease-fire, he said, only two paths in Algeria were possible—"the road to reason and the road to folly." Looking coldly at the prisoner, he concluded, "The latter has led to blind criminal terrorism." But Debré's admission that the preservation of *Algérie Française* had been a deep emotional desire and a bitter problem had benefited Salan. He benefited, too, from the testimony of a certain debonair young captain, seven years on combat duty in Algeria, who said explosively of the F.L.N. *fellagha*, "He is a man who cuts everything—trees, roads, a nose, ears, hands, heads." Toward the end of that last tense day in court, Salan's secondary defense lawyer said, in his final, ultra-emotional speech, "It would be impious to take your life. If you must perish, you will mount the cross. But it is we who will be crucified. I salute you, *mon général*, and I cry to you '*Merci, mon général! Adieu, mon général!*'" The prosecuting attorney (who was suffering from a bad bout of sciatica and remained seated during most of his nearly two-hour final address, formally rising only at the end) with refined euphemism did not mention the word "death" in demanding it but referred to it as "the only irreversible punishment." His last words to the prisoner were regarded by many listeners as dubious theology and also as clearly ineffectual legal oratory, since they failed of their aim. Having pleaded with Salan to speak, if only to express his repentance, the prosecutor ended thus: "Do you not fear that, when your hour comes, God Himself, before your unremitting obstinacy—that God Himself will not deign to wipe the tears from your eyes?"

WALL STREET's recovery on Tuesday, after Monday's heavy blow, launched what French financial circles called "*un véritable boom*" on the Paris Bourse. The Wednesday rise here was as violent as the fall the day before, and sometimes much more extended, with certain favored stocks gaining ten per cent over their closing prices on Tuesday, and almost all matching their levels of the previous Friday, before commotion began. Among the stocks that have risen strongly are Banque d'Indochine, Banque de Paris, Peugeot (as against Simca, which drooped somewhat), and Rhone-Poulenc, which is in part aspirin and in greater part construction materials and investment corporations. Petroleum was very healthy in its rise; Saint-Gobain, the great glass-and-chemical complex, advanced from 356 to 385; and something listed on the Bourse sim-

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ply as Dynamite, and probably just that, hopped from 380 to 399. Uniprix, the counterpart of our Woolworth stores, and increasingly spreading in popularity here, went from an already high 1,297 to 1,410. (All these quotations are in New Francs, naturally.) Certain chemical products still remain definitely off, and also textiles, but electrical materials advanced strongly. Among international listings here, American General Electric moved from 308.50 to 329.50, and Standard Oil of New Jersey from 234 to 248, maybe doing better as expatriates than back home. The dollar was steady.

On Wednesday, *Le Figaro* featured an editorial titled "1962 N'est Pas 1929" by Professor Raymond Aron, of the Sorbonne—rather the French Walter Lippmann, and a familiar observer of the American scene—who stated, in part, that the American budget imbalance was what had first shaken confidence in the dollar. "Since all conceivable therapies were set aside by the Kennedy administration, either for political or for economic reasons, inaction was the result, with the vague hope of progressive recovery," he wrote. "To evoke 1929 is not without utility if it is interpreted as a warning or as a call to action. But it would be deplorable to recall the past with the intention only of envisaging a catastrophe that the prophets of gloom will help bring back, whereas nothing in the facts authorizes considering it a probability." For the American tourists already here who know French, and thought they knew Wall Street, this made fairly pleasant reading.

—GENÊT

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—*Dayton* (*Ohio*) *Daily News.*

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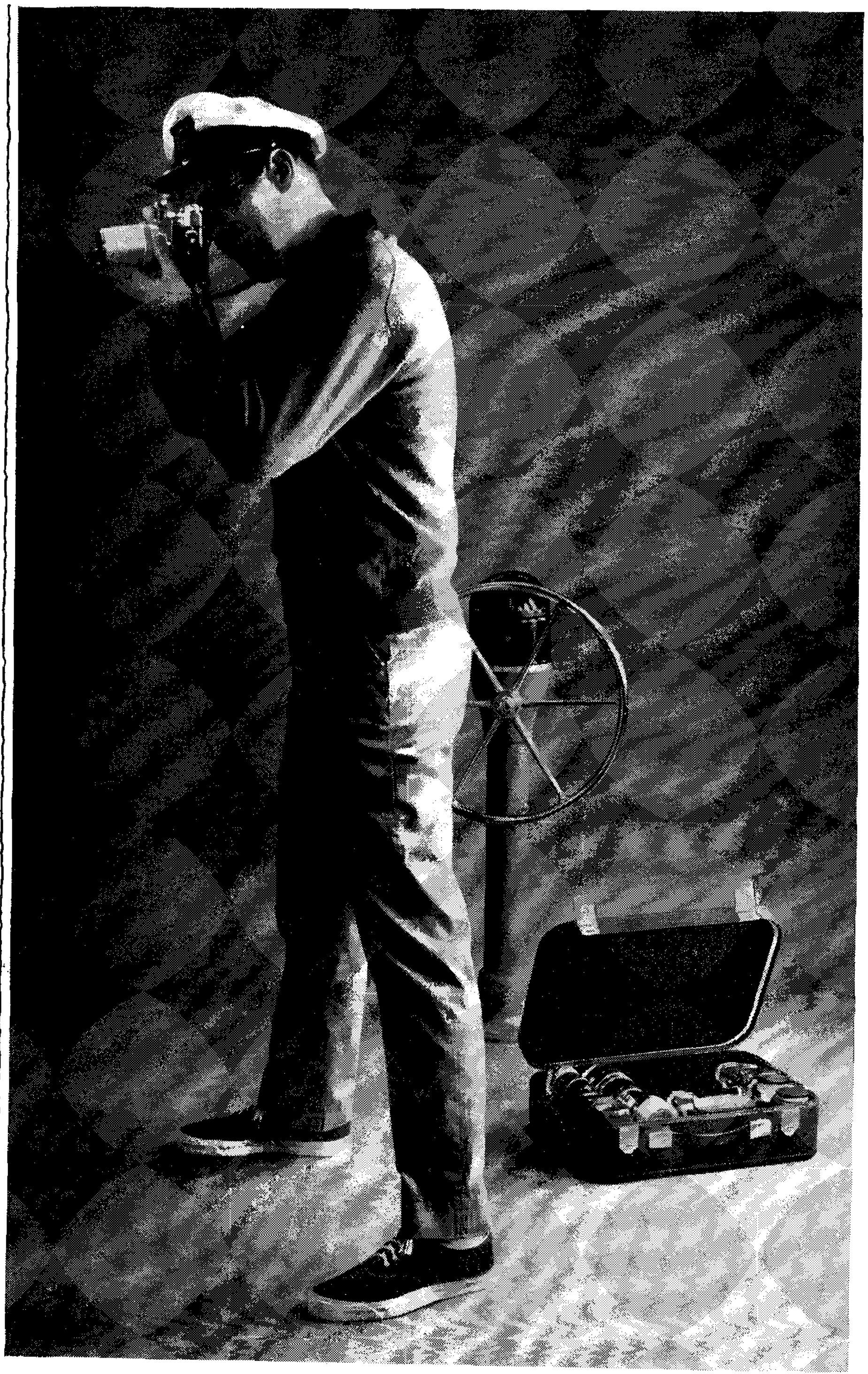

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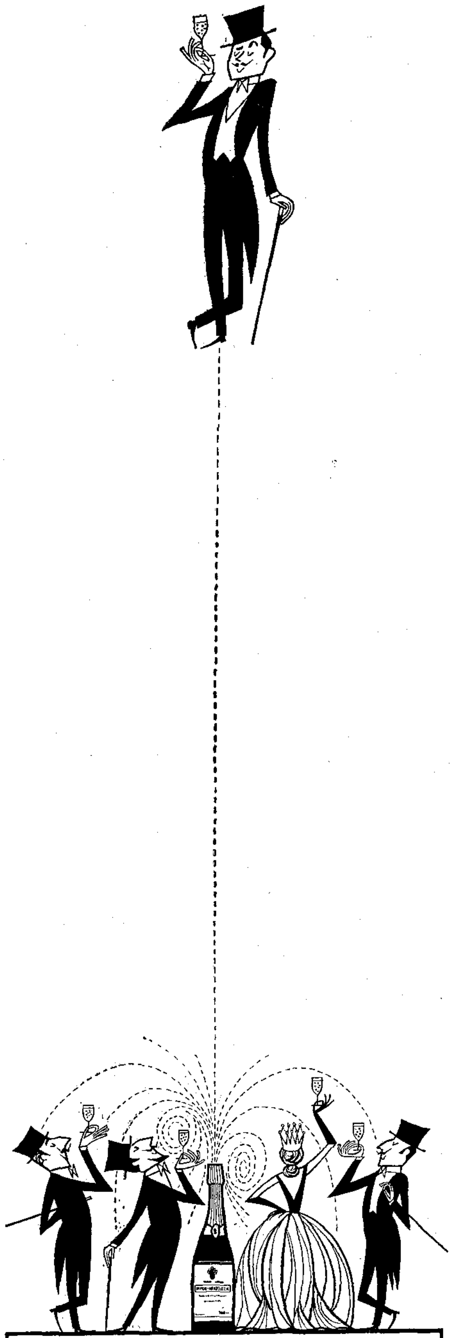

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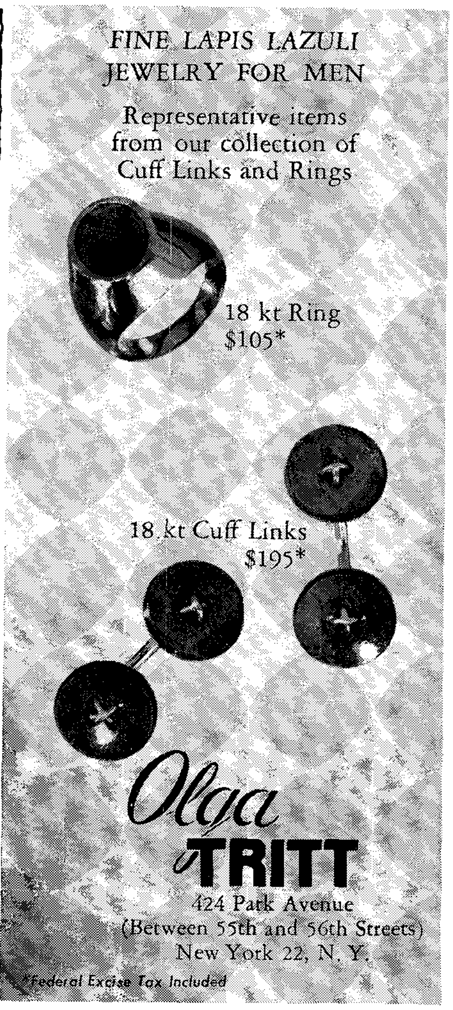
THE SILENT SPHINX

As is probably true of a good many aging men, I sometimes wonder how long my heart will hold out. I was encouraged to believe that it may keep ticking for a good long time by the first two-thirds of a story in the *Herald Tribune* a while back about the studies of Dr. Isaac Starr, a research professor of therapeutics at the University of Pennsylvania and former dean of its medical school, who believes, as the *Herald Tribune* put it, that "the jiggle in the needle when you stand on a scale to weigh yourself is from the action of your heart as it pumps blood into your arteries," that "the greater the jiggle on the scale earlier in life, the less chance you have of suffering a heart attack later," and that the "healthier hearts are the ones that push blood into the arteries with a greater force." I took all this to mean that a needle-jiggler of long standing, such as I am, has, and always has had, a strong heart, and I felt enormously set up, until I made the mistake of going on to the very end of the story, which said, "He [Dr. Starr] uses the analogy of the automobile. If a cylinder in your car is out of order, your car will still operate to get you home. In fact, it will still hit high speeds on the freeways. . . . Now, think of your heart as an automobile engine and your body as the car. If the muscles are not up to strength, the organ will still pump blood, and your body functions, even at a high rate of activity. What is missing is the acceleration of the blood through your circulatory system, and that could eventually spell trouble in the form of blockage in the arteries that supply blood to the heart muscles, or angina pectoris (severe pains in the heart)." Since I read that, the needle on my scale has been jiggling in a more pronounced fashion than in the past. But I am not positive it is the action of my heart that is doing it. It may be the reaction of my nerves to Dr. Starr's analogy.

The trouble is that when the word "automobile" is mentioned to me or is read by me, my first thought is not of a new Cadillac or Buick, Ford or Chevrolet, or even of an *old* Cadillac or Buick, Ford or Chevrolet, or any of the other well-known makes of car. I think of a Sphinx. A good many years ago, I found it impossible to explain to a psychiatrist that I have nothing to hide in the part of my past that is connected with automobiles. "Then why, in this free-association test," he asked, "did you



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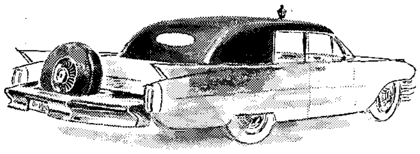

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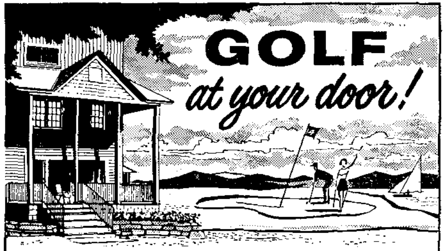

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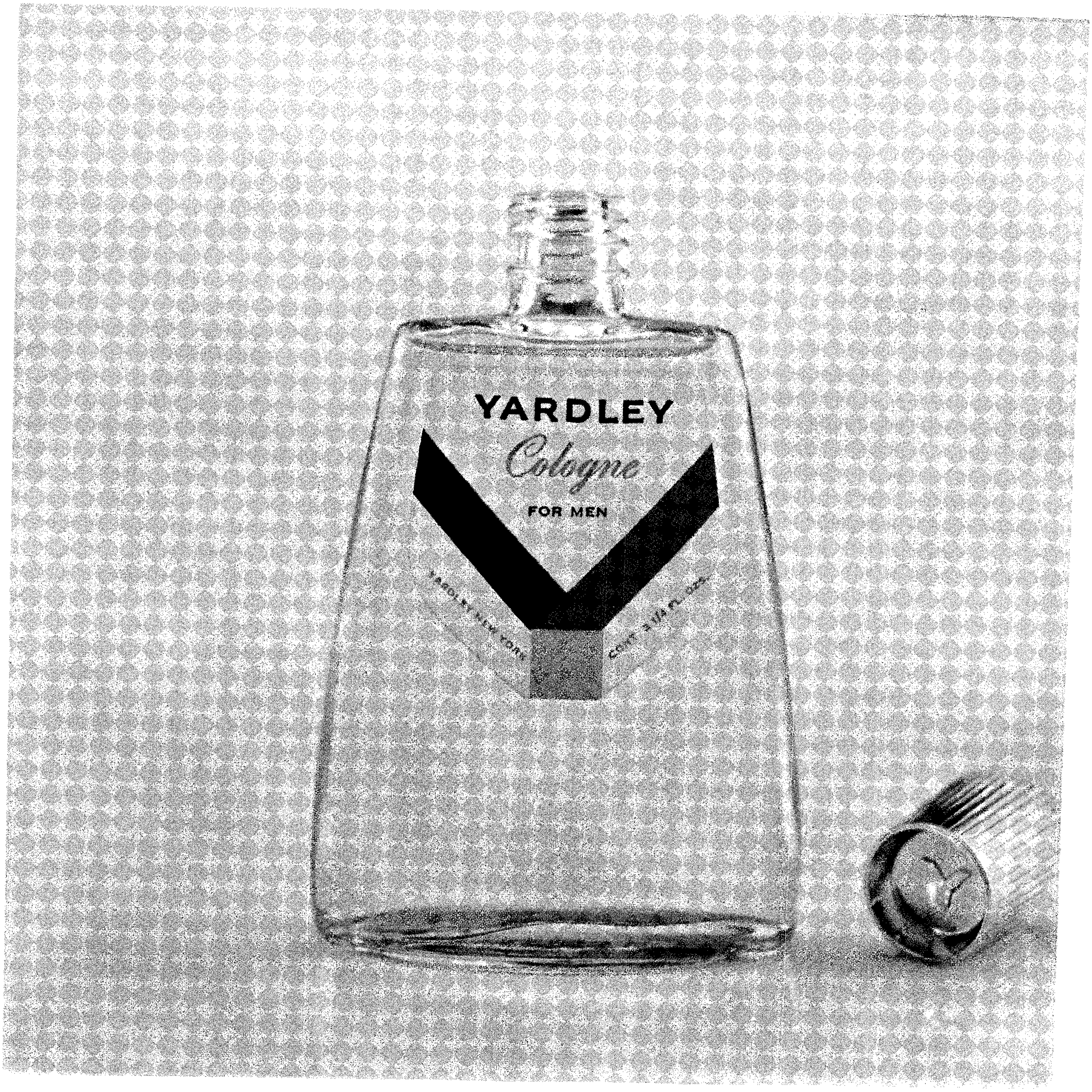

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say ‘the Sphinx’ when I said ‘automobile’?”

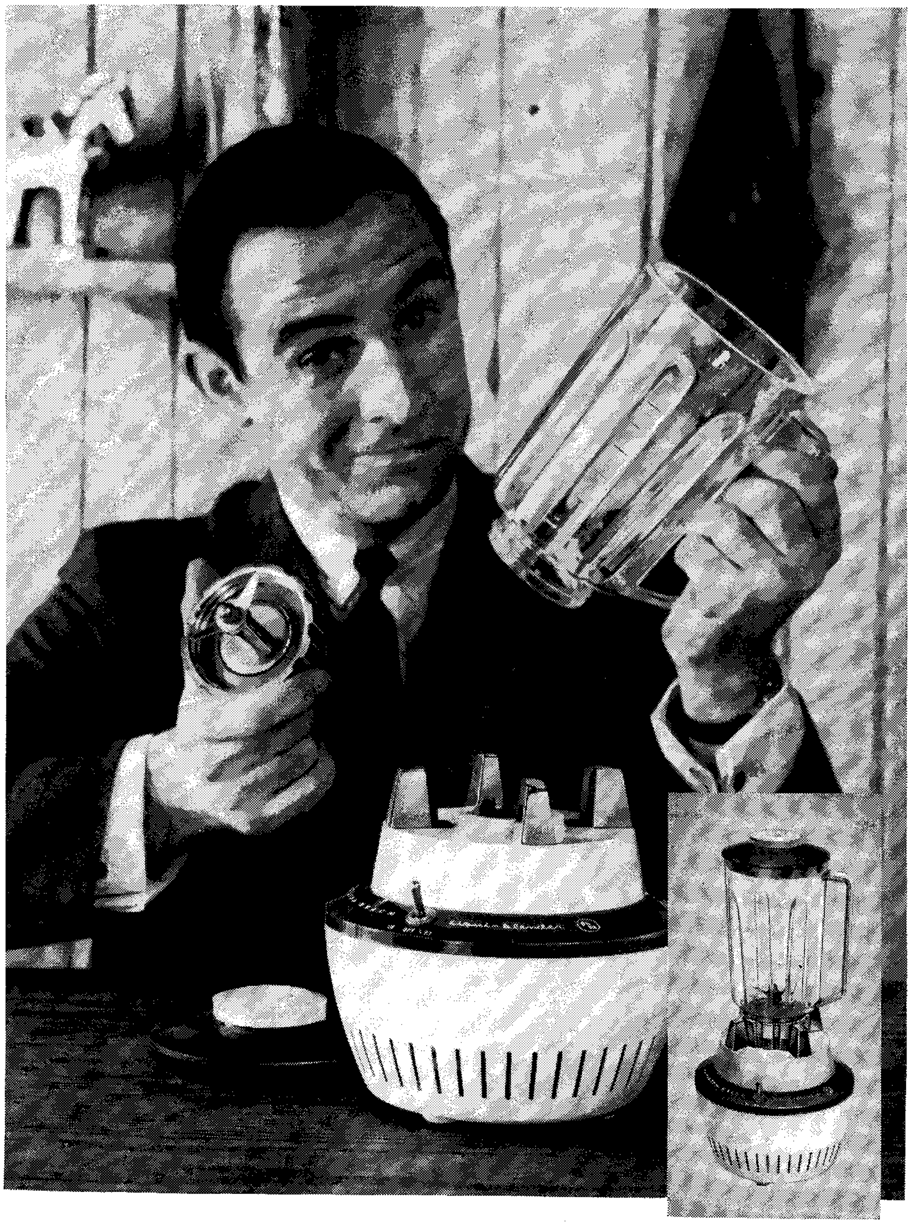
I told him that was because it was a Sphinx that my first cousins, known in my family as the Flournoy boys, bought in 1916, in Washington, D.C., when I was eleven, and that it was the first car I ever rode in, the first car I learned to drive, and, later on, the first car I ever owned. “That car sticks in my mind,” I explained. “That’s why I say ‘the Sphinx’ when you say ‘automobile.’ I think right off of that particular make of car.”

“I never heard of such a make of car,” said the psychiatrist.

He was a very suspicious man, and I soon quit going to him. But since reading that story in the *Tribune*, I have been going around thinking of my heart as the engine of the Sphinx and my body as the rest of the Sphinx, and at first I didn’t believe it was doing me any good.

HOW the Flournoy boys discovered in 1916 that somebody was making Sphinxes in York, Pennsylvania, I don’t know, but they did, and they brought some handsome brochures containing drawings of it, its specifications, and seductive descriptions of all its good qualities over to our house at 2071 Park Road, in the Mt. Pleasant section of Washington, one Sunday afternoon when they were coming for supper. The purchase of an automobile in those days was not the casual affair it is today. When people were going to buy a car, they mulled over it for a long time in advance. In addition to the Sphinx—if by chance they had got wind of its existence—they had a choice of the Ford, the Chevrolet, the Stanley Steamer, the Maxwell, the Winton, the Marmon, the Stevens-Duryea, the Packard, the Pierce-Arrow, and the Stutz, to mention only a few of the cars then on the market. They were all different, and they looked different. They even sounded different. One of the pastimes my playmates and I were fond of was to lounge on a mossy bank at the side of a sharp curve in the macadam road that led from Park Road through Rock Creek Park and guess the make of approaching cars before they appeared around the curve. I hardly ever failed to guess right.

The Flournoy boys were both particular and adventuresome, and they ruled out all the other makes of car one after another, and finally settled on the Sphinx. The fact that, so far, there were no Sphinxes in Washington—and probably very few of them anywhere



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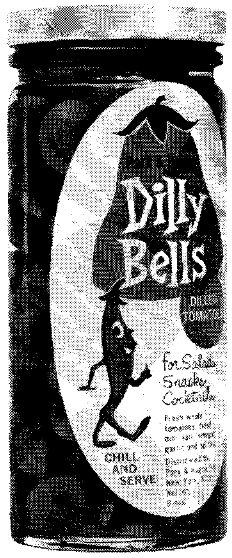

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else in the United States—added to its appeal rather than detracting from it. Although the cost of a Sphinx was about the same as that of a Chevrolet or a Maxwell, a Sphinx would be much more distinctive, they felt. They also liked what the brochures said about its outstanding feature—its silence. "The Silent Sphinx," the brochures called that car. The Flournoy boys showed the brochures to my mother and father; my two older brothers; my young sister; our Scottish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle; and me, and everybody was enthusiastic. I instantly pictured the day when, with my playmates on the mossy bank, waiting for another car to come around the curve and hearing nothing but the soft sound of tires on the macadam, I would astonish them by announcing, "This one is a Silent Sphinx, and it belongs to some cousins of mine."

I should explain that the Flournoy boys were not boys at all but grown men. My mother had started calling them the Flournoy boys when they were children, and we continued to call them that after they had been to college and gone to work. Because they were my first cousins, the sons of the oldest of my mother's four older sisters, I was privileged to call them by their first names. I called them, in the order of their ages, Parke, Ben, Richard, Addison, Frank, and Stanhope. Parke, an architect, had got married and moved to Baltimore by 1916, but the others were what my mother called confirmed bachelors, and they lived with their father and their older sister, my Cousin Nellie. Their mother, my Aunt Mary, had died long before I was born. Their father, my Uncle Parke, had a handsome white beard and ran the small Presbyterian church at Bethesda, Maryland. Until the Flournoy boys bought the Sphinx, they commuted to the District of Columbia by trolley car. They often made the trip on Sundays as well, in order to drop in at our house for Sunday supper. They always went around in a body. "I do hope the Flournoy boys will come this evening," my mother used to say after the family afternoon walk in Rock Creek Park—or, on rainy Sundays, the reading aloud by my father, in front of the fireplace, of the works of Dickens, Mark Twain, Jules Verne, or some other favorite—and they often did. We were always glad to see them, for they were an amiable, humorous, gentlemanly, and interesting group. I grew especially fond of them after they began to talk cautiously and tentatively of buying an automobile. Nobody

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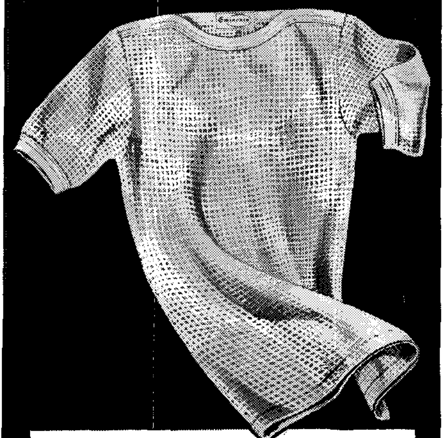

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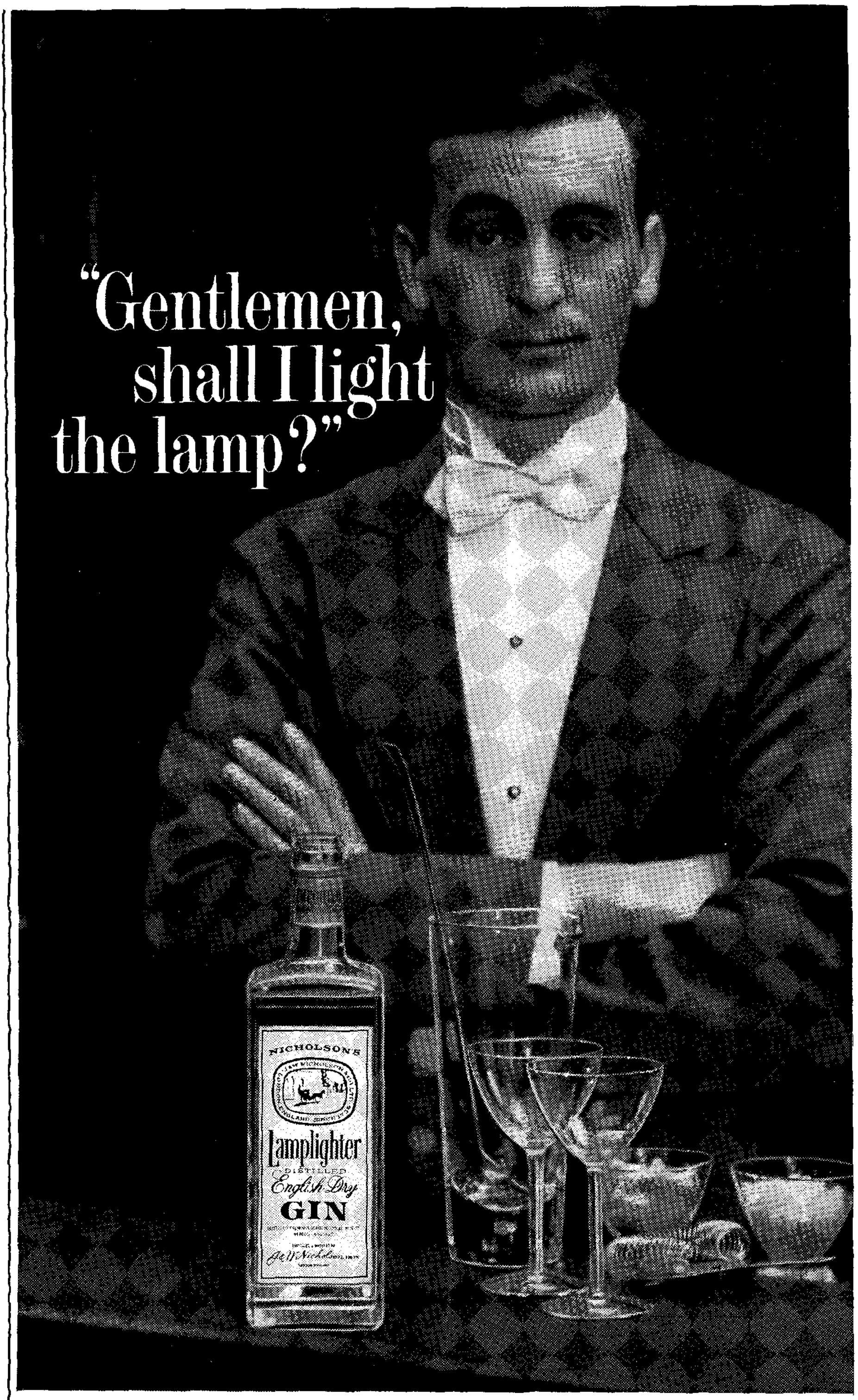
in that entire ramifying Presbyterian family owned an automobile at that time, and I knew hardly anybody else who did.

Ben, who was the second oldest of the boys, and who was the prime mover in persuading the others to agree, first, to getting an automobile and, second, to selecting the Sphinx, was the first to learn to drive it. He learned by asking the salesman who had handled the deal a few questions and then simply cranking it up and setting off. He learned the finer points as he drove along. In a similarly informal fashion, he taught the others to drive, and while he was at it he taught me. The Sphinx was a four-cylinder, five-passenger touring car, but the Flournoys were all thin, and I was thin, and there was room for me in the front seat with Ben and one of his brothers. The three others would sit in a row in the back seat. Ben, like Parke, was an architect, and had designed several Presbyterian churches in Washington and its environs, and also some of the new buildings at Washington and Lee, in Lexington, Virginia, where all the Flournoy boys had been educated; Richard, an authority on international law, was a solicitor in the State Department; Addison was a civil engineer, and worked for the Treasury Department; Frank had taken a temporary job in the State Department in order to work on a Ph.D. thesis, preparatory to becoming a history professor at St. Stephen's (now Bard) College and, later, at the College of Emporia, in Kansas, from which he retired a few years ago; and Stanhope was idle and, to me, perhaps the most interesting of the lot. Stanhope was said to be "peculiar." He hardly ever said anything unless a year and day of month were somehow involved, and then only when he was asked a direct question. In order to include him in the general conversation on our touring trips around Maryland and Virginia on Sunday afternoons, one or the other of us would put a question to him every now and then of the sort he liked to reply to, and he hardly ever failed to come up with the correct answer. If the talk happened to be about automobiles, for example, somebody would say, "Stanhope, when was that first drive made by the Duryea brothers?," and Stanhope would say, "On September 21st, 1893." (His name was pronounced as if it were spelled "Stannup.") Or we might be passing some Civil War battlefields, such as Bull Run, near Gainesville, Virginia, and somebody would say, "Stanhope, when was that famous battle



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fought here?" "On July 21st, 1861," Stanhope would say. I had learned that one never asked Stanhope any question that didn't involve a date, and although I was very curious to know how he had managed to learn every date anybody had ever heard of without bothering to learn anything else, I couldn't ask him. I did ask Ben about this, when Stanhope wasn't around, and Ben said, "Well, Stanhope just doesn't care for anything but dates." When I asked my mother the same thing, she said, "Stanhope is a little peculiar, that's all, but he's very sweet and you must never laugh at him." I had no idea of laughing at him. I was awed by him. In his field, he seemed to know everything. "When was this place first settled, Stanhope?" I would ask as we breezed, for example, through Hagerstown, Maryland. "In September, 1762," Stanhope would reply.

THESE tours in the Sphinx were invariably eventful, owing to the many organic frailties of the Sphinx. But when I say that Dr. Starr's analogy, which made me start thinking of my heart as the engine of the Sphinx and my body as the rest of the Sphinx, has made me jumpy both on and off the scales, I don't mean to say that the engine of the Sphinx was weak or faulty in comparison with those of other cars of that period, or that its body was less able to withstand stress than the bodies of the other cars. As cars went, the Sphinx could hold its own with the best of them. It is only that a man who is concerned, however nonchalantly, with the durability of his heart shouldn't think of himself as a 1916 Sphinx, or any other 1916 model.

One of the pleasures of driving in those days—and people frequently went driving not in order to get somewhere but simply in order to enjoy the drive—was that if the engine of the Sphinx was accelerating efficiently and the body of the Sphinx was holding together, we could and did observe, at the side of the road, cars that were not Sphinxes having all sorts of trouble. Sometimes there would be a couple of ladies standing or sitting on the grass and two or three gentlemen working, in a confident fashion, with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up, over a flat tire or a raised hood. In those cases, we would continue on our way, having seen at a glance that the gentlemen seemed to know what they were up to. On other occasions, we would come upon some more or less similar group and car at the side of the road, with the difference that the gentlemen would be standing, with their

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coats off and their sleeves rolled up, and simply staring at the car with their hands on their hips. In cases like that, the etiquette of the road demanded that the driver of the Sphinx press hard on the foot brake with the right foot, simultaneously throwing in the clutch with the left foot and, with the right hand, shoving the gearshift from high into neutral, avoiding, if possible, shoving it into reverse, which would make a horrible noise, like the death rattle of a strong man, and would, if done with too much force, strip the gears.

Having had its foot brake pressed down, the Sphinx would begin to slow, while the driver attended to the gears with his right hand and guided the car carefully toward the side of the road. It would finally be brought to an abrupt halt when the driver pulled back the lever of the emergency brake, with his left hand, as soon as the right hand was finished with the gears and could steer while the left hand pulled the brake. The six of us would then disembark, taking off our goggles and brushing the dust from our jackets and, in the case of Richard and Frank, who were as punctilious as any other State Department men, from the linen dusters that hung down to their ankles and made them look like hoodless members of the Ku Klux Klan. And we would stroll back the twenty or thirty yards that the Sphinx had required to come to a full stop after reducing its speed from twenty-five or possibly even thirty miles per hour.

The stranded motorists would then look away from the car they were staring at and look at us. No small talk was necessary. The conversation would go like this:

Stranded Motorist: She's not overheated; plenty of gas; oil tank half full. She simply *will not* start, no matter how much we crank her.

Ben: Would it perhaps be the timer?

Stranded Motorist: I've had it out and blown the dust out of it.

Richard: Carburetor's not flooded, I presume?

Stranded Motorist: Quite the contrary, sir. When I poked my finger into it after lifting the top off, it came away quite dry.

Addison (*the civil engineer*): Might I suggest that there could be a block in the feed line?

Stranded Motorist: Good gracious, sir! I never heard of that.

Addison: We've found with the Sphinx, over yonder, that a particle of grit or some other bit of refuse occa-

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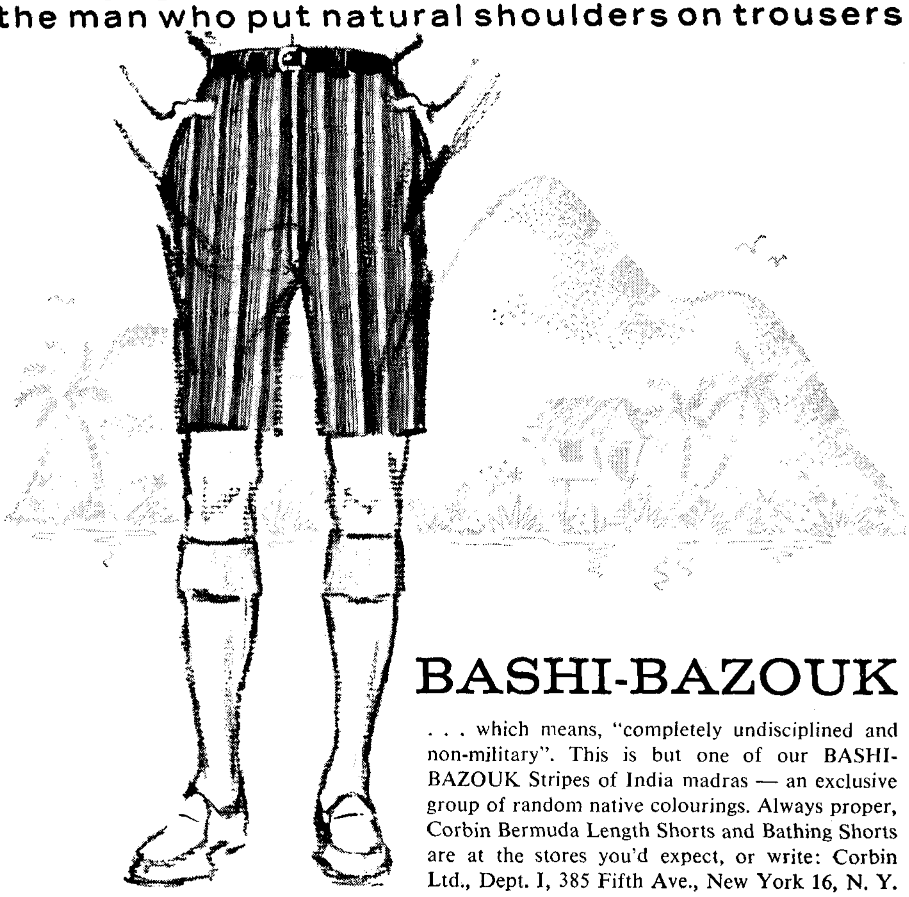
the man who put natural shoulders on trousers



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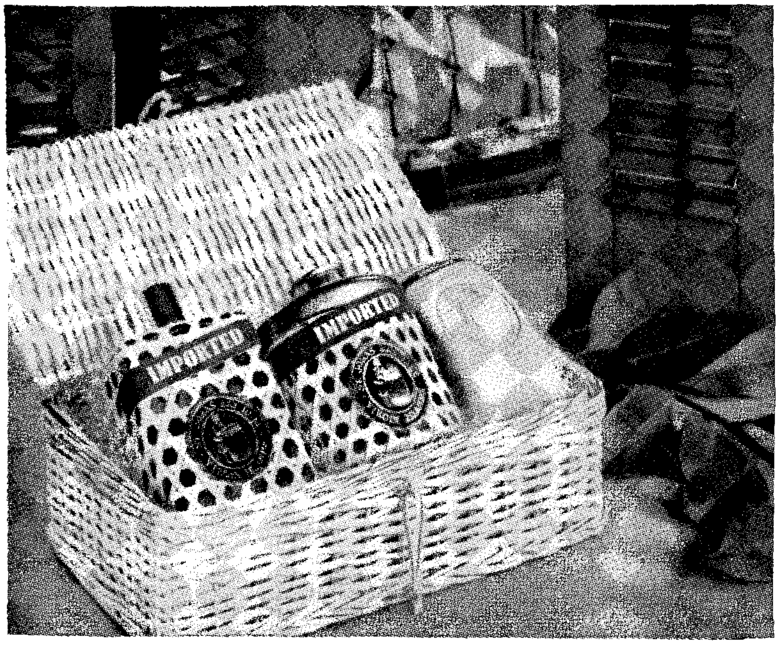

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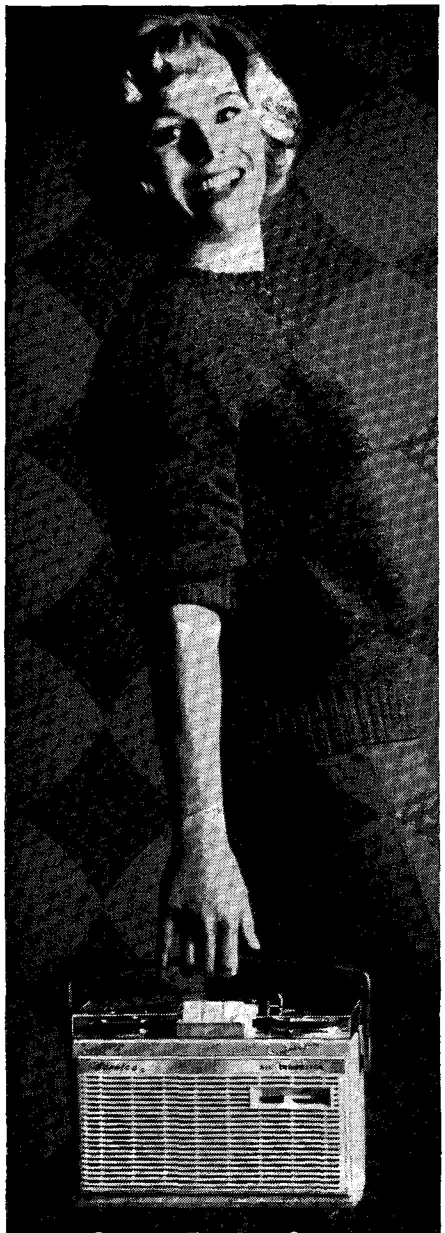

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sionally gets into the small copper piping that leads from the gasoline tank to the carburetor. It keeps the gasoline from circulating freely and stops the engine altogether. Shall I see what I can do, sir?

STRANDED MOTORIST: It's most kind of you, sir.

ME: Isn't this where Lee beat the stuffing out of Burnside, Stanhope? When was that battle fought?

STANHOPE: On December 13th, 1862.

SOONER or later, when we were again proceeding happily on our way after the stranded car's feed line had been taken out and blown through, the engine of the Sphinx would cough and expire because its timer was out of whack, or because its carburetor was flooded with too much gasoline, or because it wasn't getting any at all, on account of a stopped-up artery—feed line. Or else some part of the body of the Sphinx would break down. These body breakdowns were usually something trivial, such as a blowout, or a slow leak, or a defective valve, which could be fixed easily enough by jacking up the car, taking the tire off the rim, replacing the inner tube, in the case of a blowout, or repairing it with a patch if it was a slow leak, or putting in a new valve if the old valve had worn out, and then pumping up the tire with a hand pump, working in shifts. Occasionally, though, the body revealed fundamental weaknesses of construction. A front axle was fractured by a bump, one time, just as we were passing the house in Frederick, Maryland, in which, on September 10, 1862, Barbara Fritchie delivered her well-known injunction to General Stonewall Jackson. Another time, the canvas top, which could easily be put up by any four of us in case of rain, blew all the way off and into a cow pasture enclosed by barbed wire. This was in a high wind, accompanied by a hailstorm, that developed when we were trying to put the top up outside the chapel in which General Robert E. Lee was buried, in Lexington, Virginia, on October 15, 1870, having died on October 12th of that year. (He was born January 19, 1807.)

The right-hand kerosene headlight dropped off on a lovely spring day in 1919, when the Sphinx was only three years old and was still hitting high speeds on the freeways. And in 1924, when the Sphinx was eight and I was nineteen, and I had, some months before, bought it from the Flournoy boys for fifty dollars, and had personally ground the valves of its engine after removing the cylinder head and putting in new piston rings, the differential dropped out on the roadway in East Potomac Park on an August evening when I was taking a girl to look at the view from Hains Point. The differential had been enclosed all those years in a cylindrical box on the rear axle between the two rear wheels, and had never given the slightest sign that anything was the matter with it. There was nothing for the girl and me to do but walk, and it was a long walk from Hains Point to the nearest trolley car. The next day, I looked up a mechanic, in whose garage I had worked as a helper one summer a few years earlier, and he drove me out to the scene of the calamity in his new Ford truck. He looked at the Sphinx and at the differential, which I had retrieved from the gutter. "I tell you what, Mac," he said. "If I were you, I'd just leave her here. This car is done for." Partly because I couldn't treat the Sphinx in such an unfeeling fashion, and partly because I had an idea that I would be fined for abandoning a car on a public highway, I got the mechanic to tow it to one of a number of burial grounds for defunct motorcars that were beginning to spring up in the environs of Washington, and left it there, in peace, among its contemporaries.

THERE rests the Sphinx, possibly to this day, and, having recalled all this, I am once again feeling set up. I note that I jiggle the needle on the scales only to what I trust is a healthy degree, for I'm now convinced that my engine is as good as it ever was, and that I'll continue to get along nicely until my differential drops out.

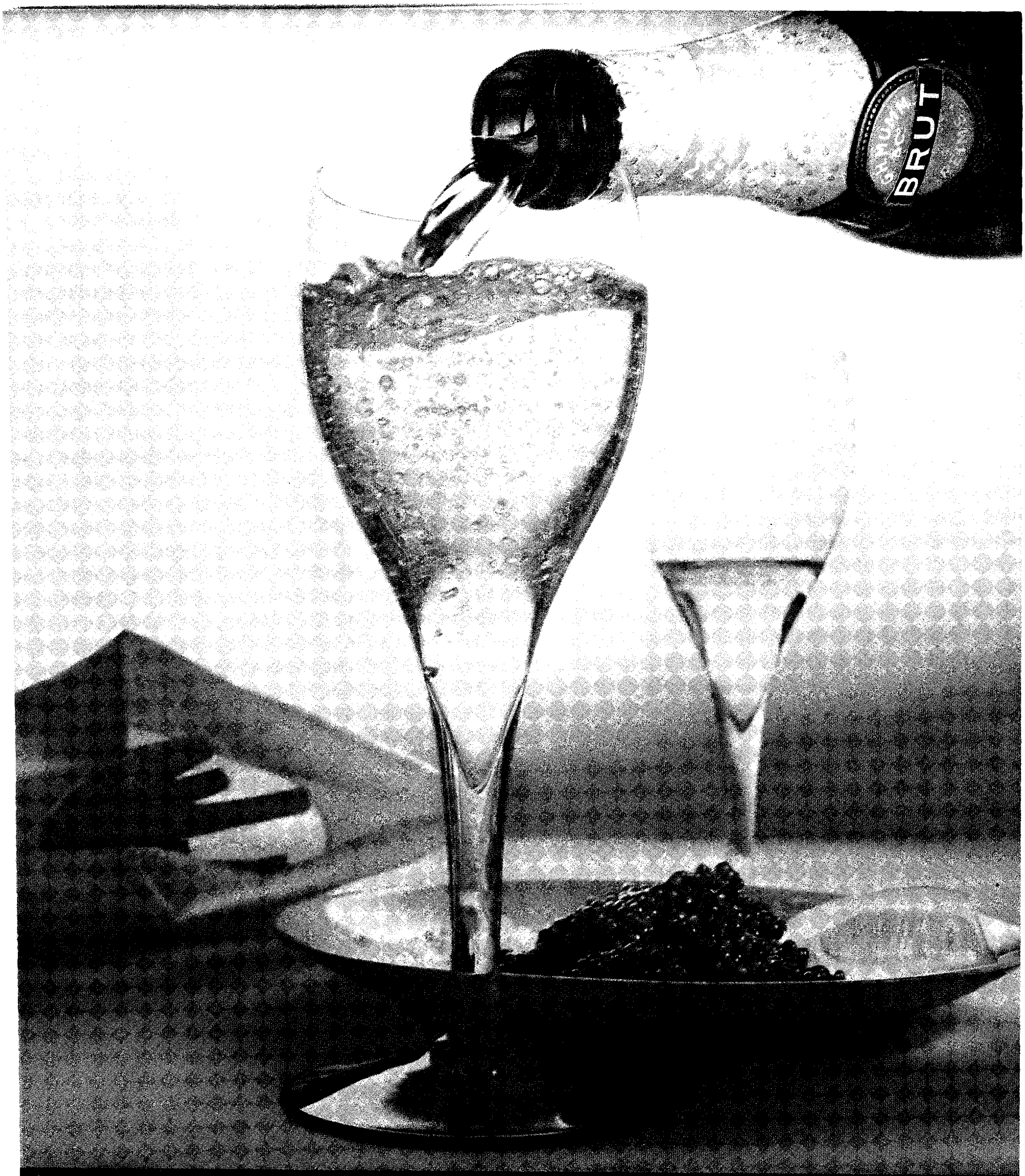
—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

• •

LAMENT FOR LOST PARADISE

Because I see these mountains they are brought low;
Because I drink these waters they are bitter;
Because I tread these gray rocks they are barren;
Because I have found these islands they are lost.
Seal and seabird dreaming
Their innocent lives know that the shadow has fallen.

—KATHLEEN RAINE



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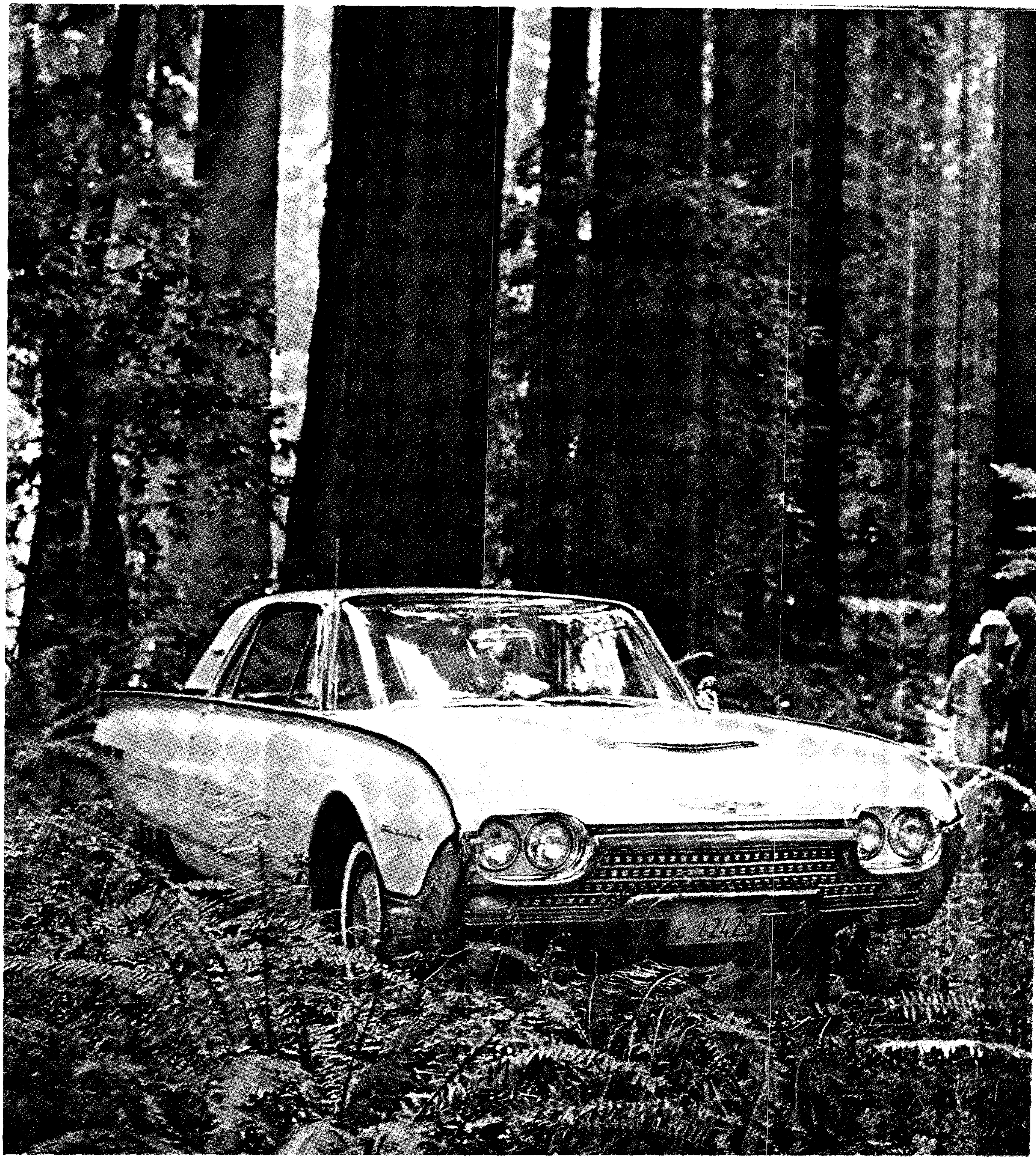

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THE hardest game to play well under pressure, probably, is golf. There are, of course, moments in every sport when the strain seems so oppressive that the spectator, his nerves in shreds, is amazed that the performer is able to function at all, let alone deliver a good second service in the deciding set of a tennis match when a double fault means the loss of a key point, find home plate with his pitch when the count is 3 and 2 and a walk would force in a pivotal run, or hold on to a forward pass in the end zone when the game hangs on it. However, in golf—as athletes who have competed in other sports consistently agree—to come through under the particular tensions that a player is subjected to requires just about the ultimate in sang-froid and muscular control. There are two main reasons for this. First, in golf the pressure is likely to be much more protracted. It may last for several hours in an eighteen-hole round, and it can last for days during a tournament, where the customary length is four rounds, or seventy-two holes, with extra-hole playoffs not uncommon. (In one three-day championship, Bobby Jones, outwardly cool and almost lethargic, lost eighteen pounds.) Second, the easiest way for an athlete to untie the knots in his nerves and muscles is simply to move himself around a bit, whereas in golf he must hit a stationary ball from a stationary position. Down through the years, any number of first-rate players who at earlier times in their lives charged ashore under raking enemy fire or performed other deeds requiring a far higher order of courage than any mere game have wilted under the last eighteen holes. There is nothing disgraceful about this. Most golf tournaments are lost, not won. Some of the game's finest shotmakers have never managed to win any of the major championships, and many who have done so have wobbled safely home only because their rivals fell apart more completely than they did. This explains why the golfers who have been able to produce under extreme pressure have always been accorded what might strike the nongolfer as extravagant respect. It also explains why Arnold Palmer, on the eve of this month's sixty-second National Open, looms as such a commanding figure in golf—and in sport—for Palmer has demonstrated that he is able to play more superbly under pressure than anyone else in the long history of the game.

Since the spring of 1960, when Palmer won the Masters tournament for the second time and established himself as a most exceptional golfer, his name has become synonymous with the fantastic finish, but this spring he has quite surpassed himself. Between the first week in April and the middle of May, in what must surely be the most brilliant six weeks of competitive golf on record—for one thing, Palmer's opposition was incomparably stronger than, say, Byron Nelson's during the war years—he carried off four of the five tournaments he entered. Furthermore, he won most often with the kind of finish that most men are lucky to pull off once in a lifetime, and, when they do, quietly treasure as full compensation for their years of devotion to an ornery game. Palmer's run started with the Masters, in which, just when it appeared that he had thrown away the tournament through a most uncharacteristic disintegration during the last round, he managed to pull out a three-way tie for first place with Gary Player and Dow Finsterwald by holing a sliding fifty-foot chip for a birdie on the seventieth hole, then, on the seventy-first, holing a tough fifteen-foot uphill putt for another birdie. The next day, he proceeded to win the playoff in much the same manner, falling well behind Player on the first nine, and then catching him and passing him by handling the final nine holes in four strokes under par. The following week, in the Greater Greensboro Open, in North Carolina, a ragged 76 on his second round put him far off the pace, and though he broke 70 on his last two rounds, he had to settle for fifth place. He sat out the next event in the spring professional golf tour, the Houston Classic, but the week afterward he rejoined his confreres for the Texas Open, at the Oak Hills Country Club course, in San Antonio, and won it by a stroke after birdying three of the last four holes. At the next stop, the Tournament of Champions, at the Desert Inn course, in Las Vegas, a week later, he followed the same sort of Pearl White script: three excellent rounds to put him nicely into contention; an erratic spell at the start of the final nine, which dropped him two shots behind Billy Casper (next to Palmer probably the finest competitor in golf today); and then an inexorable finishing charge—birdies on the thirteenth and fifteenth, bringing him to the eighteenth, a moderately difficult par 4, tied with Casper. After Casper had chipped his ball up close to the pin for 4, Palmer, whose second shot had put him on the apron of the green some twenty-five feet from the cup, rolled the long, breaking putt he needed for outright victory straight into the center of the hole. No man can go on doing this sort of thing indefinitely. Golf isn't that simple a game. In the Colonial Open, at Fort Worth, the second week in May, Palmer held a three-stroke margin over the nearest competitor going into the last round. He got off to an indifferent start, and this time there was no charge down the stretch. Even so, on the home green the tournament was still Palmer's for the winning if he could hole a twelve-foot putt for a birdie. Instead, he did something he almost never does: he putted short of the cup. This was generally interpreted as a sign that Palmer had come to the end of his hot streak, but in the playoff the next day he shot a perfectly dazzling 32 on the second nine to beat Johnny Pott by four strokes. He then decided to leave the tournament circuit, and to work off a little nervous energy by playing exhibition matches and getting in some solid practice before rejoining the tour in early June, two weeks before the National Open.

THERE is a certain danger in recapitulating thus briefly, and arithmetically, Palmer's routes to victory in his four spring successes, for the regularity with which he picked up his birdies

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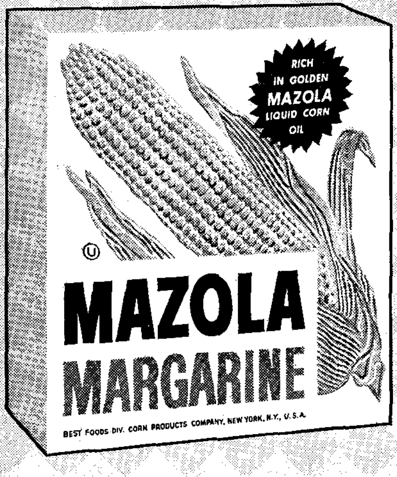
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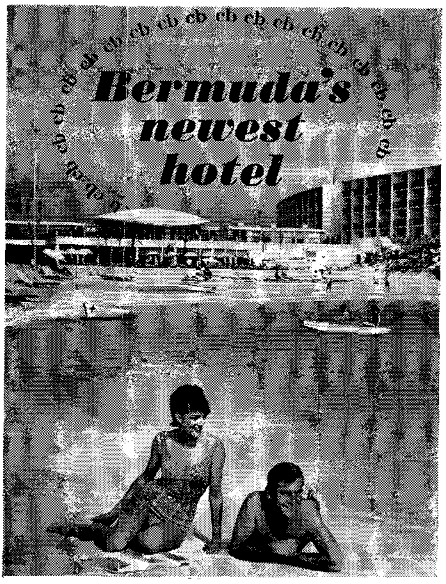
when he had to tends to give the impression that a birdie is almost as accessible as a par. And yet, where Palmer is concerned, this is not so far from the truth. His ability to perform wonders is based on an honest conviction that they are not wonders at all. About two years ago, more or less as an aside in a conversation with some friends, he announced that he felt his game had progressed to the point where, as often as not, he could get a birdie on any hole where he had to. Coming from any player except Palmer, this would be an outlandish claim, somewhat as if Peter Snell, the New Zealand runner, were to assert that he could rip off a mile in less than 3:55 any time someone fetched him a pair of sneakers. Palmer, however, hasn't a drop of arrogance in his makeup, and when he is seen in action in the final clutch, what most forcibly impresses the spectator is *his completely unfeigned confidence* that almost nothing is beyond him.

They are unforgettable scenes, these finishes of Palmer's. Let us say he is a stroke behind, with the holes running out, as he mounts the tee to play a long par 4. The fairway is lined by some ten thousand straining spectators—Arnold's Army, as the sportswriters have chosen to call them—and a shrill cry goes up as he cuts loose a long drive, practically lifting himself off his feet in his effort to release every last ounce of power at the moment of impact. He moves down the fairway toward the ball in long, eager strides, a cigarette in his hand, his eyes on the distant green as he considers every aspect of his coming approach shot. They are eyes with warmth and humor in them as well as determination, for this is a mild and pleasant man. Palmer's chief attraction, for all that, is his dashing style of play. He is always attacking the course, being temperamentally incapable of playing it safe instead of shooting directly at the flag. His addiction to this sort of gambling, coupled with his love of hard hitting, can make Palmer's rounds, when his timing is off, one long, enervating sequence of sprayed drives and hazardous recoveries from trouble. Palmer is not a particularly big man—he stands five feet eleven inches and weighs about a hundred and seventy pounds—but his shoulders are thick and broad and his arms are huge, and now, as he gets into position for his second shot, one is aware of his exceptional strength. He strikes the ball decisively, it spins itself dead perhaps fifteen feet from the cup, and another thunderous roar goes up. Down the fairway and onto the green, into the middle of the caldron of excitement and worship, walks the great finisher, the coolest man



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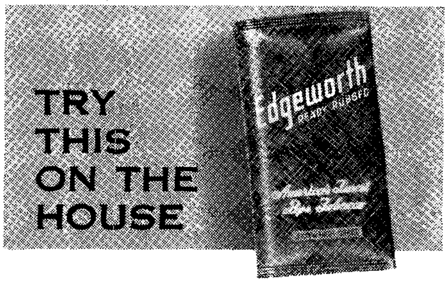

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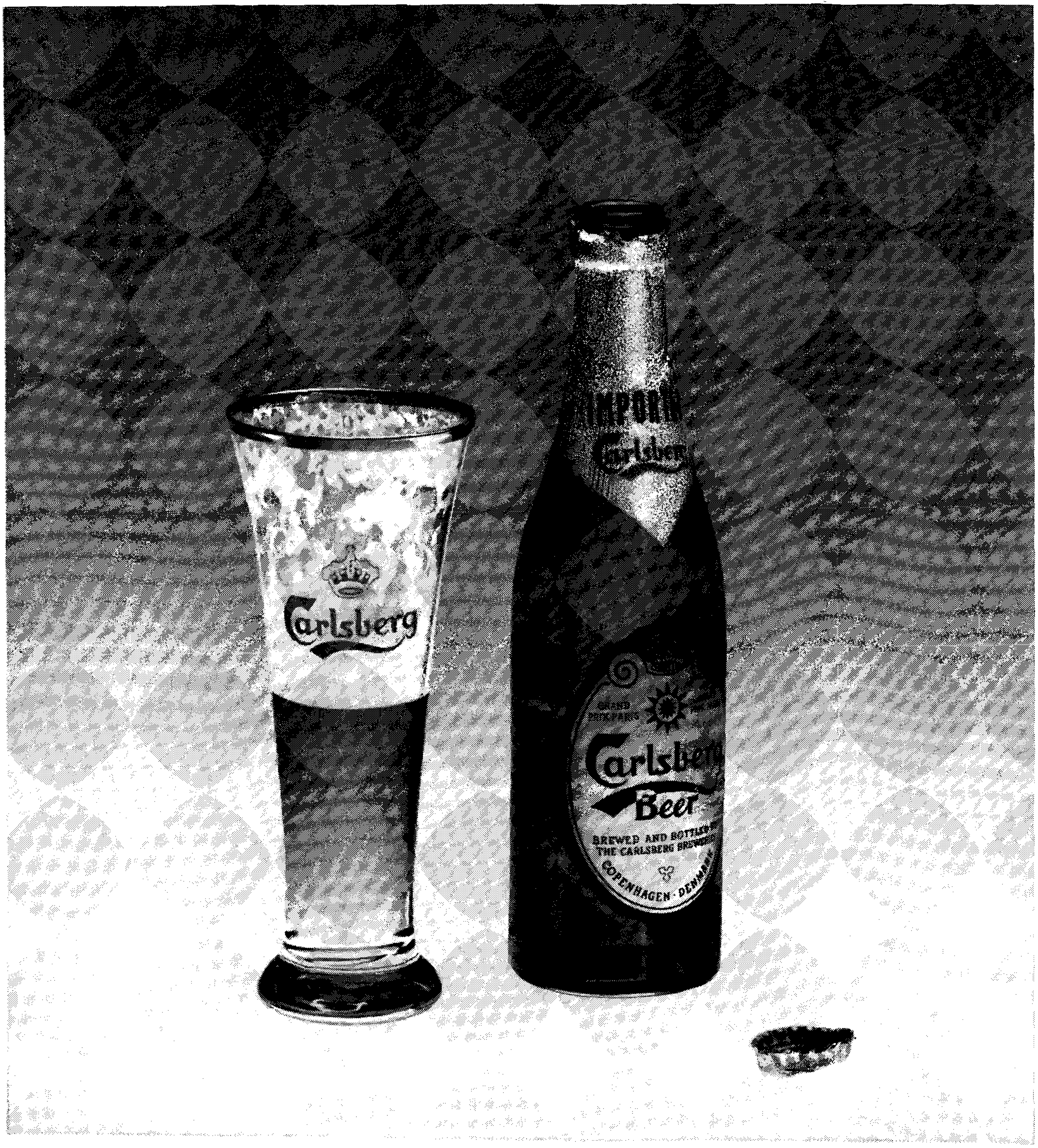
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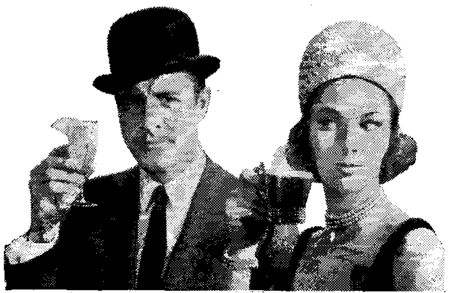

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on the premises. As he marks the position of his ball, picks it up, cleans it, and replaces it, then exchanges a light word or two with his playing partner or his caddy, he is unbelievably natural. He is so much himself, in fact, that those people who prefer the emotional type of golfer find him undramatic. Palmer is merely workmanlike. He has just one thing on his mind, and slowly, as he lines his putt up and positions himself over the ball, the intensity of his concentration communicates itself to the thousands around him. In the vast silence, he taps the ball and watches it roll toward the cup, and as it falls, *then* his arms are flung up in elation, and a boyish smile lights up his face. He has made up the stroke he needed, and the oddest part of the whole thing is that it would have been surprising if he hadn't. He has succeeded so often before that an almost tangible aura of inevitability now suffuses his exploits. Accordingly, on those few occasions when he has faltered disastrously at a crucial moment—most memorably when he lost the 1961 Masters with a tragic 6 on the par-4 seventy-second hole—the sense of shock has been overwhelming. However, just as the skill of the high-wire walker is no longer taken for granted by his audience once it has seen him lose his balance and plummet into the net, Palmer's failures have served to bring out in stronger relief the difficulty of the deeds he makes seem almost prosaic. Accordingly, even in a country where tournament golf is far from the thoroughly national pastime that baseball or football is, for the sports enthusiast Arnold Palmer is no less than the most exciting athlete to come along since Babe Ruth.

IT is not to be wondered at, especially in an age so notable for the shortness of its memory, that Arnold Palmer should be spoken of as the greatest golfer of all time. Palmer is only thirty-two, with many good years ahead of him, and he may earn this designation before he is through, but at the moment it is, to put it mildly, excessive. In assessing the relative ability of outstanding golfers of various eras, quite a few things must be taken into consideration: the number of major championships they have won; their records in the lesser events; the quality of their shotmaking and the distinction of their scoring compared with those of their contemporaries; and, finally, the length of time they have held their form. Golf historians are pretty much agreed that the three greatest players the game has seen, each peerless in his day, have been Harry Vardon, Bobby Jones, and Ben Hogan. Their

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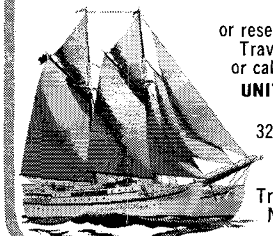

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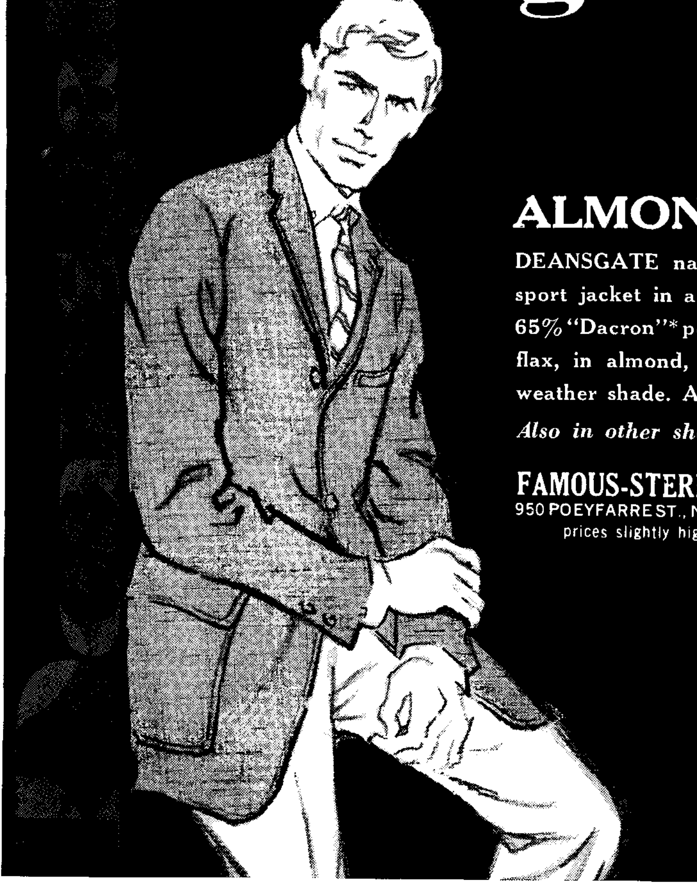
records in the important tournaments—perhaps the prime factor in any such evaluation—tell the story well. Vardon, in the period when the British Open was *the* championship, won it six times between 1896 and 1914; he won the United States Open in 1900, lost it in a playoff in 1913, and then, in 1920, in an amazing demonstration of his athletic longevity, came within a stroke of tying for first place. Jones compiled a total of thirteen victories in the major tournaments between 1923 and 1930: three British Opens, one British Amateur, four U.S. Opens, and five U.S. Amateurs. As for Hogan, between 1946 and 1953 he carried off two P.G.A. (Professional Golf Association) Championships, two Masters, one British Open, and four U.S. Opens. Palmer's record, impressive as it is, is not yet in the same class with the records of this triumvirate, nor is it really superior to the over-all records of a number of other golfers of earlier periods. Up to the present, he has scored six major victories: the U.S. Amateur in 1954 (after which he turned professional), three Masters (1958, 1960, and 1962), one U.S. Open (1960), and one British Open (1961). However, since Palmer is still two years younger than Hogan was when he won his first big title, the 1946 P.G.A., he may well be only on the threshold of his achievements. In each of the last two seasons, and in the present, incomplete one as well, he has managed to win at least one of the big championships, and if he should continue at approximately this pace for the next four years or so, he will assuredly have as solid a claim to immortality as any golfer who has ever lived.

In style of play, there is a marked difference between Palmer and the earlier masters. Their successes were based on the astonishing regularity with which they produced first-class shots, one after another, while their opponents drifted into errors. Vardon is said to have played five tournaments in a row without once going off the fairway, and his phenomenal control gave rise to the myth that whenever he visited a nine-hole course, he hit his approach shots on his second nine from the divot holes he had cut his first time around. Jones could be erratic on occasion—a few of his triumphs were amalgams of absolutely beautiful and downright bad golf—but in general he executed his shots with far more methodical consistency than any of his contemporaries in the last decade of the wooden shaft. Hogan, in his peak years, could go for hole after hole, sometimes round after round, and never hit a misdirected shot, so extraordinary was his



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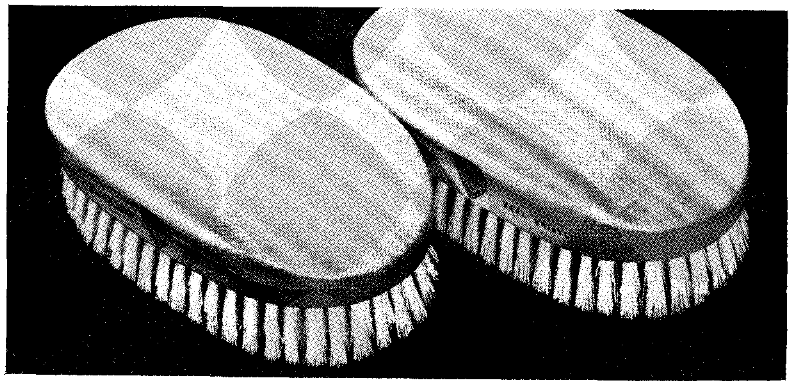

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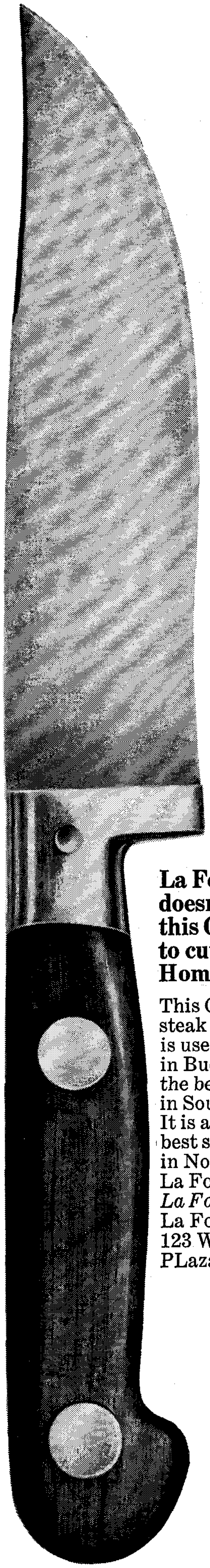

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control. Though he is nearly fifty, he remains the most accurate shotmaker in golf, and were he able to putt only reasonably well, he might still be winning championships. (Last winter, Jimmy Demaret, upon being asked if Hogan was playing well, answered, "Let me put it this way. When Ben was out practicing two-irons the other day, one of his shots hit his caddy in the shins and knocked him down. Before he could get up, Ben hit him twice more.") For that matter, almost all the other great champions—Byron Nelson, Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead, Henry Cotton, and Tommy Armour are among the first to come to mind—depended fundamentally on the uniform high standard of their tee-to-green play. The one outstanding exception was Walter Hagen, and it is Hagen whom Palmer most resembles, in many ways. Two or three times a round, and sometimes much oftener than that, Hagen made the wildest of errors, hooking or slicing yards off the fairway, sometimes so deep into the woods or the rough that it looked as if there was no way out. He would find an escape route, though, and the sensational recovery shot onto the green became his trademark. Between 1914 and 1929, he won two U.S. Opens and four British Opens, and he thrived on pressure. With his skill and bravado, and his penchant for stirring finishes, he was at his best in match play (which is decided by the scores for each separate hole, rather than by the total number of strokes for a round or rounds), and he took the P.G.A. Championship, then a match-play affair, four successive years, and five times in all. For all the similarities between Hagen and Palmer, however, no two people could be less alike in their intrinsic personalities. Hagen, a fashion plate and *bon vivant*, was essentially theatrical by nature. He could make a routine chip shot from the fringe of the course seem like high drama, and if he had lived in the age of television, taped reruns of his matches could probably have been shown in prime time and would have held their own in the audience ratings against "Ben Casey." Palmer, on the other hand, is the last golfer one can visualize arriving for a morning round, as Hagen was known to do, still clad in formal dinner clothes and patent-leather pumps, or keeping the Prince of Wales waiting on the first tee, which Hagen also once did. Palmer is a plain man in the best sense of the word—an extraordinarily well-founded and uncomplicated person.

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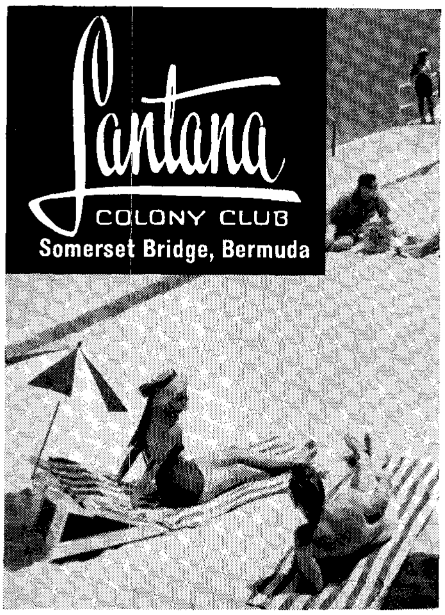

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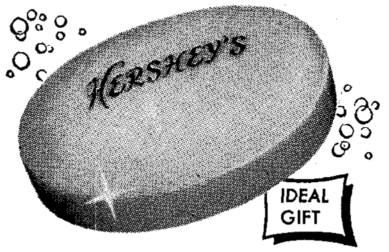

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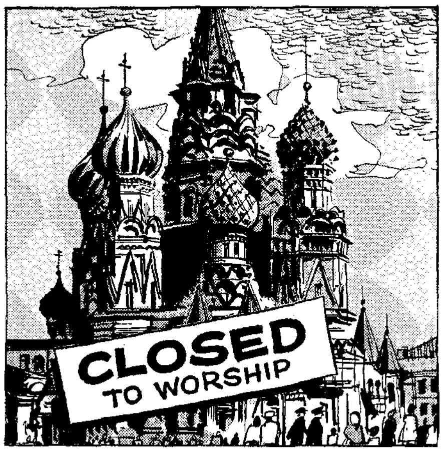

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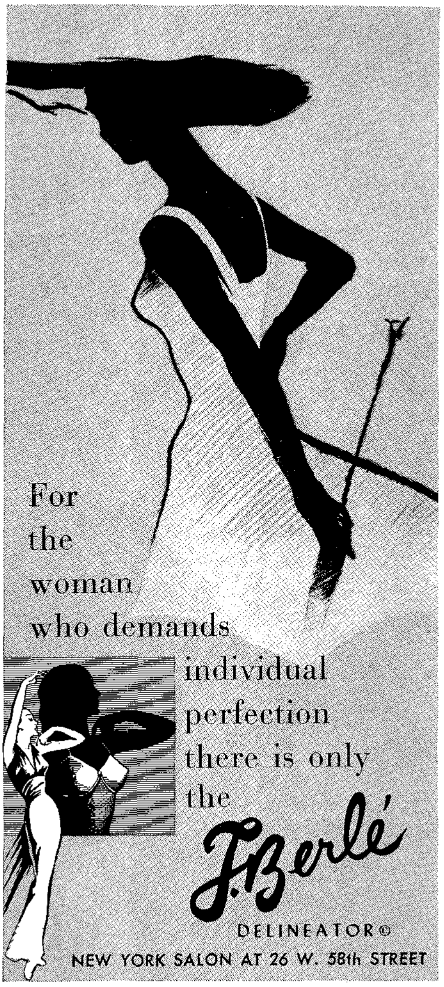
son of the local golf club's professional, Milfred Palmer. At seven, young Palmer had learned to steer the club tractor from his father's lap, and knew practically every inch of the course; he was already determined to be a professional golfer, and, during his rounds as a boy, would project himself into some future championship, describing his shots as a broadcaster might ("Arnold Palmer must sink this ten-foot putt to win the National Open. The crowd is hushed as he lines it up. . . ."). In his teens, he won the Western Pennsylvania Junior Championship three times; he attended Wake Forest College on a golf scholarship before and after putting in a hitch in the Coast Guard between 1951 and 1953; in the summer of 1954, when he was twenty-four, he won his first noteworthy event, the amateur division of George S. May's All-American tournament, outside Chicago; and a few weeks later he won the National Amateur, held that year at the Country Club of Detroit. It should be noted, however, that when, a few months after that event, Palmer announced that he was turning professional, no one had great expectations for him. In winning the Amateur, he had shown that he was strong and resolute, and that he could putt, but he had a tendency to hook, owing to a faulty grip, and as a whole his golf was spotty. The first thing Palmer did when he joined the professional golf tour was to correct his grip, which allowed him to develop a more upright and altogether better swing, and he improved appreciably. At the time, however, when golfers discussed the likely successor to Ben Hogan, Palmer's name seldom came up. Most people nominated Gene Littler, with Mike Souchak—if he continued to improve—as their second choice. By 1957, the consensus favored Ken Venturi, then the finest iron player in the game. It wasn't that Palmer was faring poorly—in 1957, for example, he won four tournaments and was the fifth-highest money-winner among the professionals—but when the championships rolled around, he was never a force.

Palmer emerged as something more than just another good young circuit golfer in the spring of 1958, when he won the Masters tournament at Augusta, Georgia. It was not simply the fact that he won but the way that he won that was significant. It had rained hard the night before the final round, and the next morning the Rules Committee announced that because of the soggy condition of the course, a ball imbedded in the fairway or the rough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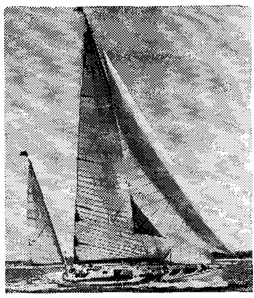

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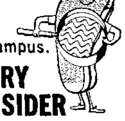

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could be lifted without penalty and dropped in a drier spot. As Palmer came to the troublesome 155-yard twelfth hole, a par 3, he was leading the field, but Ken Venturi, with whom he was paired, was only a shot behind him. Here Palmer's six-iron shot carried the ball over the green and imbedded it in the base of a steep bank of rough. The official in charge there was, for some reason or other, not clear about the newly introduced rule, and informed Palmer that he would have to play the half-buried ball as it lay. Palmer chopped it out, then put his chip up fairly close, but missed the putt. Down in 5. Then, feeling that the official's decision had been wrong, Palmer calmly went back to the point where his tee shot had imbedded itself and played a second ball; after dropping it over his shoulder, he chipped it dead toward the flag, and holed his putt. Now what did he have, a 5 or 3? Was he still leading Venturi—who had made his 3—by a shot, or was he now a shot behind? While the top officials were being summoned, play continued, with Palmer as self-possessed as if the problem didn't exist. On the thirteenth hole, a 475-yard par 5 where a player can carry the creek before the green with two well-hit shots, Palmer drove well, about 250 yards out. Before he played his second shot, there was a five-minute delay while he went over the incident at the previous hole with another official. Still in the dark as to his score, he made up his mind to try for the green—a bold decision, since he had a fairly difficult sidehill lie and had to stand a little below the ball. He hit a superlative shot, which as it cleared the creek took a little right-to-left draw, coming to rest eighteen feet to the left of the flag. Then he had a session with an official, but there was still no definite word about his score on the twelfth. On the green, he reknit his concentration once again, and holed the eighteen-footer for an eagle 3. This, to all intents and purposes, won him the tournament, for on the fifteenth hole the ruling came through that his score on the twelfth had been 3.

It is doubtful whether any eagle in an important tournament has ever been made under less congenial circumstances, and one might suppose that Palmer, having shown his mettle so splendidly under fire, instantly became the paragon we know today and moved from success to success. Not exactly. He won only one inconsequential event—the brand-new and never repeated Pepsi-Cola Open—during the rest of that year. The following spring, defending his Masters title, he threw away his lead on the last round when he pushed his

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tee shot on the twelfth into the creek at the right of the green and took a 6. He fought back, but when he missed four-foot putts on the last two greens, he allowed Art Wall to put on what would now be called a Palmerian finish and carry the day. On top of that, Palmer blew a chance to tie for first place in the Houston Open when it took him three shots to hole out from the edge of the seventy-second green. In the Western Open, in July, needing to sink a two-foot putt on the home green to tie Mike Souchak for first, he muffed it.

THE tournament that first truly established Palmer as a miracle worker in the eyes of an awed public was the 1960 Masters. By that time, although his record did not entirely reflect it, he had made himself into a most redoubtable player. With the exception of George Bayer, he was the longest hitter among the professionals. His long-iron play remained uneven, but he had improved his pitching and chipping—former weak points—and, in fact, had become so proficient at improving all kinds of little shots with the wedge and the other clubs that, on the days when he was not hitting the greens, he could scramble out pars from strange and remote places. As for his temperament, he radiated more purpose than ever. Whether or not he was the finest golfer in the world, he no doubt thought he was. Great athletes do not ordinarily go around buttonholing their friends to confide that they think they are better than anyone else, but in their hearts they believe this to be so. The self-confidence of most athletes, whatever they may claim, is a very sometime thing, but among the authentic virtuosos, like Hogan, or Bob Cousy, or Pancho Gonzales, or Warren Spahn, or Herb Elliott, or Palmer, the sense of superiority is as incontrovertible as the fact that the sun rises in the east.

What made Palmer's victory in the 1960 Masters so genuinely thrilling was that, for the first time in his career, he summoned one last, successful effort when the situation seemed bleakest. Palmer plays the course at Augusta better than he does any other—almost as if it had been specially designed for him—and on this occasion steadily excellent golf had put him a stroke in the lead as the final round began. However, two of his closest contenders, Venturi and Finsterwald, playing together about four holes in front of him, went a shot ahead on the first nine holes of the round and moved down the final fairways locked in a man-to-man duel for the lead. As they reached the seven-

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teenth tee, and he the thirteenth, Palmer, assuming that they would play the last two holes in par (Venturi did, but Finsterwald bogeyed the home hole), was faced with the necessity of playing the last six holes in one under par in order to gain a tie. The two best chances to pick up a birdie on that part of the course—particularly for a long hitter like Palmer—come on the thirteenth and fifteenth holes, two relatively short par 5s. Palmer wasted both of these opportunities, so when, weary and spent after the long, frustrating afternoon, he came to the sixteenth hole—his seventieth—he was still chasing that elusive birdie, with only three holes left to play. Here, he saved his par with a seven-foot putt. On the seventy-first, his seven-iron approach had so much backspin that it died almost where it landed, twenty-seven feet below the cup on an extremely difficult green. Twice Palmer prepared to putt, and twice he walked away, distracted by the movements of spectators directly behind the green. He got set a third time, and nervelessly holed the long uphill putt. That changed everything. Now a birdie on the eighteenth, a par-4 hole 420 yards up a gradual slope, could win for him, and Palmer, suddenly as animated as if the whole exhausting afternoon had never happened, made it clear that he felt he could get that birdie. He did, when he planted his approach shot five feet from the flag.

These last-gasp heroics were scarcely over when Palmer won the National Open, held that June at the Cherry Hills course, in Denver, with another finish that Burt L. Standish would doubtless have rejected for Frank Merriwell on the ground of implausibility. Palmer, who the previous year had tardily made his first respectable showing in the Open by tying for fifth, stood seven shots behind the leader, Mike Souchak, when he started his final round, virtually the forgotten man at Cherry Hills. He got a birdie on the first hole by driving to the green, 346 yards away. (In the thin mountain air, a golf ball travels much farther than at sea level, but a 350-yard tee shot is still a fair poke.) He birdied the second by chipping into the cup from the edge of the green. He birdied the third when he wedged his approach a foot from the cup, and birdied the fourth with an eighteen-foot putt. On the fifth, a par 5, his improbable gallop was interrupted when he drove into the heavy rough, and he had to settle for par. Then he was off again. He birdied the sixth by dropping a twenty-five-foot sidehill putt. He birdied the seventh, a dog-leg par 4, by hitting his

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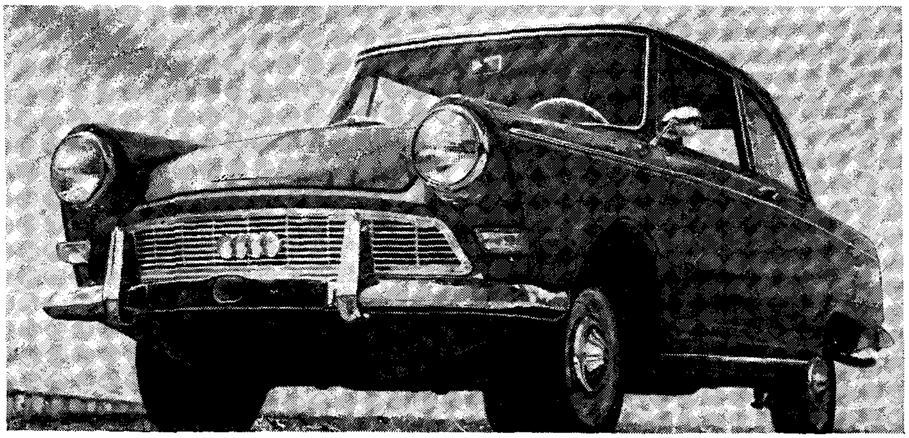

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second shot six feet from the cup and getting that putt. On the eighth, Palmer's rush came to an end, but with this opening burst of six birdies in seven holes—unparalleled in the history of the Open—he had played himself back into the tournament. After completing the first nine in 30, he battled his way, with a one-under-par 35, over the much more exacting second nine, where his remaining opposition fell one by one. His 65 was the lowest final round ever played by an Open winner.

DURING the last two years, Palmer has continued to work his wonders with remarkable regularity. In 1960, he won eight tournaments in all, failed by one stroke in a courageous bid for the British Open, and earned a record total of $75,263 in prize money; last year, he came back from his last-hole collapse in the Masters and a weak defense of his Open title, to take the British Open, at Birkdale, hammering his shots, far better than any of the native players were able to do, through some of the worst storms in the history of that weather-plagued championship; so far this year, he has won his third Masters and five other tournaments. As a result, whenever golfers get together, after each has inflicted on the others a gripping stroke-by-stroke analysis of his most recent hot round, the next topic is invariably: How in the world does Arnold Palmer ever do it? It is a good question, and the answer, as might be expected, is not a simple one. To begin with, there is that steadfast belief of Palmer's that he is a better golfer than anyone else. Then, there is his matchless combination of physical, mental, and nervous endurance. No matter how determined a man may be, he can usually absorb only a certain amount of disappointment, but Palmer's stamina under stress seems inexhaustible. Apparently, there is no limit to the number of times he can pick himself up and keep coming. Here he has one conspicuous advantage over most of his rivals: Nothing gives a golfer quite the same lift as holing a good putt, and Palmer can putt. He is, in fact, that rare bird, the power golfer who is also exceptionally gifted on the green. Though there is no reason for it that you can put your finger on, most long hitters, like Sam Snead, have been relatively unsure putters, and, conversely, most of the demon putters have had mediocre long games. In any event, among Palmer's regular opposition, only two men, Jack Nicklaus and Mike Souchak, hit the ball as far as he does, and right now there are also only two, Jerry Barber and Billy Cas-

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per, who would be rated better putters, though there are occasions when Bob Rosburg, Gene Littler, and Gary Player hole everything in sight.

Among Palmer's other assets, one that should not be discounted is Arnold's Army. Some golf actuaries estimate that the support of this faithful legion is worth five shots a tournament to him—at least two of them on the last round—but whatever the validity of such metaphysical computations, Palmer unquestionably derives enormous sustenance from the knowledge that thousands of people are pulling for him and will not suddenly desert him to chase off after some other player who, according to the grapevine, is really pouring it on. (In last year's National Open, Palmer's patchy opening rounds barely qualified him for the final double round on Saturday, but throughout that day, though he remained in the ruck, his gallery was larger than any of the leaders'.) In his personal life, Palmer is fortunate in having an invaluable adjutant in his wife, Winnie, who in addition to raising a family (the Palmers have two children) handles his complex logistical arrangements. And Palmer has one additional asset. While there have been moments when the breaks have gone against him, far more often Providence has treated him as a special favorite. In the recent Masters, for instance, the key to his eleventh-hour rally was the delicate chip shot from the back edge of the sixteenth hole that slithered down the tricky green and lodged itself between the rim of the cup and the flagstick for a birdie 2. The golf actuaries previously referred to are of the opinion that if Palmer were given thirty more cracks at that chip, he could not hole one of them.

Whether a golfer is born under a lucky star or not, in the end it is he who must play the shots, and, quite apart from Palmer's genius for competition, the question remains: How good a shotmaker is he really? A shade better, I would guess, than he is customarily credited with being. In much the same way the temperamental vagaries of some players—Tommy Bolt, for instance—have obscured their high ability, Palmer's power and his proclivity for the spectacular have tended to divert attention from the essential soundness of his game. I remember asking a young amateur at one tournament what he liked most about Palmer's play. The incisive reply was "He hits such pure shots." Indeed he does. If Palmer is still subject to woolly stretches in which he lacks the definitive control of the earlier champions, it is the gambler in him that leads him astray. It is difficult

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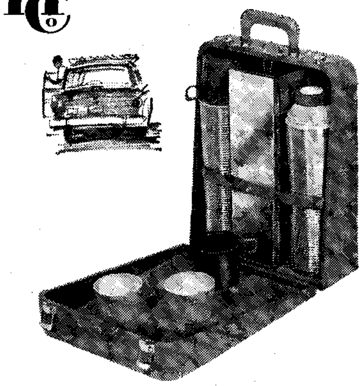

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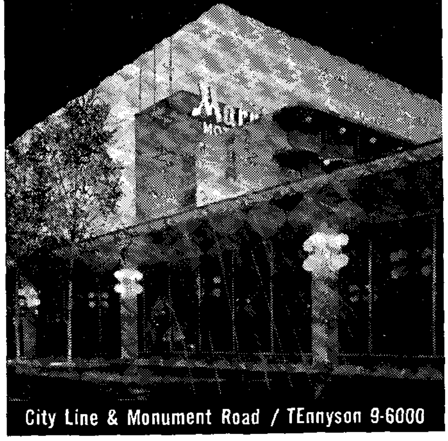

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for him to resist trying to cut a perilous corner, or, when his lie is not ideal, to shun the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer approach in favor of the percentage shot, if some such bold maneuver may possibly save him a stroke. Some of the gambles necessarily fail, and when they do, Palmer *has* to attempt brilliant shots to make up for his errors. And, of course, not all of these come off. It is when Palmer is in one of his calmer moods, not forcing the issue, and thus not leaving himself so much to do to salvage his score, that one best appreciates both his flair for shotmaking and the virtues of his swing. The swing is a hard one, with little or no poetry in it. The body is very active, the turn of the shoulders is extra full, and the hands and arms, working beautifully together, drive emphatically through the ball. Some scholars of technique would like Palmer's swing better if his clubhead were not "closed" (the face turned toward the sky) at the top of the backswing, a position that usually promotes a hook; they also point out that only his tremendous strength enables him to use his left arm and hand to prevent his right arm from taking over as it whips into and through the shot. These flaws, they contend, may eventually shorten his career as a first-rank player. However, at least an equal number of scholars believe that Palmer would be unwise to fool with his natural technique while it is serving him so well, and that if he later finds that he must make modifications, he should be able to do so without a great deal of trouble. Thanks to his sturdy physique, they see him lasting as long as anyone. The two schools of thought agree that Palmer has benefited from having had only one teacher, his father, and from being long accustomed to working out his own problems.

AMERICAN golf, most of whose champions down through the decades have been people of character and charm, has never had a worthier hero than Arnold Palmer. The abundance of his endowments, however, is no guarantee that he will continue to dominate golf as he has for the last two years. Never before have there been so many seasoned players capable of winning championships, and Palmer is not the only one with drive and ambition. In the face of this considerable rivalry, the genuine fondness that Palmer's colleagues have for him is somewhat unusual in golf, and perhaps constitutes the final mark of the man. What they admire most about him is that, for all the glory and cash that have come to him, he has remained the same good-natured,

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unegocentric fellow he was when he was just another competent player. In one way, though, Palmer *has* changed. He is one of the few sports celebrities who have ever actually bloomed under the spotlight. As a younger golfer, and a shier one, he was quite nonplussed when strangers came up to him and peppered him with questions. Eventually, he realized that these people wanted to talk with him simply because they were interested in him, and then he became much more outgoing. Now that he has reached the top, he has set a new standard of graciousness for athletes. He has time for everyone: the lady with the autograph book, the boy golfer with a question about his grip, the small-town newspaperman, the radio interrogator who wants to tape an interview, the fan who wants to know if he remembers talking with him on the ninth tee at Pensacola in '56, the executive he was paired with in a tournament in Cleveland—the whole cast of characters in the variegated world of golf. Since Palmer's idolators frequently undertake these chats with him when he is preparing to tee off on a tournament round, or even when a round is in progress, his close friends, despite their knowledge that he has the energy and patience of an astronaut, are constantly worrying lest these interruptions prevent him from thinking and playing his best golf. Accordingly, these friends are never more distressed than when he spots *them* in the gallery during a round and comes over to chat. But then, to their relief, he returns to his ball, refocusses his concentration, and gets off another beautiful shot.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

OUR FORGETFUL REPORTERS

[*From a story about the S. S. Manhattan in the Boston Sunday Globe*]

The engineers have to climb down and up seven full flights when they go on and off watches. The absence of air conditioning, called for in the ship's original specifications, will be noticed during transit of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea where temperatures often soar over the 100 point degree and hang there.—*18th paragraph.*

Neither the Suez nor the Panama Canals will be able to accommodate her and there are fewer than a dozen dry docks in the world able to handle her.—*27th paragraph.*

•

In East Berlin Albert Norden, the East German propaganda chief, who was the main speaker at the Communist rally, rejected all ideas for an international booby to take over "administrative functions" in controlling access to Berlin.—*The Times.*

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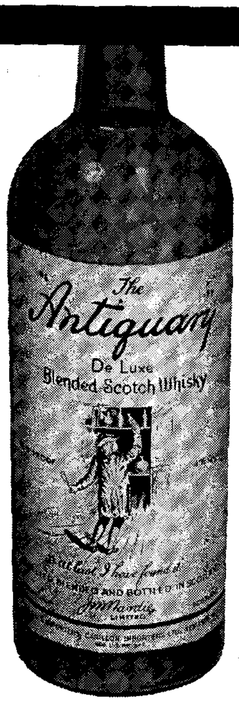

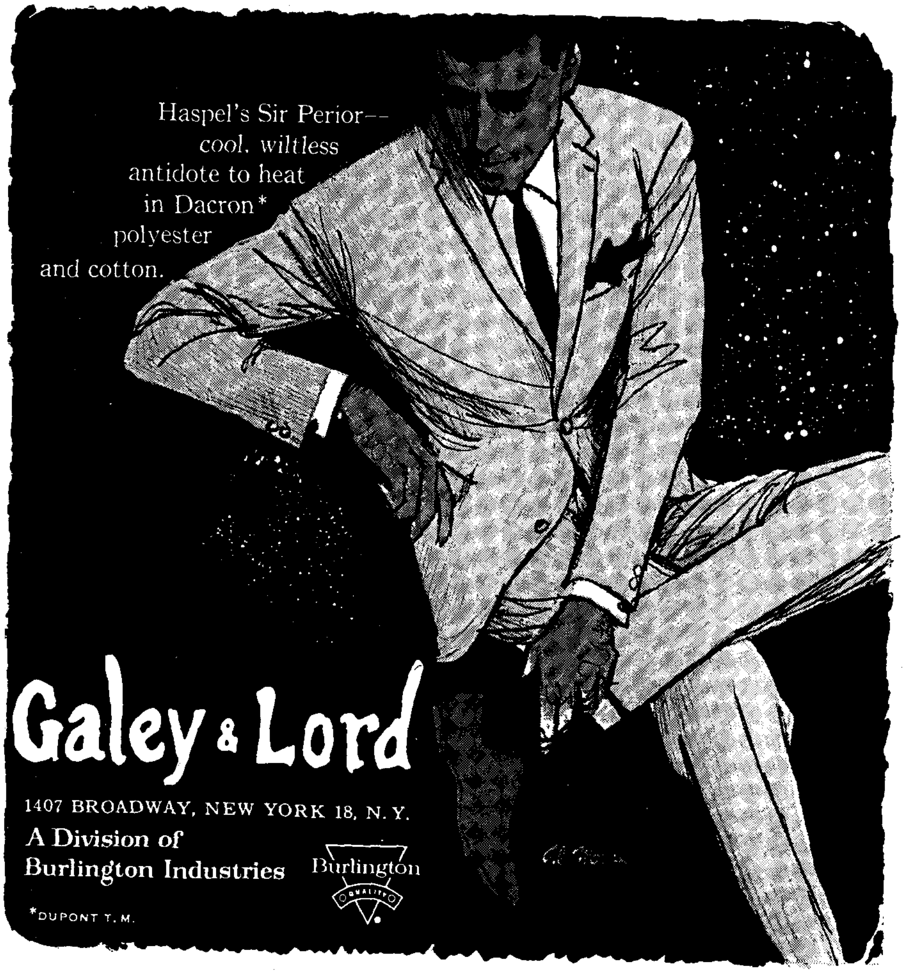

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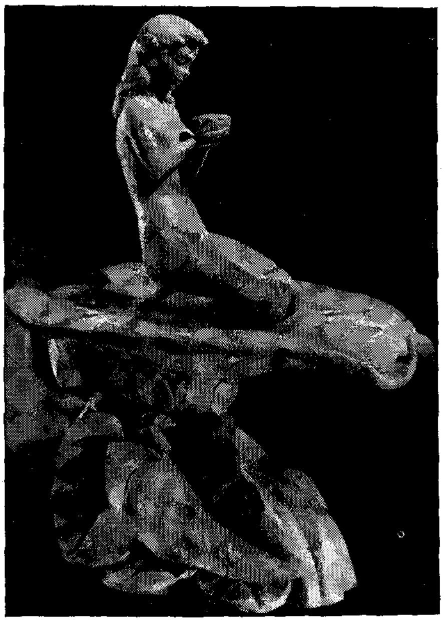

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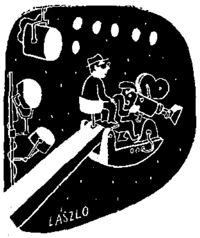

I DIDN'T read the novel "Advise and Consent," and I didn't see the play, so you will have to look elsewhere to learn what changes the author of the screenplay, Wendell Mayes, and the producer-director, Otto Preminger, have made in the course of bringing this very successful property to the screen. As it stands—or, rather, stretches out—it's like an enormous, down-cushioned, stylishly slipcovered sofa, in which one can float half submerged for hours with no sense of urgency, or even of time passing, and certainly without being required to harbor a single thought. Some people, I understand, have feared that the picture might give aid and comfort to our enemies, as depicting, with apparent authenticity, the low moral tone of our national lawgivers, both liberal and conservative. No danger of that—Mr. Preminger has provided an altogether harmless entertainment, in which the only act of boldness is to have Gene Tierney and Walter Pidgeon bandy the word "bitch" back and forth, for what is doubtless the first time in Hollywood history. Thus our enemies will be obliged, as usual, to draw as much comfort as possible from the fact that everyone in the picture is notably well fed, well housed, well heeled, and well clothed. (Point of order: Charles Laughton, as the senior senator from South Carolina, wears a suit that seems to consist of ill-pressed Pillsbury flour sacks, but even this has the air of having been run up at great expense.)

I feel inclined to say a word or two in favor of Mr. Preminger, who I suspect would know how to put my praise more vividly. He has taken pains to have Washington photographed in fresh, brilliant black-and-white, and he has achieved an unparalleled degree of verisimilitude by using as props some of the most valuable real estate we taxpayers possess—our Capitol, our Senate subway, our Senate Office Building, and, as a foil to the rumpled shapelessness of Mr. Laughton, the Washington Monument. He has also exacted first-rate performances from nearly every member of his immense, starry cast, which includes—besides Miss Tierney, Mr. Pidgeon, and Mr. Laughton—

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Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, Lew Ayres, Don Murray, Peter Lawford, and George Grizzard. Mr. Meredith is exceptionally good in what is scarcely more than a bit part; I was also much taken with Franchot Tone as a dying President—somehow I hadn't expected to find Mr. Tone at home in the White House, but he is.

I RECOMMEND to one and all—children under two excepted—the hilarious crazy quilt of a picture that Harold Lloyd has stitched together out of bits and pieces of several of his great works. The picture is called "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy," and that's what it is—his and only his, though Buster Keaton's world is right next door, and Charlie Chaplin's isn't all that far away. Lloyd's heyday was the early nineteen-twenties, when the enforced silence of films gave situation comedy, and sight-gags within situations, and pantomime within sight-gags a value that they seemed to lose forever when the talkies came in, and that is now being revived, with something of the excitement of a Schliemann uncovering Troy, by young movie-makers like Robert Dhéry and Philippe de Broca. Lloyd constructed his comedies with extraordinary care, bestowing on them the exact outrageousness of inverted pyramids, which were able to stand only because each of their innumerable stones was so cunningly fitted into place; it is proof of his incomparable workmanship that forty years later they still make us laugh, and make us laugh without the slightest hint of patronizing them.

There are things that time darkens and things that it brightens, and movies fall into the second category. Marvellous as Lloyd's comedies were and are in themselves, they have for us now the added attraction of presenting, wholly unself-consciously and, indeed, only by accident, an America that has utterly vanished and that, being lost, gains a fantastic allure. Those long, empty Los Angeles streets, down which Lloyd and his host of irritable in-laws tool in his brand-new flivver! The low white bungalows, the open-fronted grocery stores, the buildings bristling enough for a man to climb, and, above all, the open trolleys—those splendid, airy wooden-and-brass-and-iron beasts that brought out all the latent derring-do in travellers! Those were the days, and here they are, bathed in more sunlight than any actual day can hold.

—Brendan Gill

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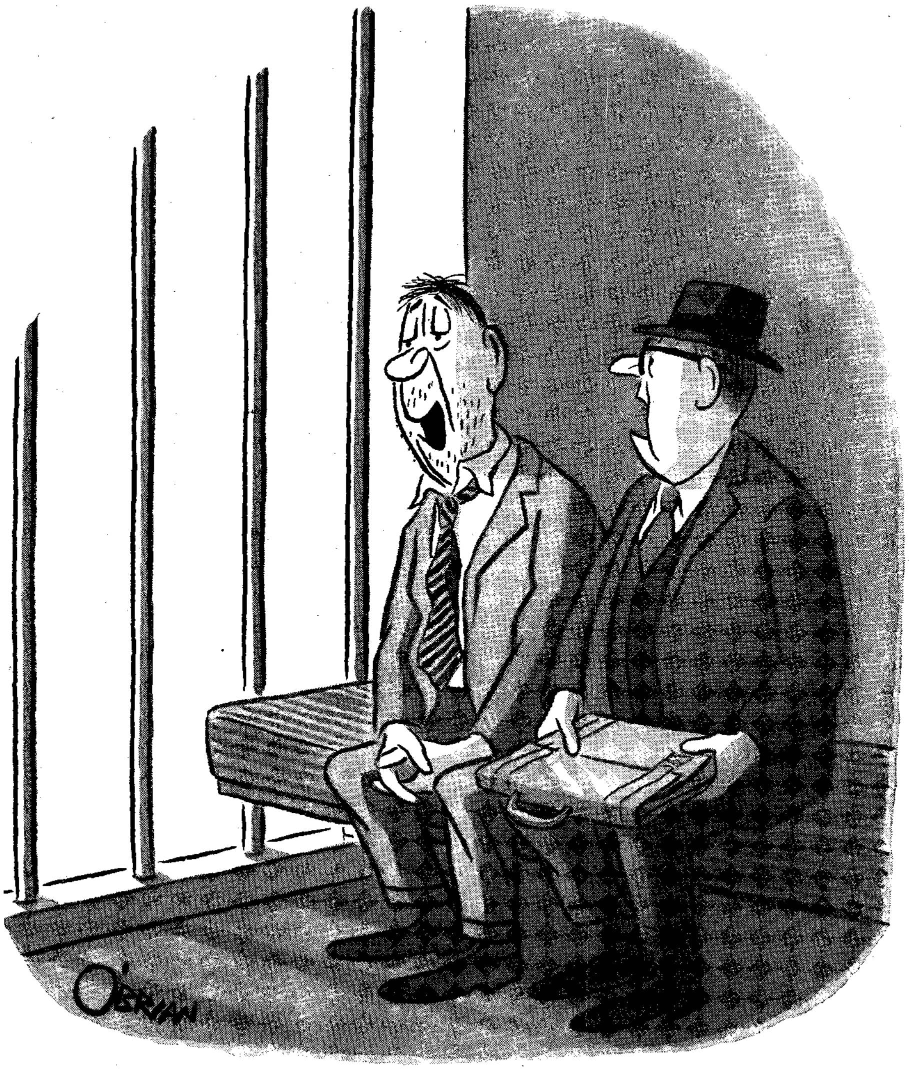
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 1

THE foreign-aid and foreign-trade bills are in various stages of Congressional processing and will be the subjects of committee hearings, floor debate, and partisan accommodation through most of the summer. Foreign aid, it is expected, will get by with selective cuts amounting, over all, to about the ten per cent by which administration requests are customarily reduced. The foreign-trade program, whose prospects were rated so poorly by its own proponents only a few months ago that they advised against attempting the great leap forward from the old Reciprocal Trade Agreements before 1963 at the earliest, now seems to have an excellent chance of being enacted in this session—and without very serious modifications. The House will probably pass it by the middle of this month. It has some resourceful opponents in the Senate Finance Committee, but they are not thought to be numerous enough to keep it from the Senate floor, where there are votes enough to put it through. Such a prospect, one would suppose, must be immensely heartening to the administration, whose spokesmen were talking during the fall and winter as though the proposed tariff reforms and the schemes for penetrating or infiltrating the European Economic Community were ultimate weapons that would assure the prosperity of the entire West, provide economic growth under virtuous democratic auspices in the underdeveloped countries, and hasten the withering away of Communism. Little of this kind of talk is now being heard, and what is really striking at the moment is the fact that legislation of this sort—and, indeed, foreign policy in general—is of less interest and concern to the administration than domestic policy. To be sure, there is still enthusiasm for the trade program, but the claims being made for it are more modest (as seems fitting, since exports account for only about four per cent of the gross national product, and imports for about three per cent), and the claims being made for domestic items are correspondingly higher. One Presidential adviser recently said that if he had to choose between passage of the trade bill and passage of medicare or a federal-aid-to-education bill, he would without hesitation take one of the latter. That may be a minority view, and there is no publicly acknowledged schedule of priorities that favors domestic legislation, but one gets the impression that the administration is investing at least as much energy in medicare, tax reform, and farm legislation as in any of its military or diplomatic enterprises.

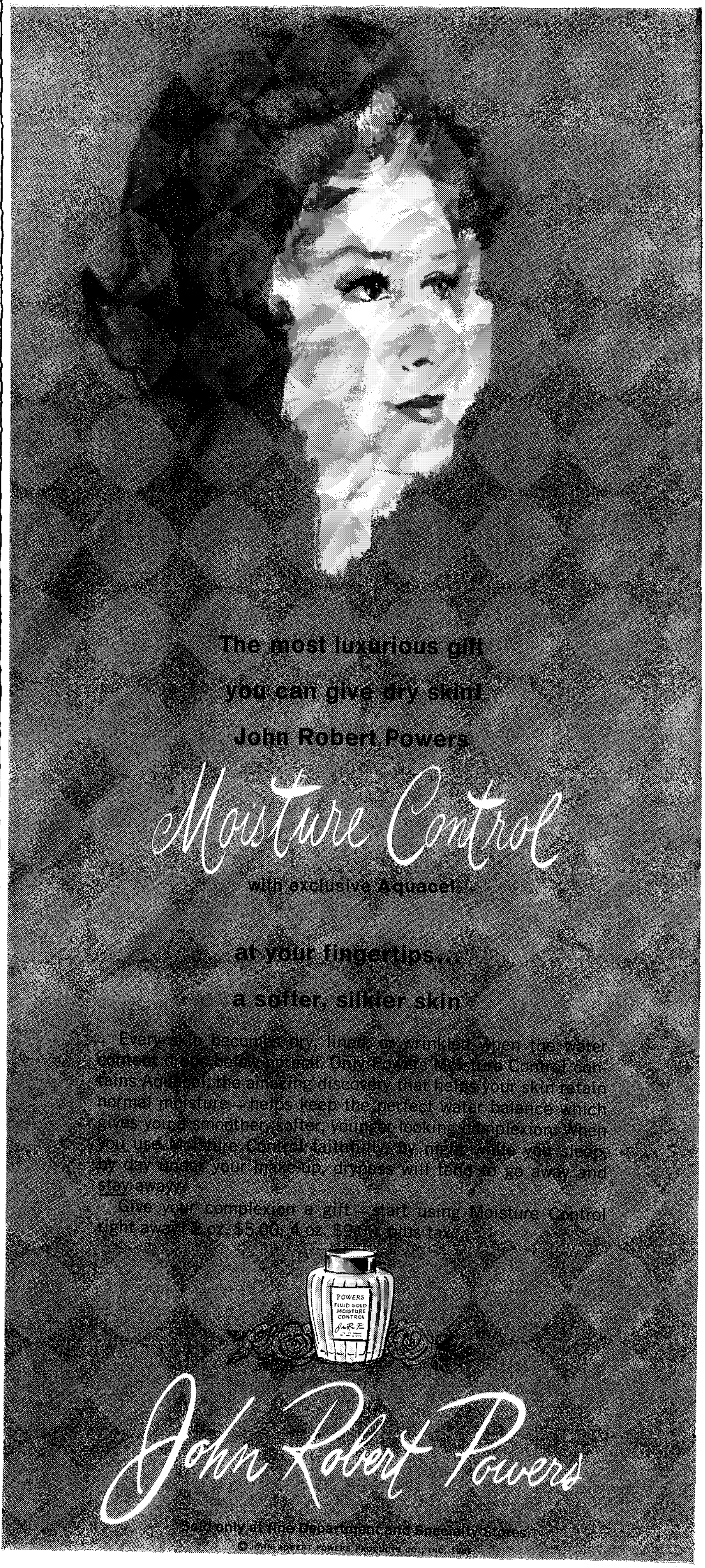
A number of developments help to explain the shifting emphasis. The perceptible easing of relations with the Communist bloc has made it possible in the first place. There are no foreseeable crises of great magnitude, and no large and immediate threats to the peace. The situation in Laos may be hopeless, but hardly anyone nowadays believes that the disintegration of that troubled kingdom would set off a chain reaction throughout Southeast Asia. In the main, our adversaries seem to be absorbed in their own political and economic problems, and this allows us to contemplate ours. Contemplation was well advanced by the time the stock market fell this week, but the trouble on Wall Street, which is only one symptom of economic malaise, and not the most important one, has added a sense of urgency and anxiety. Moreover, this is an election year in which the Presidency is not being contested and in which we don't seem to be staring disaster in the face. In such circumstances, domestic issues are what the voters care about. For every letter that the average congressman gets on Laos, he gets fifty on medicare. There is no major item of domestic policy that does not stir more feeling among the electorate in mid-1962 than Berlin, South Vietnam, disarmament, the United Nations bond issue, or the space race. The administration assumes that it has the masses on its side on all the welfare issues, and that this is therefore the moment to press its case in Congress and force as many decisions as possible on those legislators who are torn between the requirements of ideology and those of survival. If its reasoning is sound, it can make political capital of either success or failure in this session. The crucial thing is to have the issues joined at the earliest possible moment, so that voters may know friend (Kennedy Democrat) from foe (Halleck Republican or, in primaries or nominating conventions, Byrd Democrat) in



"Damn it, man, stop insisting that you want to see your lawyer! I'm your lawyer."

time to do the right thing. The administration professes a high degree of confidence in its ability to achieve what so few administrations in the past have managed to achieve—an increase in its Congressional support in an off-year election. Independent authorities on political trends would not give terribly attractive odds on this proposition, but they seem to feel that if major Cold War complications do not arise, and if the Billie Sol Estes affair is not followed by others of a similarly repellent nature, the administration may find in November that its confidence was fully justified.

There is within the administration itself a factor of ideology that helps account for the new zest for tackling domestic problems. Throughout the years in which Mr. Kennedy was making his way toward the White House, there was a good deal of controversy over where, precisely, he stood on social and economic questions. There were sharp differences of opinion among Democrats about the quality of his commitment to the welfare state, to civil rights, and to other such matters. His general movement over the years appeared to be from right to center left, but even now, when he has been in the White House for seventeen months, there is some uncertainty about his leanings and predilections on domestic ends and means—an uncertainty that does not exist where foreign policy is concerned. The fact that the matter can still be argued about lends a degree of interest to political discourse and gossip here, and it perhaps adds a bit to Mr. Kennedy's own ability to maneuver and to create elements of surprise in his dealings with Congress and the public. But if he is a little hard to pin down on ideology, this is not true of the men with whom he has surrounded himself and on whom he relies very largely for intelligence and advice on domestic matters. They are, by and large, domestic reformers; they have been preoccupied throughout their careers with the problems of building what they regard as a good society in the United States, and while they recognize the imperatives of the Cold War and the claims of American national security, their expertise, as well as their central interest, is in American affairs. This is true of the three scholars, led by Professor Walter Heller, who serve as the President's Council of Economic Advisers. It is true of the three economists to whom, though they are not members of the Council, Mr. Kennedy has probably turned for advice more often than to any others—Seymour E. Harris and John Kenneth Galbraith, both of Harvard, and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*AT ALL TIMES

Paul A. Samuelson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And it is true of such of the President's other consultants as Theodore C. Sorensen, Myer Feldman, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. There are differences in this group—particularly among the economists—on questions like the relative efficacy of, say, tax cuts and public spending for invigorating the economy, but in general they are men who have a firm vision of the kind of American community they would like to see and who share a conviction that government is the principal instrumentality for change and improvement. Furthermore, they share—not only with each other but, quite plainly, with the President and almost everyone else in the administration—the view that the American community, whether or not it stands in need of much change and reorganization, right now has a backlog of pressing domestic problems. In terms of production, personal incomes, and employment, there have been, as the President told a news conference last week, some gains over the past few months, but not enough to allay anyone's fears that things will get a good deal worse before they get genuinely better. Not even the most sanguine of the administration economists foresees a recovery that will restore anything like full employment. The spread of automation and the concurrent growth of the labor force create difficulties that cannot be dealt with by a private economy that, whatever wonders it is able to work, somehow refuses to grow at the rate that is needed to absorb the skills of the people it serves. The failures of the private economy are fully matched by the failures of the public authorities—local, state, and federal—to deal with such public problems as school construction and the maintenance of orderly and civilized institutions in growing cities and suburbs.

Given the spurs of Congressional elections and an awareness of mounting social and economic difficulties, it was inevitable that the administration would seize upon any respite in the Cold War to dramatize domestic issues and to seek legislative amelioration. But there have been other spurs, and some of them are to be found in the Cold War itself. The present administration's view of the Cold War and of Communism differs from that of the last in certain crucial respects. For one thing, it believes that the underdeveloped countries will be the most important theatres of conflict in the years ahead. And it sees the conflict less in terms of competing treaty organizations or national armies, or even negotiating diplomats, than in terms of

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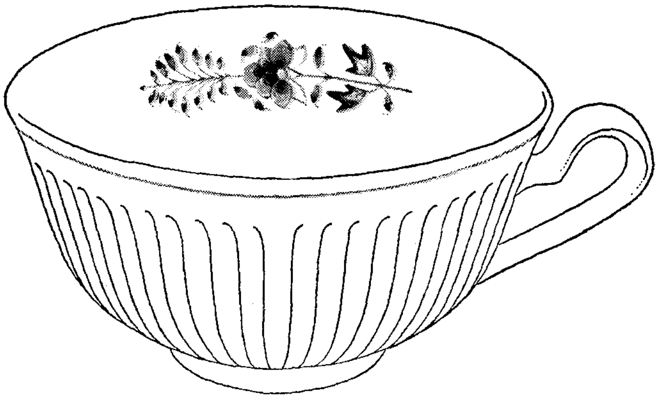
competing ideologies of modernization and economic development. The Eisenhower administration saw Communism primarily as an international political conspiracy that used whatever military, economic, diplomatic, and political instruments it found at hand. The Kennedy administration, which came to power when it was becoming clear that one could not speak of "international" Communism without several qualifications, stresses the dangers of the purely doctrinal force of Communism, and it feels that its mission—perhaps its most important one—is to call attention to and demonstrate the doctrine's weaknesses and dangers for underdeveloped countries that are tempted to give it a try. "Communism," Walt Rostow, the present chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, said in a speech last year, "is best understood as a disease of the transition to modernization." He was addressing a class at the Army Special Warfare School, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and his main point was that the disease is often carried by guerrilla fighters, with the result that there may be times when therapy demands support of various kinds for anti-Communist guerrillas. Obviously, though, the more important kind of therapy is a demonstration that there are other models for efficient modernization. The administration's rationale for a program like medicare might, in the absence of any conflict with Communism, be altogether humane. But, given the existence of that conflict, it is in a sense diplomatic. An important and, for the most part, a welcome consequence of modernization is the increase in life expectancy, which confronts our society with the special problems of large numbers of citizens surviving beyond their productive years. We win an important victory if we are able to show that a free society (or, at any rate, a non-Communist society) can cope with, rather than be defeated by, the problems arising from technological and scientific gains. If old age in a Communist society is a pleasant, or even merely tolerable, phase of existence, while survival beyond what Americans now regard as middle age is a wretched fate in a capitalist or economically pluralist society, we suffer, according to present administration thinking, a major defeat. To be sure, geriatrics is a fairly far-out case. No part of the underdeveloped world will face this particular complication until well after the Kennedy administration belongs to the ages. But there is great value—or so, at least, it is thought here today—in demonstrating that a free society can do as well as a Com-



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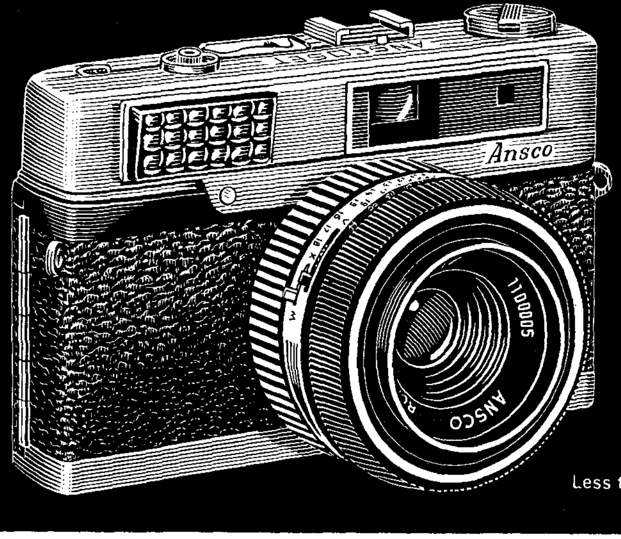

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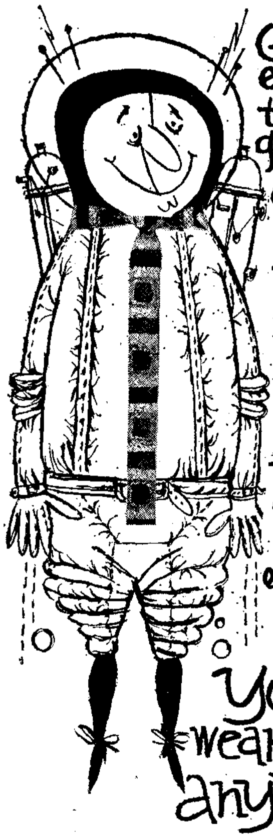
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munist society with basic education, and better with civil rights and liberties, better with the standard of living, and as well or better with science. Since the middle of the last decade, a great part of the Soviet drive has been an effort to demonstrate the advantages of Communism as a principle of social organization. This administration's inclination is to welcome and encourage competition of this sort as being at once safe, useful, and advantageous.

It is also, however, expensive. And it happens to be only one of the forms of competition that "competitive coexistence" forces upon us. Another is the race into space and to the moon, which is expected to cost something like four billion dollars a year over the next ten years. Another is the counter-guerrilla activity that Mr. Rostow spoke about at Fort Bragg. Beyond this, there are development schemes, like the Alliance for Progress in Latin America, and a wide variety of aid programs in Africa, the Middle East, and Asia. "Although it is sometimes overlooked," Averell Harriman recently wrote, "the accepted design of American foreign policy aspires to the creation of a worldwide community of independent nation-states, each responding to the desires of its own people and each respecting the rights of other states without resorting to the use or threat of force." Mr. Harriman did not say that the United States proposed to assure the independent growth of every nation-state now in existence or likely to be created in what remains of this century. It is obvious that in certain circumstances—such as those that seem to prevail in parts of Southeast Asia—the preservation of independence may be beyond our means because it is beyond the desires of the people. We cannot, for example, save Laos without some assistance from the Laotians. And there are people in the administration who think that in certain large areas our efforts ought to be of the most modest kind; there is widespread doubt whether sub-Sahara Africa is a region we ought to regard as vital to our interests. In any case, however, the mission of American policy is a staggering one, and its costs will be immense. To assure, through the Alliance for Progress, the healthy modernization of Latin America may require expenditures in excess of all the military and economic aid programs we have had over the past fifteen years. And this is by far the most important reason for the administration's present concern with domestic policies and with the state of the American economy. We have undertaken a foreign policy that we can't possibly afford unless we either

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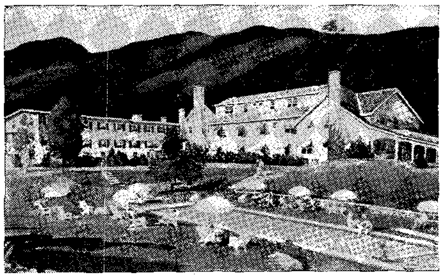

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control the economy in order to lower living standards or somehow force it to grow in output far beyond its present annual rate, which some people put as low as two and a half per cent and no one puts above three and a half per cent, and which is, by any reckoning, about half that of Western Europe and the Soviet Union in recent years. Despite Mr. Kennedy's eloquent words about sacrifice early in his term, financing our foreign policy by lowering consumption is unacceptable. In the administration's view, it is not only unacceptable but foolish, what with four million workers unemployed, with steel mills running at barely half their capacity, and with food in unwanted abundance. The alternative is to finance it with the revenues that will result from economic growth and the full utilization of our productive resources, including human beings.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

CLEAR DAYS UNDER WATER

[*From the program of the Red Sea Festival, Eliat, Israel*]

THE STORY OF THE WATER BALLET
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On the bottom of the sea, just before dawn. Everyone is still asleep—only the crab—an early riser, is already busy, dusting the premises. Gradually, everybody wakes up and with the Sea-Star blowing out his lamp, the day begins.

Enter three young fish, chasing each other. Two gentlemen-fish, on their way to the office, are being upset by their play and punish them. The plant offers consolation which the gentlemen eagerly accept. The entrance of four contestants for a beauty competition disturbs the idyl, but the plant holds on to her newly found companions. Octopus decides that none of the four is worth the price, and the contestants depart in dismay.

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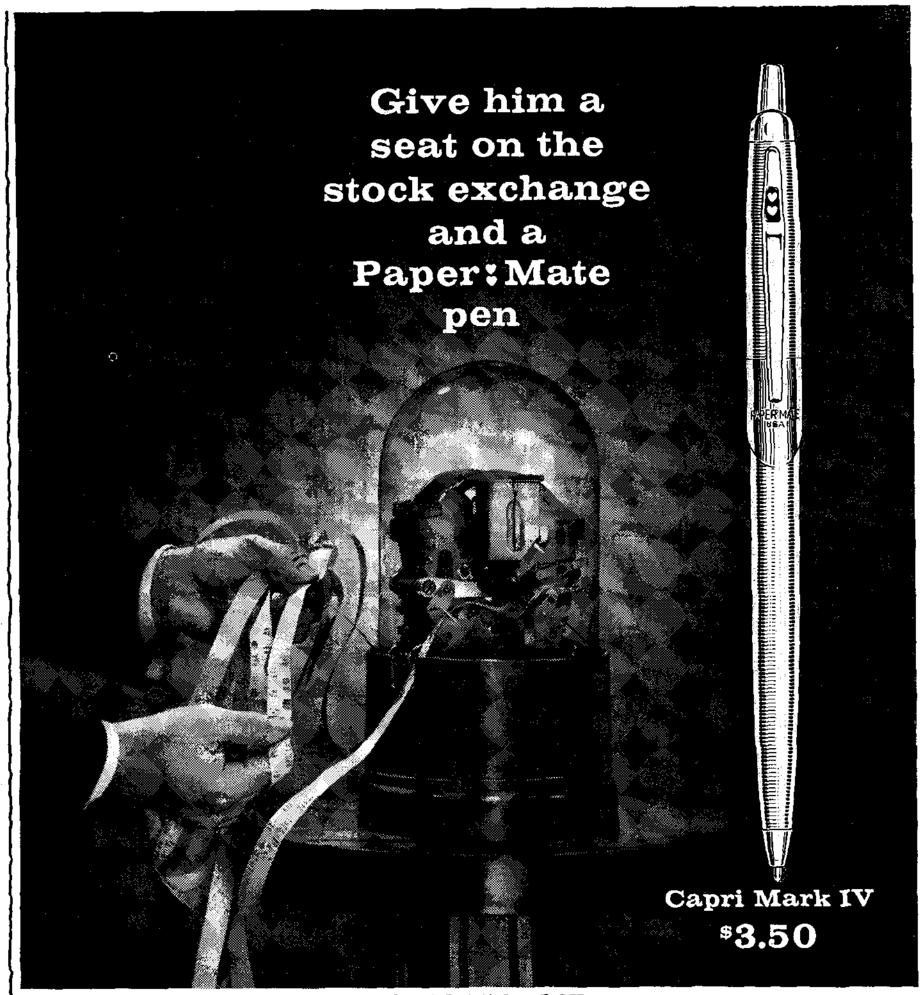
The three young fish announce the arrival of the lovers—the Sea-horse and the annemone and their two friends, the clams. They are to be married and the rabbi and his aide come to perform the ceremony. The general rejoicing is in full swing when suddenly appears—peeping over the coral reef—the diver. Everybody rushes into hiding. The diver who came with the intention of capturing some of the creatures of the sea, is, however unable to do so, being moved by their beauty and their pleas. He himself is defected, first by Octopus and then by the four Army-fish who have been called in for help.

The creatures of the sea—in their generosity—give him his freedom to depart and return to the surface and the world above. But the diver is so taken by the charm and purity of this underwater world, that he decides to stay forever. Surrounded by his happy new family he settles down among them for a new life.



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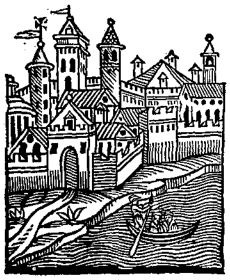

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THE RACE TRACK

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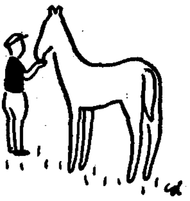
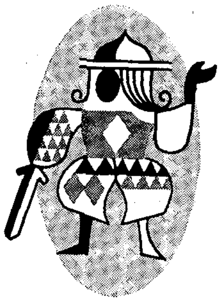


THIS department finds itself still flushed and a little breathless after the exciting racing last week. There was the victory of Carry Back and the defeat of Kelso in the Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct on Memorial Day, the disqualification of Crimson Satan in the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park the same afternoon, and the gallant performance of Cicada in winning the Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park last weekend.

An old saying has it that a good horse always comes back to his best form if you wait long enough. Well, Carry Back, who had been finishing second and third in the big handicaps this season, was himself again in the Metropolitan. Indeed, his burst of speed through the stretch was as impressive as the drives that won him the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes last year. He'd never looked better than he did at saddling time—perhaps because he'd had more rest between races (nearly five weeks) than he usually gets. Kelso, on the other hand, looked drawn and was unusually restive. One horseman remarked that he was probably at least fifty pounds lighter than he'd been before he did that remarkably fast workout—seven furlongs in 1:22—over the course a fortnight before. Arcaro, who is just a spectator these days, said that the colt was sweating a lot more than he did when he rode him.

At the start, when the nine runners came out of the chute at the far end of the course, Rullah Red, who my favorite authority on conformation declared was the handsomest animal in the parade to the post, was leading, with Hitting Away forcing the pace. Those two did the second quarter of the mile in the astonishing time of 0:21⅘, which took everything Hitting Away had and knocked him right out of the picture. A glance at the others at this point showed Kelso sixth and Carry Back seventh, and as they approached the far turn both began to move up, but after Kelso had gone little more than a furlong he appeared to be making no headway. Carry Back came on, the blue and silver hoops of his colors gradually approaching the leaders, Rullah Red and Merry Ruler. I wondered if he could catch them, for as they turned



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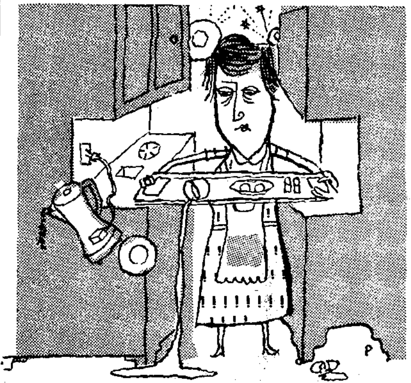

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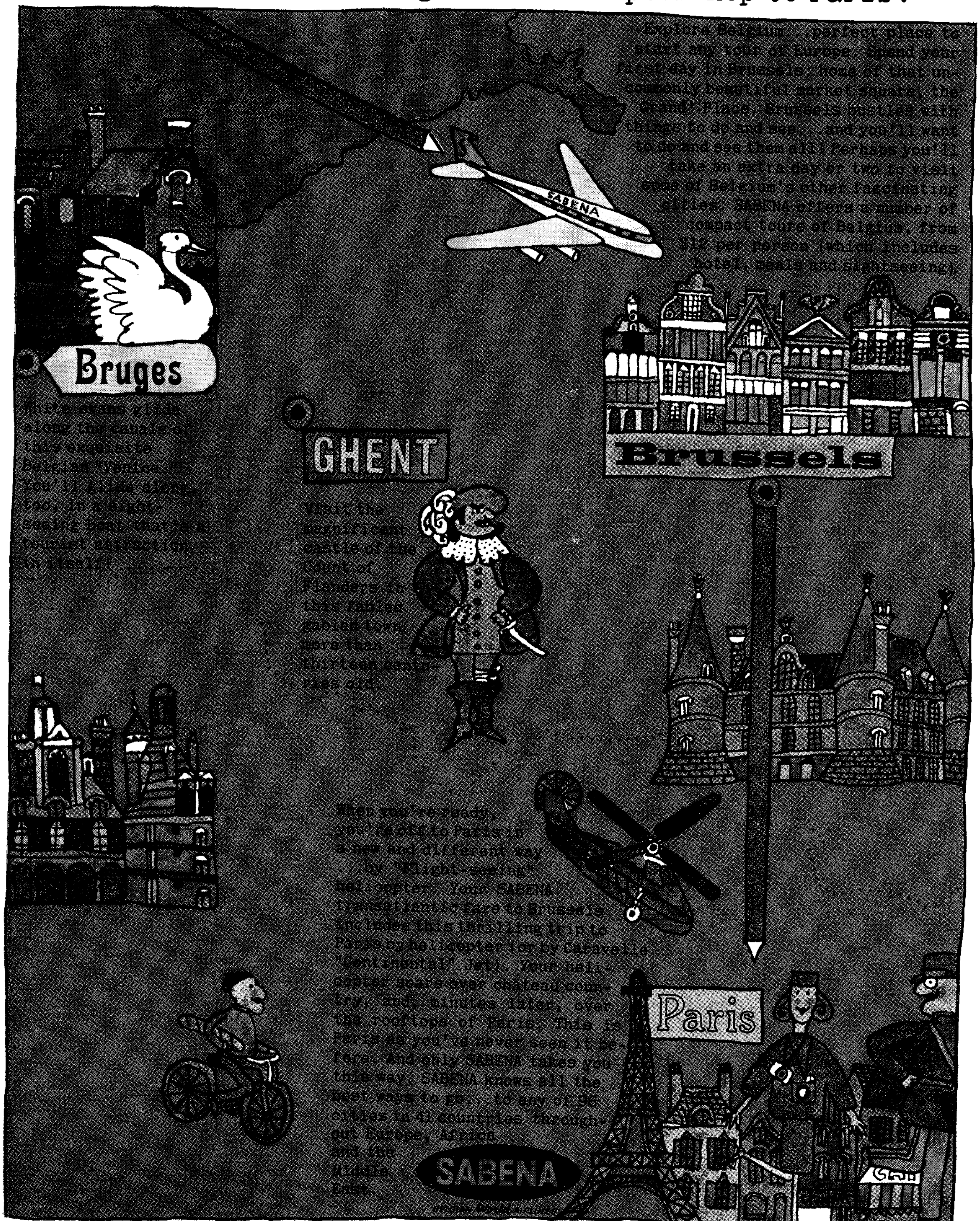

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into the stretch they were at least half a dozen lengths in front. But, straightened out for home, Carry Back seemed to take two strides to their one, and he finished more than two lengths ahead. In the last fifty yards, Rullah Red weakened and Merry Ruler passed him to take second money, while far behind them Physician, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap last winter, came in fourth. By the way, Physician wore unusual blinkers. They were not part of a hood, as conventional blinkers are, but were fastened on with criss-crossed strips of leather and looked like spectacles. A California novelty, I suppose.

It was as fast a Metropolitan as has ever been run. The time, which was 1:33⅗, not only equalled the track record for a mile but was two seconds better than Kelso's time when he won the Metropolitan a year ago. I don't really know what to say about Kelso's performance this year, so I shall say nothing, but Shoemaker, who rode him, thought the 133 pounds he carried might have slowed him down. Any day now, you can expect the race-track bleeding hearts to cry out against high weights in handicaps. As for Carry Back, everybody agrees that it was probably his very best effort. Needless to say, he'll run for the Suburban at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July.

I SUPPOSE I should have been delighted that Jaipur got the Jersey Derby, since he's my favorite three-year-old, but I thought the disqualification of Crimson Satan was regrettable. Mind you, it was well deserved, for he crowded Admiral's Voyage and Jaipur in the run through the stretch, and for that his number had to come down. Nevertheless, to this sentimental old pushover for hard-luck horses—and Crimson Satan is top of my list in that class—it was a pity. I watched the race on television, and it was plain to me that although Jaipur set a lively pace, Crimson Satan would be dangerous, for he was running the way he did in the last three furlongs of the Kentucky Derby, when he came within half a dozen lengths of taking all the money. It was obvious, too, that when he got to the front in the stretch he was tiring, and was bearing over toward the rail, as tired horses do. Had he kept a straight course, he might have won by lengths. As it was, the stewards placed him third, behind Jaipur and Admiral's Voyage.

NO doubt about it, Cicada is the best three-year-old filly—and, to stretch a point, the best of her age. At

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any rate, she has a better record than any of the colts, having won six of her eight starts this season and finished second in the two others. Her best race was the Florida Derby; though Ridan beat her by a nose, it's generally agreed that she'd have beaten him in the next three jumps. I'd put last weekend's Mother Goose next best. In fact, I haven't seen a gamer performance all season. Off a-winging, she opened up a long lead in the first half of the mile and a furlong, and then Firm Policy began trying to wear her down. For a moment, it looked as if Firm Policy would do it, too, but Cicada simply wouldn't be beaten, and passed the winning post a length to the good. Well done!

NO matter how attached horseplayers may be to functional Aqueduct, they can't fail to appreciate the charm of Belmont Park. Belmont has an atmosphere all its own, owing, perhaps, to the old-fashioned beauty of the place. I liked the way a visitor from California put it. "This is what a race track should be like," he said. Aqueduct does all right, though. Attendance during the sixty-three-day meeting that ended last week was 2,043,841, and the mutuel handle was $200,509,661. The racing on Memorial Day was the best I've seen this year. Incidentally, that afternoon the Brookmeade Stable of the late Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane passed out of racing. It sent two horses to the post and both won—a perfect finale for a stable that will be missed.

MONMOUTH, this department's favorite Jersey track, opened last week with several mild surprises. Cinder Man, who has been running in slower company at Aqueduct, beat Green Ticket, one of the faster three-year-olds, and last Saturday's Oceanport Handicap went to Jets Pat, a 7–1 chance. . . . Affectionately, the top two-year-old filly of 1962, didn't have as easy a time winning the Polly Drummond Stakes at Delaware Park as had been expected. From all accounts, she had to be ridden out sharply to beat Bold Princess, who is a bit of a runner herself. That's five straight in five starts for Affectionately, whose next appearance will be at Belmont on the eighteenth. . . . Well, the ninety-fourth running of the Belmont Stakes comes up this weekend. There may be as many as eight starters, and, if you must know, I don't think there's a colt of class in the lot. I'm sure, though, that they'll put up a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

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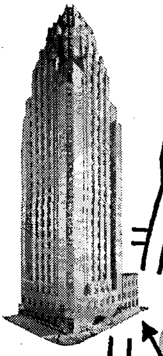

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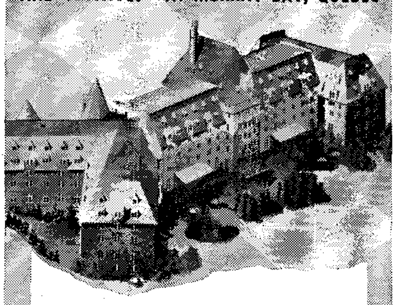

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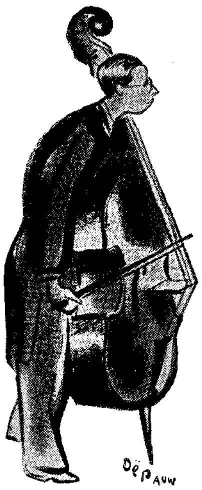
Jazz



THE professional jazz traditionalist, or moldy fig, is becoming increasingly serpentine. He now cloaks his mustiness in ethical-religious arguments ("The Heart of Jazz," an astonishing book written by William L. Grossman and Jack W. Farrell, and published in 1956), or blandly deifies his idols (a more recent and equally astonishing effort by H. O. Brunn, "The Story of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band"). He no longer rants or excoriates but sidles up beside the enemy (anyone born after 1900) and withers him with faint praise. He has also become adept at omission, at seemingly valid musical analysis, and at oblique downgrading. The high-water mark of this new-figgism has just been reached in "Jazz: A History of the New York Scene" (Doubleday), by Samuel B. Charters and Leonard Kunstadt. Charters, the author of pioneering new-fig chronicles of New Orleans jazz and rural blues singers, has done the—well, writing ("The music of the bands, as well as the instrumentation, was greatly influenced by the music the men were playing" and "They are both short, a little plump, wearing glasses, and looking like very unpretentious but pleasant men"), and Kunstadt, an assiduous jazz scholar, has done the research. The result is a three-hundred-and-sixty-page polemic disguised as a definitive history of jazz in New York from the ragtime days to the present. It easily outfigs Brunn, and Grossman and Farrell. In fact, Charters—with his footnotes (Grossman, too, is a footnote man), his myriad reproductions of pertinent documents, his statistics, and his sagacious, unruffled tone—even bests himself.

Nearly two-thirds (two hundred and thirty-eight pages) of the book is an admirable display of how to write full-bodied history about practically nothing, for this section deals with the period from 1900 to 1930 (the traditionalist's favorite playground), when jazz was centered not in New York but in New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and points

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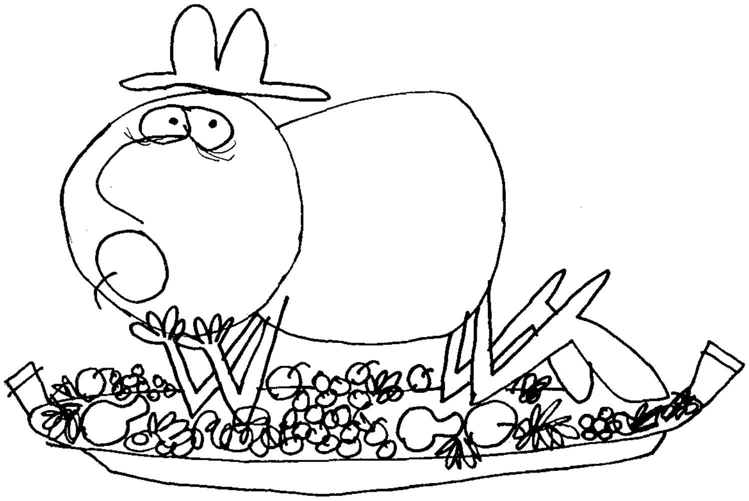

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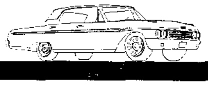

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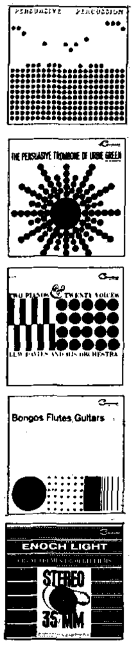

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southwest and southeast. (New York pretty much invented the Harlem stride pianists and the adolescent swing bands, but the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Bessie Smith, Freddie Keppard, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, and Jelly Roll Morton were transient, if stimulating, out-of-towners.) Nonetheless, Charters, an unflagging historian, abhors vacuums. The new-fig fill he uses consists of intense appreciations of Clarence Williams, Charlie Johnson's Paradise Band, the Louisiana Five, Paul Whiteman, the "Rhapsody in Blue," Johnny Dunn, Henry Goodwin, Ed Allen, and Bub (Bubber to you and me) Miley. The Fletcher Henderson band is evaluated, found wanting, and dismissed as of 1929, five years before it coalesced; Ellington is slyly labelled an opportunist who was overrecorded; and Luis Russell, who had *the* band in New York in the twenties, is given, in the best new-fig manner, a brief, if favorable, paragraph.

New York has been the headquarters of jazz since 1930, and Charters is properly unstinting. He allots fifty-three pages to the thirties, forty-eight pages to the forties, and, in a final burst of largess, seventeen pages to the fifties and early sixties. His vision of the swing era embraces Chick Webb (and Ella Fitzgerald), Jimmy Lunceford, Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman, and Count Basie. Left out almost entirely on the bench are Benny Carter, Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Bill Coleman, Frankie Newton, Dickie Wells, Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Ben Webster, Art Tatum, Sidney Catlett, Roy Eldridge, Jack Teagarden, and Sidney Bechet. Left out, too, is the founding, in the late thirties, of the important Blue Note and Commodore recording firms. Basie gets a whopping six and a half pages, but they are subtly askew: "The band Basie had [in 1935] was probably the best he ever had," and Buster Smith "was one of the greatest alto men in jazz." (Few people, outside of John Hammond and some avant-garde citizens of Kansas City, heard the unrecorded Basie band of 1935, and Smith, one of its sidemen, is chiefly regarded as a workmanlike performer who had some influence on the young Charlie Parker—a fact that Charters bypasses.) Charters' omissions and near-omissions swell to volumes in the forties. He rockets past Fifty-second Street (the most concentrated and vigorous jazz factory in the music's history), ignores both Café Society Uptown (Teddy Wilson's matchless small band) and Café Society Down-

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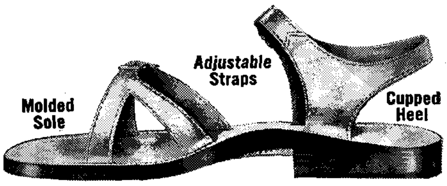

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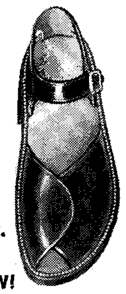

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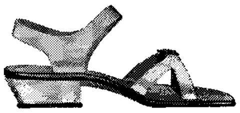

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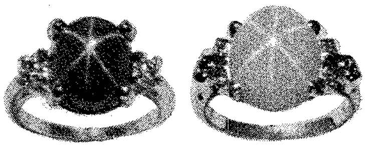

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town (Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Turner), and all but sideswipes Duke Ellington's unparalleled 1940 band. Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis whip by, and are followed, in the fifties, by cooljazzhardbopfunkyjazz, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Charlie Mingus. We come to rest in the present, on Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor, who share one sentence (downgrading). The book's last sentence is the perfect summation: "The story of jazz in New York [read: *our* story of jazz in New York] is in many ways the story of jazz itself."

CHARTERS has edited a companion record, "A History of Jazz: The New York Scene" (Folkways RBF RF-3), which includes reissues by Jim Europe's Society Orchestra, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Mamie Smith, Henderson, Clarence Williams, Charlie Johnson, Miff Mole, the Louisiana Sugar Babes, Ellington, the Missourians, Cab Calloway, Lunceford, Coleman Hawkins, and Dizzy Gillespie. Since none of the selections is first-rate and only a few are even second-rate, the record is a faultless reflection of the book.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SPRING COMES TO CALIFORNIA, AND THE END OF TRADE

[*Letter received by the parents of children in the Hillside School, Berkeley, Calif.*]

DEAR PARENTS:

Tomorrow is the big day! Marble season begins at Hillside and Hillside Primary School.

During marble season, children may bring bags of marbles to school to play with outside on the playground. Children should understand that marbles are to remain in marble bags inside of our school buildings.

Please help your children to understand that trading and selling marbles is *not* to be carried on at school at all. If such activities are to take place, parents of all children involved should supervise the action at home.

Marbles are to be used only to play the game of marbles at school. Children will have the privilege of playing marbles at school during the special season as long as they act in accordance with the general rules mentioned above.

Playing marbles is an optional activity for children at school. No one is required to play marbles. We have many other fine playground activities to occupy children who do not care to play marbles.

We hope that those children who want to play marbles enjoy this long-awaited special season. Furthermore, we hope that we do not hear about any child in our schools losing all of his marbles.

Chief Scribe
MARTIN HANNA

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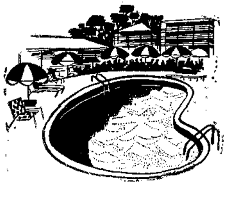
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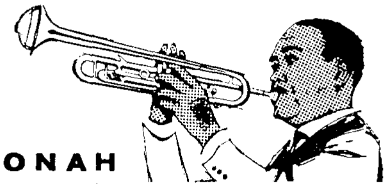
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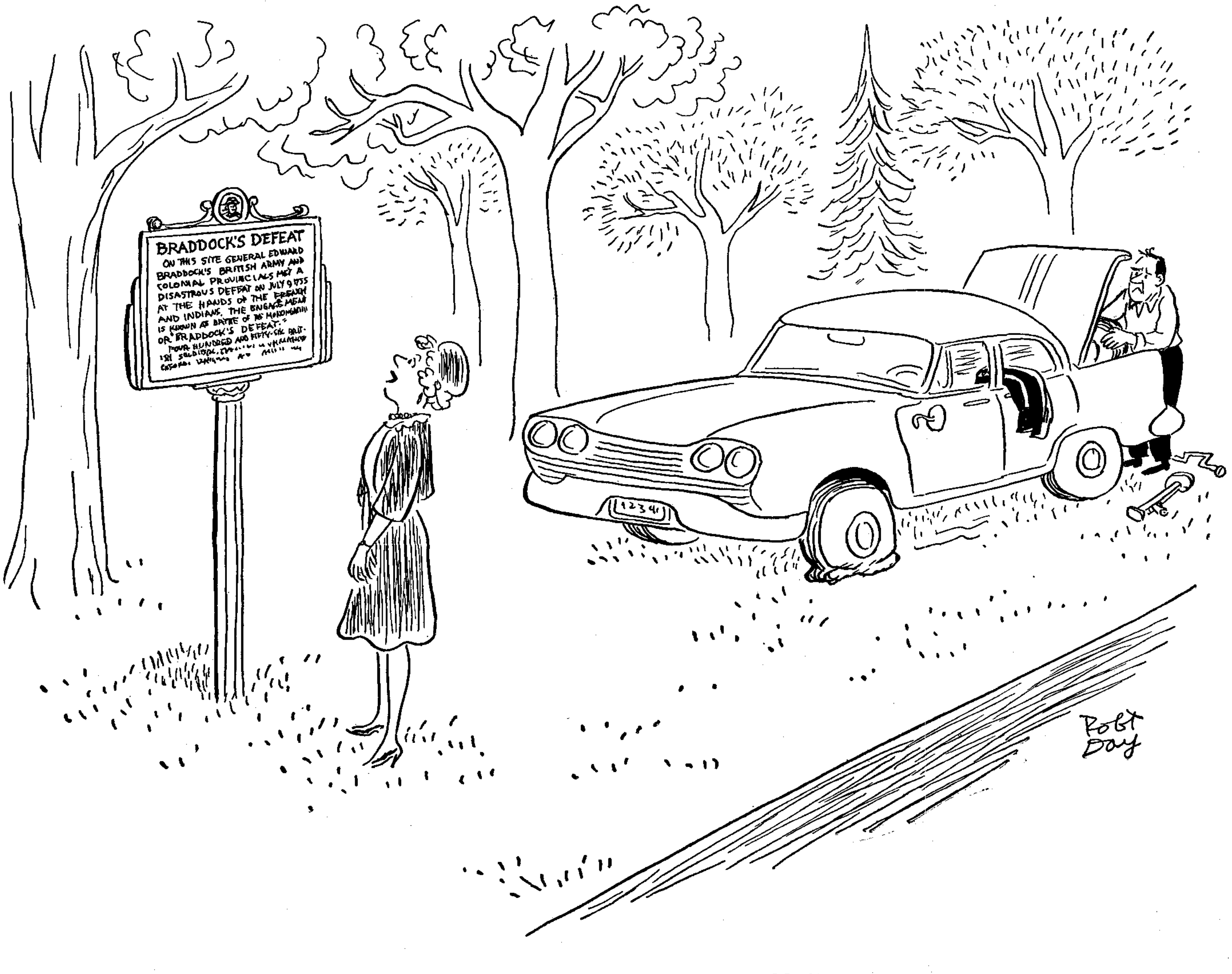
BOOKS

Science and Politics

THE English translation of "Life in the Universe" (Twayne), written by the noted Russian biochemist A. Oparin in collaboration with a Russian astronomer, V. Fesenkov, is a peculiar and somewhat disappointing book. About twenty-five years ago, Oparin wrote a monograph, "The Origin of Life," that has become a recognized scientific classic. In it he attempted to trace, step by step, the evolutionary process by which life developed from non-living matter. The writing is wonderfully lucid and can be followed even by a reader who does not have a great deal of scientific background. Much of the new book, though (which contains one chapter by Oparin, six chapters by Fesenkov, and one chapter and an introduction written jointly), is modern Russian scientific writing at its worst. There are heroic trumpetings of the glories of Russian technology ("It must be pointed out, however, that owing to the enormous achievements of Soviet radioelectronic engineering and the development of powerful guided rockets it was possible, for the first time in the history of man, also to obtain a picture of the back of our satellite [the moon]") that belong in *Pravda* and not in a scientific text. There is simple misinformation of all kinds; for example, on page 139, Fesenkov, in a wild and irrelevant blast at American journalism, is annoyed by something that he claims appeared in *The New Yorker* a hundred and twenty years ago. There are horribly long and involved sentences that mix scientific exposition with Marxist dialectic: "This hypothesis, for the first time considering the process of development of the cosmic bodies, which were until then believed to have been immutable from the very moment of their supposed 'creation,' was of great progressive importance for its epoch and was highly appraised by F. Engels." How can anyone read prose like that?

Some fields, such as genetics, have already been ruined for Russian science by the intrusion of politics and ideology. In genetics, Lysenko derived directly from Marxist dialectic the principle that acquired characteristics are hereditary. Unfortunately for Russian genetics, the principle is scientifically false. One wonders, in general, how Russian scientists manage to get as much done as they do, in the face of the burden of claptrap that a book like this indicates they carry along. In Soviet physics, the effects of dialectic are much more subtle. Physics is vital to technology, and if Russian political philosophy interferes too much with Russian technology, then too bad for political philosophy. Nonetheless, in otherwise objective Soviet textbooks in physics the reader will sometimes come upon curious little dialectical messages. These seem halfhearted, and even ab-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surd, like commercials from the sponsor. For example, at the end of an extremely technical presentation of one of the most difficult fields of modern physics, quantum electrodynamics, the two authors, A. I. Akhiezer and V. B. Berestetsky, find it necessary to remark that "these phenomena are a new confirmation of a well-known thesis of V. I. Lenin on the inexhaustibility of the properties of the electron and the infinity of nature." It would be interesting to know whether the authors really believe this. The New York *Times* of last April 15th quotes a distinguished Russian physicist, Professor Pyotr Kapitsa, in what is described as "a withering attack against efforts to declare scientific theories true or false on the basis of Marxist dialectics." He is paraphrased as saying, "Dialectics alone cannot solve any scientific problem, and attempts to apply it as the unique clue to scientific correctness have hampered the progress of Soviet science." It is a remarkable statement for a Russian scientist to make in print.

Despite its drawbacks, the Oparin-Fesenkov book has a certain fascination—basically, because of its subject matter: Does life exist on other planets or in other solar systems? It is a question that has fascinated men for centuries, and Oparin and Fesenkov have no doubt about its answer:

> In our metagalactic system there are hundreds of millions of galaxies and each galaxy may be composed of hundreds of thousands of millions of stars. Even in our galaxy, which numbers approximately 150,000 million stars, there may be hundreds of thousands of planets on which life is likely to originate and develop. Our infinite Universe must also contain an infinite number of inhabited planets.

But how did life get there? The authors reject the notion that life is eternal, unchanging, and uniformly distributed throughout the universe, although they do it, again, on dialectical grounds:

> Engels also levelled his crushing criticism on all the theories which spring from the principle of the eternity of life, and showed the incompatibility of this principle with consistent materialism.

And they reject the notion that organisms spread from planet to planet by, say, riding on meteors. Many meteorites have been examined, and there is no solid evidence that they contained samples of what might have been living matter from outer space. Hence, Oparin and Fesenkov feel that life, if it exists elsewhere, must have evolved in a manner similar to the way it evolved on earth:

> Life is not transported, like "Vesta's inextinguishable torch," from one celestial

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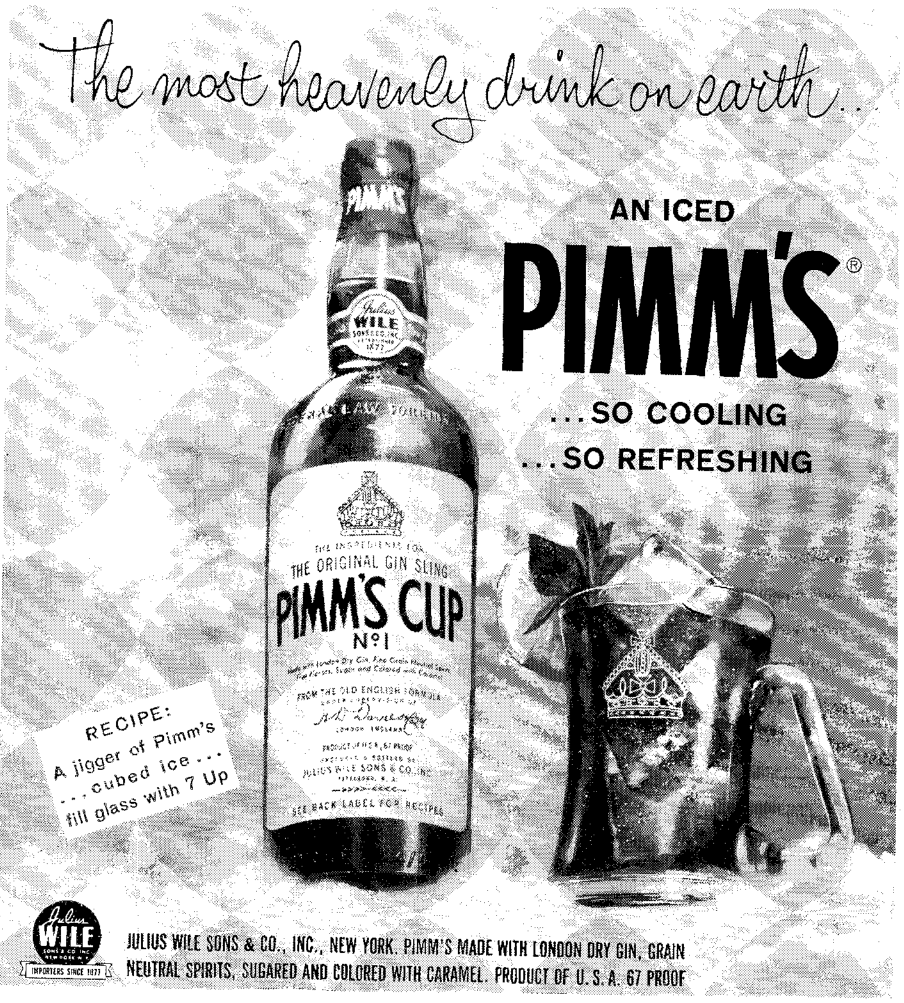
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body to another in the form of ready-made germs, but originates anew each time the requisite conditions are on hand in the process of the development of matter. Consequently, the origin of life is not a "fortunate," extremely improbable event, but quite a regular phenomenon subject to a deep scientific analysis and all-round study.

As they point out, the evolution of human life appears to depend heavily on the presence of water. According to most theories, life on earth began in the sea, and the mixture of hydrogen and the heavier elements that made up the primeval sea were essential to the early development of living organisms. There does not seem to be any significant amount of water vapor in the atmospheres of the planets in our solar system, and this makes it unlikely that life exists on them—or, at least, life that resembles the earthly varieties. (There are, however, certain scientists who still feel that there may be intelligent beings of some kind on Mars.) It is known, because of irregularities in the motion of double stars (pairs of stars, very close to each other, that orbit around a common central point), that *some* distant stars have planets. These are much too faint to be seen, even with the most powerful telescopes, and so one has no idea whether they are suitable abodes for human beings. These remote outposts *might* support life, which may exist in forms that do not resemble us even faintly. There have been theories that on very hot planets creatures could have evolved whose chemistry is based on compounds of heat-resistant silicon rather than on carbon, like ours. Maybe yes and maybe no. In any case, these things are discussed to some extent in the book, and if Oparin and Fesenkov had been content to stick with clean-cut scientific exposition the results might have been splendid. As it is, only a very dedicated reader will find it worthwhile to sort out the legitimate scientific speculations from the rest. A scientific text is a poor forum for political propaganda.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BORDER COUNTRY, by Raymond Williams (Horizon). Mr. Williams tells the story of a little Welsh community, Glynmawr. The story, which is about birth, death, and earning a livelihood, stretches across about thirty years of the twentieth century, and it is a pleasure to read, but anyone who intends to read it should be prepared to take his time and pay attention. The reader who skims through this book

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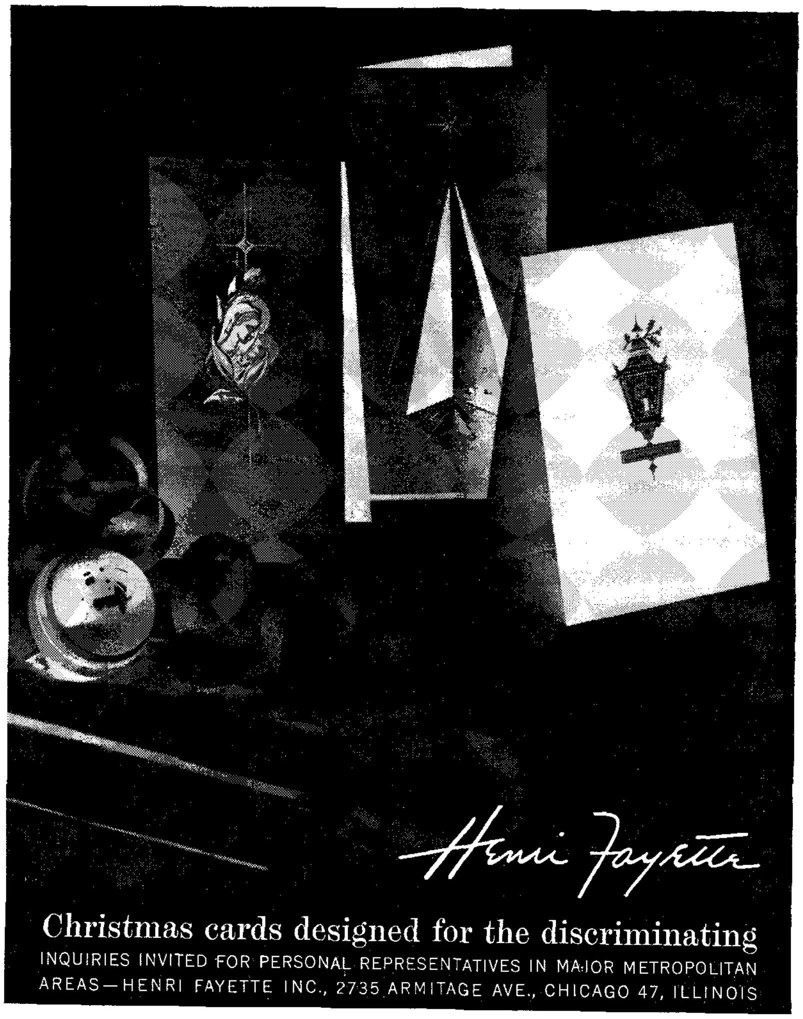
will get exactly as much out of it as he would get out of Glynmawr if he raced through that reserved and straggling village in a fast car. The plot is simple. Matthew Price, a lecturer in economics at a London university, is summoned home to Glynmawr when his father, a railroad man, suffers a stroke. At home, waiting by his father's bedside, Matthew relives his years in the village and, through his own years, his father's years. There is no more to it than that. Mr. Williams is a master of narrative, and the accuracy of his perspective is absolute.

THE CAPTAIN WITH THE WHISKERS, by Benedict Kiely (Criterion). Mr. Kiely's novel of baffled Ireland is set mainly in and around a northern community on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean and centers on the hopeless love of Owen Rogers, the local doctor's son, for one of the daughters of Captain Conway Chesney, a domestic tyrant who takes pleasure in arranging the ruin of each of his five children. The narrative, which takes all the principals from youth to middle age, is too often interrupted by anecdotes and by long-drawn-out neighborhood jokes that obviously must be heard at first hand in order to be appreciated, but the intensity of Mr. Kiely's style, and his authority over his characters, would make up for a good many more faults than are apparent in this work.

KIRA GEORGIEVNA, by Victor Nekrasov, translated from the Russian by Walter N. Vickery (Pantheon). This short, unimpressive novel might be taken for a tepid reworking of "Anna Karenina"—with the differences that its eponymous heroine is involved not with two men but with three, and that instead of ending up under a train, she ends up plain miserable. But, the book's jacket explains, it is actually a work of political daring. Here's why: The first, and best, man in Kira Georgievna's life—the husband of her youth—is just back from political exile; an innocent victim of Stalinism, he has served twenty years in Siberia. Meanwhile, Kira has remarried; her second husband is a successful, elderly painter. She also has a lover, a handsome young electrician. Through the noble, sensitive eyes of Husband No. 1, Kira sees what a naughty girl she has been. Nobody mentions the Seventh Commandment; the characters talk about the greatness of the Russian people, the beauty of their land, their sufferings under the Germans, and their noble



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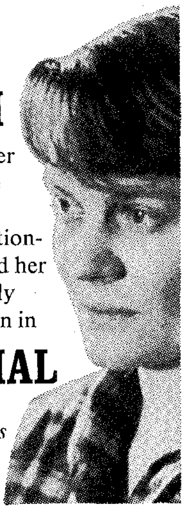

destiny. The moral appears to be that adultery is wrong because it is unpatriotic. It is depressing to learn that Mr. Nekrasov took some risk in writing such a book.

Dearly Beloved, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace & World). A June wedding in the country is the framework for Mrs. Lindbergh's new book, which is less a novel than a collection of little talks about love. The tone is soft, hesitant, and penetrating. The time is the present.

GENERAL

The Yoshida Memoirs, by Shigeru Yoshida, translated from the Japanese by Kenichi Yoshida (Houghton Mifflin). These methodical, clear, and impersonal recollections of the author's political career—as Japan's Foreign Minister and then as her Prime Minister during the American Occupation—orchestrate two themes. *Primo:* Japan must maintain her alliance with the free world, especially with the United States. *Secundo:* Japan's venture into militarism, which Yoshida strongly disapproved, was an aberration, a betrayal of Japan's true nature, which is peace-loving, seagoing, mercantile, orderly, and constitutionalist. (Yoshida has been a lifelong Anglophile, and his portrait of Japan bears a striking resemblance to an idealized Great Britain, circa 1910.) Most of Yoshida's encounters with the Americans were satisfactory to both sides. Some, however, were not, and he blames these on American misconceptions of Japan. He thinks that we occupied Japan prepared to remold a nation of barbarian warriors into democrats, without appreciating the virtues of Japan's time-tested institutions. He doesn't claim that our missionary ignorance botched the Occupation; he merely thinks that it kept it from being as good as it might have been. His rosy view of his country is doubtless influenced by his patriotism, but his book is worth reading. His personality commands admiration; he is a stalwart gentleman of all the old schools that ever were.

Grace and Favour: The Memoirs of Loelia, Duchess of Westminster (Reynal). The author's father, Lord Sysonby, was a career courtier who began as Equerry to Queen Victoria and worked up to Head of the Royal Household under George V. Her mother, as a bride, had a domestic staff of nine. Still, the Duchess's parents felt poor. And so they were,

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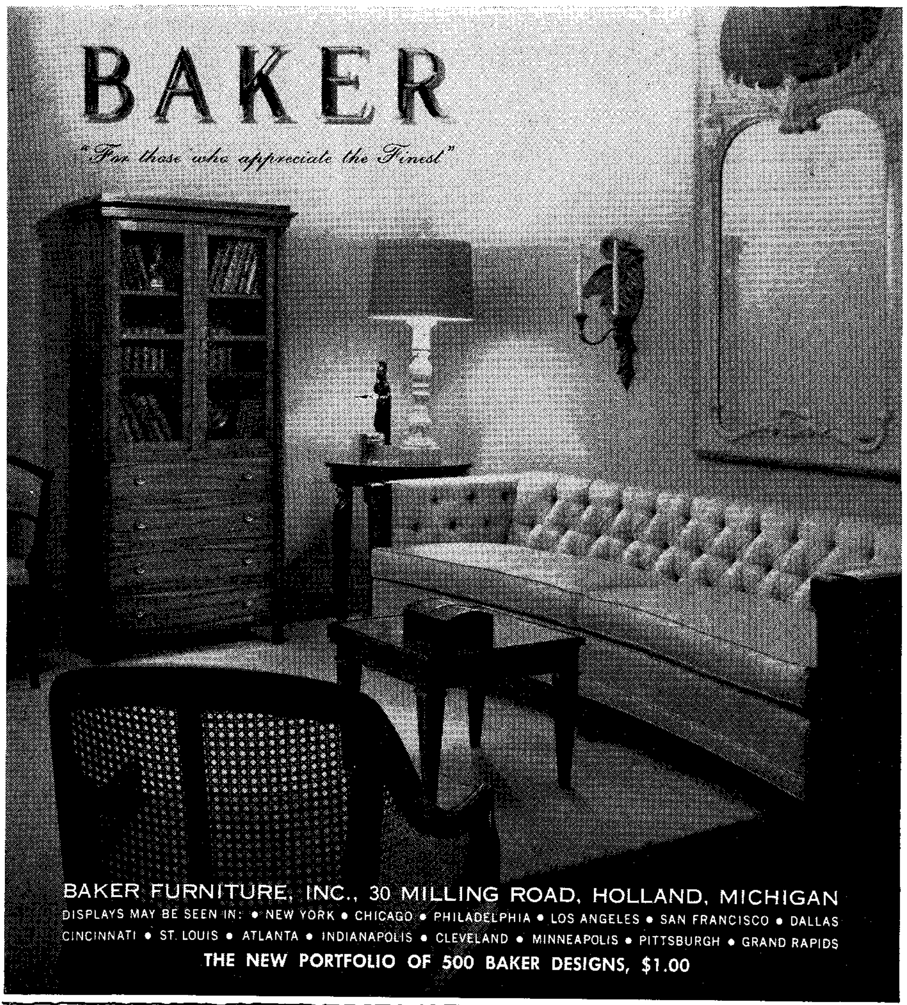
compared to their eventual son-in-law, the Duke of Westminster, one of the richest men in the United Kingdom. Alas! The Duke, though open-handed and high-spirited, proved difficult as a husband. He liked to traipse from one of his big houses to another, and he loved cruising on one or the other of his gigantic yachts; the Duchess preferred to stay put, and besides she got terribly seasick. Moreover, the Duke was ragingly jealous, perhaps because Loelia—his third but not his last duchess—was young enough to be his daughter. They separated after five wretched, free-spending years. The book's artless let-'em-eat-cake tone is hilarious, but the Duchess has written a utilitarian work, too; it's a mine of valuable minutiae for all set decorators and costume designers working in the period 1900-35.

LINCOLN AND THE NEGRO, by Benjamin Quarles (Oxford). A short, enlightening study. Lincoln was the Negroes' hero before he became the nation's—and long before he won the trust of white Abolitionists—because, Professor Quarles says, he was the first American President who met Negroes as politely as he did whites. What's more, he listened to what they had to say. Lincoln's earliest ideas—he favored gradual, compensated emancipation, followed by an overseas colonization scheme—proved impractical. They were also unacceptable to most American Negroes; fortunately, they, or their spokesmen, could tell the President so. Professor Quarles' sources include all sorts of Negro publications and various reports on what Negroes thought, and they demonstrate the two-way relationship between the Great Emancipator and the people he freed. Lincoln brought them liberation and self-respect in installments; for example, he let Negroes serve in the Union Army first as laborers, then as soldiers, and finally as officers, and, after each step he knew what the Negroes wanted next, because they made themselves, their abilities, and their hopes known to him. In short, as Professor Quarles' book conveys it, Lincoln's ultimate solution—full American citizenship for American Negroes—was the result of a collaboration among Lincoln, the Negro, and the march of events.

AT TWELVE MR. BYNG WAS SHOT, by Dudley Pope (Lippincott). The story of John Byng, the English admiral who was shot, Voltaire said, "*pour encourager les autres,*" is al-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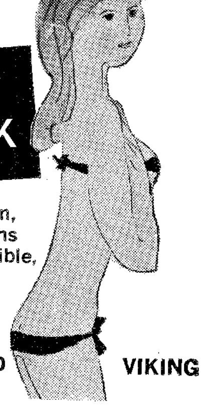
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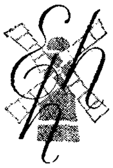

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most unendurably sad. Mr. Pope presents a first-class history of Byng's hard-luck naval campaign, his biassed trial, and his needless execution, and it brings back to life this competent, fussy, unimaginative, patriotic sailor in all his innocent mediocrity. Byng was given an inadequate force and a difficult mission—the relief of British Minorca, which had been attacked by France—in the Seven Years' War. He fought one battle to a standoff. Then the Duke of Newcastle's Ministry, which needed a scapegoat for its accumulation of failures, decided to get rid of him. The book is very good—knowing and specific—about the operation of patronage in eighteenth-century England, and it skillfully disentangles the web of influence that the Ministry used in hurrying Byng to his grave. Mr. Pope's exposition of naval tactics is surely among the clearest ever written.

A TRIBUTE TO GOVERNOR SMITH, by Robert Moses (Simon & Schuster). A brief, capably written, and slightly crotchety memoir of the late Alfred Emanuel Smith, which, for all its modest length, comes complete with no fewer than four introductions—by Cardinal Spellman, by Thomas E. Dewey, by Bernard Baruch, and by H. V. Kaltenborn. Mr. Moses, who went to work for Governor Smith forty years ago, believes that he has about as good an idea as anyone of what Al Smith was really like, and he says so with emphasis. He tells many amiable anecdotes about Smith, and tentatively probes into some of Smith's paradoxical behavior during the latter phases of his career—without, however, resolving much of anything. A very readable little book, embellished with quite a few photographs; the largest is a double spread of the Robert Moses Niagara Power Plant during its construction.

•

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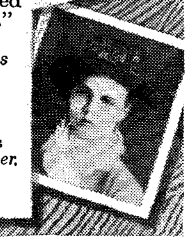

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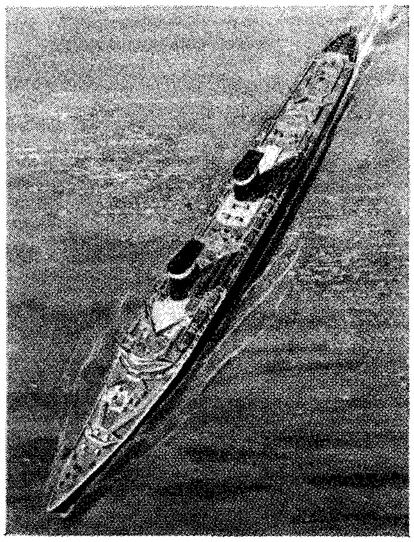

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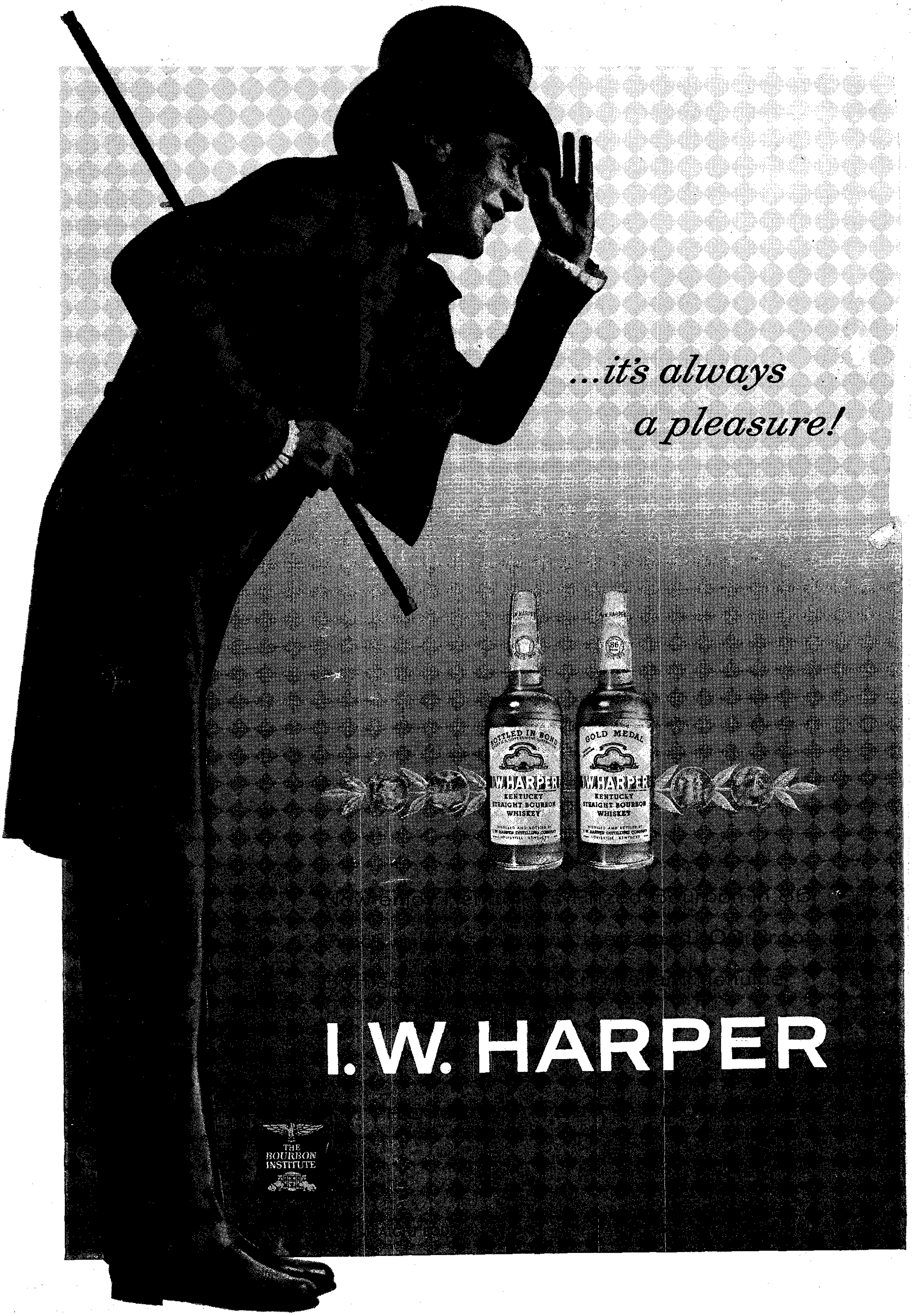
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